

The Lost Stories of Warwick Deeping

Volumes I-IX

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DOLORES

Nash's Pall Mall

Dec 1929

A Story of Human Kindness

by

Warwick Deeping

MRS. LA TOUCHE met Lampeter by the kiosk on the *plage*. He had been buying a paper, and had he been aware of Mrs. La Touche's imminence he would not have stopped at the kiosk, for Mrs. La Touche was like her name—pawsome.

She patted Lampeter's arm.

"Are you coming to see the Spanish woman dance?"

In the presence of such women as Mrs. La Touche Lampeter assumed a vague stupidity.

"What Spanish woman?"

"My dear man, haven't you seen the posters?"

"I'm afraid I never look at posters."

But he glanced for a moment at Mrs. La Touche's upper lip. It had a sort of horrible fascination for him; its slight hairiness affected him as some uglinesses affect a child.

Hurriedly he found an excuse.

"No. Can't stand Spanish dances. They affect me like motor-bicycles. Make me feel murderous, you know. Yes, afraid I'm due at the doctor's."

He hatted her and escaped. He wondered how many white lies Mrs. La Touche had been told during the years of her widowhood, but then—she was a woman who hunted at all hours and without a decent stealth, and Lampeter was very much hunted.

He was rich, and witty and a bachelor. He had a priceless house at Richmond and a flat in town and a tolerable temper, but his temper and his very elusiveness made him interesting to women. He varied from the golf-bridge sequence. He had a dark, farouche yet polished leanness.

Yet, it happened that Lampeter did stroll into the *Hôtel Palais* at nine o'clock. He had nothing to do, and he stood securely at the lower end of the big ballroom which was used at times for concerts and exhibition dances. A chair was available, but Lampeter preferred to stand. It left him more mobile.

The room was full and very conversational. People had poured in from the various hotels and Lampeter could gaze upon rows of heads that were either permanently waved or more or less permanently hairless. Some of these bald heads looked like waxy flowers spread below the stage. They and the more leafy coiffures hedged in the big black grand piano below the footlights. Dolores



The pianist was like a dog sitting up to beg, with anxious glances searching the face of destiny



carried her own accompaniment about with her, a French bulldog and an assortment of trunks and a dentifrice smile. The stage was hers. Nothing was allowed on it but two palms and a dozen pink and white azaleas, and the flower of the evening, Dolores herself.

The pianist appeared. He emerged from a door below and at the side of the stage and walked with an air of tense haste to the piano. He was a young man, very thin, with a high forehead and a delicate growth of fair hair, compressed lips and a nose like the nose of a man who had been starved. It was a young face, and yet a face from which youth had been eradicated.

He was very pale with a kind of vivid, bloodless pallor. He sat down on the music stool, and glanced at the rows of faces, for the flow of conversation continued, and the young man was there as a soloist, to play a prelude. With a crooked forefinger he stuck one note on the piano, and sat waiting.

Lampeter was all attention. The pianist's tragic face was vaguely familiar, and instantly it became the one white and vivid light in that crowded room.

"Angry," thought Lampeter, "he's angry, and no wonder. Must these people always leave their manners at home."

The pianist was still waiting for silence. His blue eyes had a protesting sadness, and Lampeter was thinking, "Now, where have I seen you before?"

He glanced at the programme and read: "Monsieur Paul Fraxinet, soloist," and suddenly he remembered. Five years ago this very man had made his debut at Monte Carlo as a pianist, and Lampeter's lips murmured to themselves, "Poor devil."

For the pianist had begun to play a Romance of Chopin's, and the opening notes seemed to thread themselves plaintively through the babble of gossiping voices. His eyes looked into the distance as though the man behind them sought to lose himself in the music and to forget the rudeness of these people who had dined. He suffered, but as he played the pallor passed from his face; the colour returned.

Lampeter was both angry and fascinated.

"I was wrong," he thought, "the fellow was scared, not angry. All these well-fed people, and a poor devil with nothing but a pair of hands."

He turned suddenly upon two men who continued to talk behind him. He glared.

"Excuse me, I have come to listen to music."

The men looked surprised, offended. They edged away, but Lampeter forgot them in watching the pianist, for the pianist's face was like all the world's sorrow alive and quivering in the flesh. His forehead wrinkled itself; it expressed anguish. The eyes dreamed and were afraid. Often the man's lips would move as though uttering tragic words. "Music, but no one listens, no one cares. What does it matter? Nothing matters. We make a little sound, and pass, and die."

Lampeter found his own lips moving.

"Poor lad! Disillusionment—and Dolores. A hack trailing at the heels of fate!"

The prelude was over, and hardly had Fraxinet's hands withdrawn themselves from the keys when a little perfunctory applause lost itself in a sudden babble of voices. The pianist smiled faintly, and with no self-saving irony or bitterness. There was a high flush on either cheek, and his eyes had a feverishness; with jerky, hasty hands he began to sort out and arrange the evening's music.

Lampeter found a pillar and leaned against it. He caught sight of Mrs. La Touche craning this way and that, but she did not discover him. The conversation roared at full

*Dolores was not at all mysterious.
Handsome, but a little too old and ogling*

throttle like traffic released by the fall of a policeman's hand.

Suddenly the lighting of the room was altered. It was dimmed over the bald heads and the permanent waves, and concentrated upon the stage. Dolores was about to appear in one of those posturing performances that suggested a neo-Egyptian Cleopatra.

The pianist was watching the crimson curtains at the back of the stage. One of the curtains was agitated, and responding to the signal he began to play slow, mysterious music.

Dolores appeared.

But she was not at all mysterious, though she wore the dress of old Egypt. She was just a handsome, bad tempered-looking wench with too much naked flesh showing. Also, she was too muscular, and a little too old and too ogling. Her lower lip stuck out, an insolent, scolding lip.

Lampeter was not interested in Dolores and her posturings, for he continued to be fascinated by the tragic face of the pianist perched there on his stool. His anxious eyes raised themselves ever and again to the stage; his forehead was all creases; when he turned a page he did it with an agitated flick of the hand as though any slip on his part would bring down wrath. Almost he was like a dog sitting up to beg, with anxious glances searching the face of destiny.

In the middle of one dance, a fandango, he began to cough. It was obvious that he was making a supreme effort to suppress that cough; his face grew red and turgid. And for an instant the woman up above seemed to pause in her posturings; she threw at the pianist one malevolent, threatening stare. It said, "Shut up, you fool. If you cough again I'll have you murdered."

Lampeter moistened his lips with the tip of a vicious tongue. There were things that should be said to that woman, but he was not saying them, for compassion had come to him suddenly. The tragedy was so obvious, and yet he supposed that not half a dozen people in the room had discovered it, youth, disillusioned and defeated, sitting there with flushed cheeks and anxious eyes, while that strapping wench kicked and ogled, and fooled life with a flash of white teeth. Lampeter felt hatred and disgust stir in him. That tawdry figure was exalted upon the stage, applauded, and to the lascivious liking of old men who had dined, while the artist played the part of the poor poodle. And the lad was ill. La Belle Dame Sans Merci had smiled upon him.

When the entertainment was over, and the audience dawdled its way out into the corridors and lounge, Lampeter loitered, for the pianist was putting away his music. He had been using a handkerchief upon his forehead and hands, and despite his moppings his high pale forehead glistened.

Lampeter approached him, and noticed as he drew near that the pianist's lips were moving as he arranged his music on the top of the piano.

Lampeter addressed him, holding out a hand.

"Monsieur, may I thank you for your music."

Startled eyes were turned upon him. The outstretched hand was noticed. It seemed to cause Fraxinet some embarrassment.

"Thank you, monsieur."

He hesitated; his ingenuous blue eyes enlarged themselves.

"When I play, monsieur, I perspire, yes terribly do I perspire."

His moist hand refrained from meeting Lampeter's, but his face had flushed. Praise was precious and rare.

Lampeter's compassion urged him on.

"Pardon me,—I have heard you play before, at Monte Carlo. I remember you played *L'Après Midi*, and a thing of Saint-Saën's."

The flush increased. The thin, boyish figure bent in a little bow.

"Monsieur has a good memory. But that was quite long ago. I—"

He was not permitted to proceed to a confessional, for a woman's voice, speaking strident cockney, hailed him from behind the curtains.

"Paul, hurry up—young fellah. I want you. Chuck messin' about down there."

The summons was imperious, humiliating, and with a little, apologetic flicker of the lashes and a kind of wincing smile, Fraxinet clutched his music and prepared to obey.

"You will excuse me, monsieur. Madame does not like to be kept waiting. I have to carry her dressing-bag. Good-night, monsieur."

And Lampeter answered him gently—"Good-night."

But it was not Dolores' custom to exhaust a town in a night, and St. Jean was very full of hotels and of migrant men with money and with inclinations towards spending it, and Dolores proposed to remain in St. Jean for a week. It possessed excellent shops; both Paquin and Molyneux had establishments here, and Adolphe was the best coiffeur on the coast, and at "The Helios" you could be massaged and electrified. Dolores tended towards adiposity. Her real name was Florrie Barter, and she had been born in Bethnal Green. Her Spanish flavour was a mere affair of castanets and castles.

She had picked up Fraxinet in one of the more obscure resorts on the Riviera; actually she had gathered him from the gutter, finding him hammering the piano in a shabby café where waiters and shopgirls danced. He had been ill and without money, and to begin with his blue-eyed loss-ness had piqued Miss Barter's voracity. She was the most greedy and gregarious of creatures, and her explorations of the sexual adventure had been confined to no particular class. She had cultivated Paul Fraxinet as a lover for just four weeks, and then, becoming interested in a strapping,



Fraxinet's face was like a white light. It was the most real thing Lampeter had ever

black and white policeman, she had put Fraxinet to commercial uses. He played for her, and she paid; she called him her agent; he ran errands and carried things; she used him as a foil for the foolish; she bullied and abused him. Defeated, ill, frightened by life he had been trailed over Europe for more than a year, acting as Dolores's interpreter, both upon the piano and in French and German. She paid him as little as was possible, but to this poor thread Fraxinet seemed to cling, because it was the only thread that held him out of the abyss. He had been taught the price of a second-rate pianist in a world of petrol. He had no illusions.

The paths of Paul Fraxinet and Mr. Lampeter crossed each other in St. Jean, for Mr. Lampeter came upon the hollow-chested figure applied to the pillar of the façade of Messrs. Paquin's establishment. Almost, the pianist had the appearance of being chained to that pillar. He had been ordered to attend upon Dolores who had found facility in the person of a Yorkshire mill-owner who had been dispatched to St. Jean for his health.



had a mysterious unreality and yet somehow it seen. It was spirit transcending time and space

Lampeter paused. He had an easy way with young men, an air of unpremeditated kindness.

"Good-morning. So you are still here?"

Fraxinet looked embarrassed. He was very much there, chained to his pillar. He coughed; he had a deplorable cough.

"It is in the sun, monsieur."

"Yes, in the sun."

"One can sit in the sun, monsieur, one can breathe. Not like your London."

"You have been to London?"

"Oh, yes. I played the piano in an orchestra at a restaurant. I was taken ill in London. The fog, the rawness—"

He hesitated; he flushed. His round and frightened eyes seemed to apologise to Mr. Lampeter for abusing London.

"But England has beautiful towns, monsieur. Brighton—"

Mr. Lampeter echoed him, "Brighton. To be sure. Naples, and Rio and Brighton. Do you drink cock-

tails, Monsieur Fraxinet?"

"I? But rarely, monsieur."

"Perhaps you will join me at the Bar John Bull?"

Fraxinet became more embarrassed. He glanced at the glass door on his left.

"Monsieur is very kind, —but madame—"

Lampeter nodded.

"I see. Well, another morning. You are staying a little longer?"

"Yes."

"Good."

He smiled upon the pianist, and crossing the road, sat down at one of the little tables under the awning of the Bar John Bull. He gave an order to the waiter, and lit a cigarette. He could watch that figure of tragedy across the way, Fraxinet attached to his pillar, and waiting upon fate and Dolores. It was obvious to Mr. Lampeter that the man was ill, that the shadow of death was over him while life cracked a whip.

"Poor devil!"

Then Dolores appeared. She was wearing furs and carrying a largish cardboard box, and attached to her like a bubble was the parboiled person from Bradford. Dolores believed in grasping an opportunity. When something was purchased it was better taken away immediately, even though a woman of the world should not be seen emerging from Paquin's carrying a cardboard box. But then—there was Fraxinet.

She pushed the box at Fraxinet. Her dentifrice smile was turned upon Bradford. They tended across the roadway to the Bar John Bull. Meanwhile, the pianist went off with the box.

Dolores and her gentleman sat down close to Mr. Lampeter. She applied an appraising, businesslike glance to Mr. Lampeter's person.

"What will you have?"

The voice of Yorkshire addressed her.

"Side-car, double strength. What d'you think of my secretary? Prize poodle, what!"

Bradford laughed, and ordered the drinks.

"Useful. You trail him around to plaster the ivories. Talks the lingo too, doesn't he? Well, cheerio."

Lampeter finished his cocktail, paid for it, and strolled away, but before departing he had exchanged glances with Dolores. That she might be interested in him caused Cecil Lampeter no thrills, but he had been traversed by one of those inspirations that sometimes move a man to do strange things. He did not visualise Dolores as the dancer, a strapping and insolent young woman who could indulge in high kicking; he saw her as a travesty of her sex, feminine greed and arrogance dragging poor Fraxinet at the end of a chain.

Would no one break that chain? Moreover, the chain sustained him; it was habit, fate, like the chain linking the slaves in a gang. Such a man could not lie down in the dust and die unless the chain was broken. (Continued on page 122)

Trotsky

(Continued from page 53)

with patience the wires, and pulled them in accordance with a clearly perceived design. When Trotsky advanced hopefully, confidently indeed to accept the succession to Lenin, the party machine was found to be working in a different direction. In the purely political arena of Communist activities Trotsky was speedily outmaneuvered. He was accused on the strength of some of his voluminous writings of "Anti-Leninism." He does not seem to have understood that Lenin had replaced God in the Communist mind. He remained for some time under the impression that any such desirable substitution had been effected by Trotsky. He admitted his heresy and eagerly explained to the soldiers and workers the very cogent reasons which had led him to it. His declarations were received with blank dismay. The OGPU was set in motion. Officers known to be under an obligation to Trotsky were removed from their appointments. After a period of silent tension he was advised to take a holiday. This holiday after some interruptions still continues.

Stalin used his success to build a greater. The Politbureau without the spell of Lenin, or the force of Trotsky was in its turn purged of its remaining elements of strength. The politicians who had made the Revolution were dismissed chastened and reduced to impotence by the party manager. The Caucus swallowed the Cabinet and with Stalin at its head became the present Government of Russia. Trotsky was marooned by the very mutineers he had led so hardily to scuttle the ship.

What will be his place in history? For all its horrors a glittering light plays over the scenes and actors of the French Revolution. The careers and personalities of Robespierre, of Danton, even of Marat, gleam redly across a century. But the dull, squalid figures of the Russian Bolsheviks are not redeemed in interest even by the magnitude of their crimes. All form and emphasis is lost in a vast process of Asiatic liquefaction. Even the slaughter of millions and the misery of scores of millions will not attract future generations to their uncouth lineaments and outlandish names. The immense bar-

baric dunghill is turned over and over, fuming and oozing, while the civilised nations of the world move forward on their business behind a careful quarantine. Russia sinks back into a prolonged spell of barbarism from which some day the structure of a great nation will once again arise.

Trotsky will have ample leisure to contemplate his handiwork. We could wish him no better punishment than that his life should be prolonged, and that his keen intelligence and restless spirit should corrode each other in impotence and stultification. Indeed we may foresee a day when his theories, exploded by their application, will have ceased even to be irritating to the active, hopeful world outside, and when the wide tolerance which follows from a sense of security, will allow him to creep back, discredited and extinct, to the European and American haunts, where so many of his early years were spent. It may be that in these future years, he will find as little comfort in the work which he has done, as his father found in the son he had begotten.

Dolores

(Continued from page 57)

Lampeter went back to his hotel and lunched, and after lunch he lay down on the sofa in his bedroom with the window open, and the blue of an April sea unfurled beyond the whiteness of fruit blossom. He was at his ease. He smoked and meditated and wondered what repose there was in poor Fraxinet's life. Very little. And probably that devil of a woman kept him on his feet all day, and when he went to his rest it would be some tank of a back bedroom overlooking a back yard. He would hear and smell all the activities of the hotel, see its very entrails exposed.

"Poor devil."

It occurred to Lampeter to wonder what could be done with so piteous a derelict. Did such a man as Fraxinet cling to life, and clutch eagerly even at that chain? Would not such a fellow dream of some soft place in the sun, peace, and the gradual approach of the inevitable shadow?

Wandering in the gardens by the lighthouse on the following morning Lampeter came upon the pianist sitting on a seat. He had taken off his hat, and was staring at the sea. His bony knees seemed to push through his trousers, and his thin and sensitive hands lay warming themselves on his narrow thighs. His blue eyes expressed a kind of childish and pained wonder, as though the problem of pain itself assailed him in the midst of all this

beauty. To him Lampeter was but one of the many human figures that would pass him by. He did not look up.

Lampeter paused, accepting his opportunity.

"The most beautiful spot in St. Jean."

The startled blue eyes surveyed him. Fraxinet made a movement.

"Monsieur—"

"Don't get up. I'll join you, if I may."

He sat down beside the pianist, and brought out his cigarette-case.

"Smoke? No."

"It makes me cough, monsieur."

Lampeter, with a slight frown, tapped the cigarette on the case.

"Yes, I have heard you cough. Do you ever see a doctor?"

Now, Fraxinet did not respond to that question as Lampeter might have expected him to reply. He had nothing to say about doctors, or when he had last seen one, and what the verdict had been. He sat and smiled a dim little smile.

"One need not be afraid of dying, monsieur," and he touched his chest, "no, not at all, but has it ever occurred to you that when one is bankrupt the business of dying can be an almost insoluble problem?"

Lampeter lit his cigarette, and felt shocked.

"Possibly. But if you care to consider me as a friend."

"Perhaps monsieur is one of those who understand. Well, consider, I am a good Catholic, yes, in these days when no one believes in anything. My body may suffer, but am I permitted to cast it off, to throw it into the sea? No. I must hang to my cross. I have no illusions, monsieur, nothing but my faith and my music, but as one of your English kings said, one can be such an unconscionable time dying."

He gave a little laugh, but the sound was edged with bitterness and blood.

"You see, monsieur, a man has to live until he dies. Yes, this business of living, and one may have a horror of smearing, the gutter, those places where life has an odour of garbage. My religion does not permit me to kill myself; I must go on trying to play my piano, to be clean, shaved, debonair. I confess that I have a fastidiousness that shrinks from some bed in a slum, from any sort of food thrust at you by some perfunctory hand, from an unwashed, slovenly, untidy end. Yes, and also—one shrinks from the hospital where life can be like the life of a barrack. If one could go away like an animal into some green and secret place, and lie down and wait for death to come."

Lampeter's elbows were on his knees, and his face had the appearance of being heavily shaded by his hat.

"To my shame," he said, "this is an aspect of living that has not revealed

itself to me as it should. Your religion compels you both to live and to die,—and the business of living! Exactly. But have you never spoken to that woman?"

Fraxinet raised his eyebrows.

"She, oh, she believes me to be neurotic. Could she see into my chest, monsieur, she would leave me on the rubbish heap, and run away. And I—well—what other work should I find? What other things should I have to endure? I have food and a bed, and time passes."

He brought out an old silver watch and glanced at the dial.

"At eleven o'clock madame rehearses a new dance. I must be there at the piano, monsieur. I am afraid I have been very boring, for one should not talk about one's troubles."

He rose, and Lampeter rose with him.

"One moment, you are here in St. Jean for another day or two?"

"Yes."

"And then?"

"We go to Biarritz. *Au revoir*, monsieur."

Lampeter sat down again on the seat, and the white fruit blossom and the blue sea were like the texture of a dream. He thought, "I am rich, quite abominably rich; I scribble my name on a piece of paper and the money arrives. I collect curios. I possess one of the finest collections of miniatures in Europe. Yes, but one should collect other things, memories, little bottles full of the essence of humanity. What are a few hundred pounds to me?"

That evening Dolores was to exhibit herself at another of the hotels, "The Continental," and after dinner Lampeter took a *fiacre* and drove to the *Hôtel Continental*. But he discovered the unexpected. Another pianist was at the piano, a substitute lent by the Casino, a rather truculent, swarthy fellow who was as ready to quarrel with Miss Barter's rhythm as she was to clash with his temperament. Almost there was a scene during one of her improvisations. Dancer and pianist looked murderously upon one another.

Lampeter put on velvet gloves. He waited for Dolores in the vestibule. He approached her, and Miss Barter was very approachable by gentlemen who carried opera hats. He consoled with her.

"Madame, in spite of that vile fellow at the piano you were superb. May I ask what has become of your regular accompanist?"

She let herself go to Lampeter.

"Now—I ask you, for a fellow to go to bed at five o'clock, and lock his door, and leave you high and dry—!"

Mr. Lampeter was silk.

"Most exasperating. But why? Is he ill?"

"Ill! He's a bundle of nerves. I heard him coughing, but when I shouted through the door he wouldn't answer me. Nice manners! Yes, you bet.—I've finished with Mr. Fraxinet. He can stay in bed."

She rolled her eyes at Mr. Lampeter, and her glance said—"Supper? Yes, I could do with some supper and a bottle of fiz. What about it, Mr. Opera Hat? I'm on,"—but Lampeter was looking

over the top of her head. Politely he inquired the name of her hotel.

She gave it. She looked sly.

"But I'm moving on to-morrow. Biarritz."

Mr. Lampeter gave her a slight bow.

"Thank you. Pleasant spot—very. No doubt it will produce a pianist capable of appreciating madame's art."

He withdrew himself; he took a taxi and drove straight to their hotel; he inquired the number of Fraxinet's room and went up; he knocked at the door.

"Monsieur Fraxinet."

He heard a movement, and the door was unlocked, and Fraxinet stood there in his shirt and trousers. His face was the colour of chalk, and there was blood on his shirt, and on his hands and chin.

"Ah,—monsieur,—I have—"

He staggered to the bed and lay down.

"It is the beginning of the end, monsieur. I could not play to-night. I locked my door—"

Read

ARNOLD BENNETT'S

Fine Story

in the

January

Nash's—Pall Mall

ROBERT HICHENS

W. TOWNEND

and

HAROLD NICOLSON

are also writing in this number

He coughed.

With those who knew him superficially Lampeter had the reputation of being a very bad tempered man. He was gouty, thanks to his ancestors, but if the explosions of this diathesis made him the terror of club-servants, he was capable also of explosive kindnesses. He rang up his own doctor, and when he had heard what the doctor had to say about Fraxinet, he asked the medical man a question.

"You say—that the disease must be pretty extensive. Not much hope. I think he knows it. Well,—I should like him to be able to go to sleep in peace. Is there any place you can recommend near here?"

The doctor suggested a private sanatorium in one of the villages at the foot of the mountains.

"But it is expensive. Each patient has an apartment of his own."

"Write down the name for me. I'll drive over to-morrow and see what arrangements can be made."

He arranged everything, even to the hiring of the motor-ambulance that was to take Fraxinet to Les Salines. The place was on the side of a hill, looking south towards the mountains, and in the valley a river ran through meadows and woods of oak and poplar. The sanatorium had a garden, and in Fraxinet's sitting-room Lampeter saw that a piano was installed. And then he effaced himself, having made himself financially responsible for all Fraxinet's expenses so long as the pianist should remain alive. He travelled south into Spain, but a month later at Madrid he received a letter. It was from the doctor in charge of the institution at Les Salines. It was brief and simple.

"Monsieur Fraxinet is unhappy because he has not had the happiness of thanking his friend. He will not live very long. If Monsieur Lampeter could travel this way on his return."

Lampeter wired, "Expect me in three days."

It was early evening when Mr. Lampeter arrived at Les Salines, and he was driven up in a little old *fiacre* to the sanatorium on the slope of the hill. The view was superb, and the western sky like a great open window. A golden haze lay on the hills, and the evening had taken to itself a revealing mystery, as though the soul of the earth shone through the body of it with a soft, transfiguring splendour.

The doctor met Mr. Lampeter in the vestibule. He was one of those genial little Frenchmen with a good digestion and no beliefs, but he was kind.

"Your coming, monsieur, will make a great difference. Your telegram made a difference."

"Fraxinet's better?"

"No, dying, but men can die so differently."

The pianist was in bed, and the bed stood by the open window, and when Lampeter entered the room both bed and patient seemed part of the sunset, but it was Fraxinet's face that fascinated Lampeter. It was like a white light. It had a mysterious unreality, and yet somehow it was the most real thing that Lampeter had ever seen. It was spirit transcending time and space.

A hand moved on the coverlet.

"You have come. Thank you. I am happy."

He gazed at Lampeter, and Lampeter sat down beside the bed, feeling on the edge of some other world.

"It is easy for you here?"

"It is heaven. I rest,—I float,—I believe,—I see."

He raised a thin hand and pointed.

"Look the sun sets. It is so easy. For, monsieur, there were times when I doubted—but now I know. God is there, and God is here. You remember that night. I choked, blood choked me, and everything seemed dark, and I prayed. I prayed like a child. 'O, God send help.' And you came."

He smiled upon Lampeter and his eyes were windows.

"I believe. I see. It is so easy. And most wonderful of all was your kindness. God came back to me in it. Perhaps you will understand and be glad."

Warwick DEEPING'S

LATEST SHORT STORY. . .

THE STORY-TELLER

April 1934

DR. CARFAX'S



CAMDEN was shaving himself.

His shaving-mirror was hung in the window. He had one of those strenuous chins over which a razor does not slide sleekly, and his life had been rather like his chin, an affair of restlessness and adventure. He had been so many things to himself and to other people: actor, soldier, vagabond, poet, film star. He had the sort of face which made women write him letters—the face of a saint and the face of a devil.

His bungalow stood close to the towing-path, separated from it by a small lawn and a white fence. On this morning in June the river was in a secret mood. At five o'clock it had been swathed in mist. At six the willows had begun to glimmer. Now, all the greenness of the year was drenched in sunlight and in dew.

"Hallo—it's Saturday!"

He could be hazy as to dates, for what did dates matter to a man who had made money and was drinking too much, possibly because success had begun to bore him? Producers might plead, but the star was refusing to shine. Saturday? He knew it was Saturday because of that con-founded punt, and the girl in it. No, not girl . . . woman.

And then he cut himself.

"Damn!"

But why curse? What did a little blood on one's chin matter? He stood with the lather growing red, and his hair uncombed, while he looked at the passing punt. It was poled by a woman in a light-blue bathing-dress. At the moment, she was standing erect and letting the punt glide downstream. She had a perfect figure and amber-coloured hair. Her poise suggested pride, something infinitely clean and capable, a young dignity that was fearless.

Camden's face was strange, whimsical and fierce.

"Oh, get on, and get out of the landscape, woman!"

He watched her as she plied the pole, and his face—though he did not know it—was like the face of a man in prison. Life was going past him, and the beauty of it made him afraid. He could say of himself that he could be big and he could be little, angel and beast, but of late the beast had been master.

And that creature in the punt was a doctor of medicine, Dr. Sybil Carfax of Welbeck Street, a specialist, and a rising star in her profession! Why the devil couldn't women let the world alone, and not make a man feel squalid and futile? Dr. Sybil Carfax in her punt, with her week-end cottage on the river, and her shining head and her ice-blue eyes!

He glanced at himself in the mirror.

CASE

His hair looked wild, and there were streaks of grey in it. His chin was a bloody mess. His eyes were the eyes of a man whom life had scorched.

"Hallo, stranger!"

He stared at his reflection, and suddenly he grimaced.

"You squalid beast! Yes, and you are growing old."

It was a casual community—this river colony among the poplars and willows between Marley and Tyler's Mill. Old Hallam, the water-colour artist, inhabited the derelict mill-house, and as Charlie Camden put it—"You couldn't tell where the cobwebs ended and old Jack's beard began." Veronica Blane, the novelist, had a bungalow below the mill, a bitter woman with a smoker's throat, a husky voice and a face of vellum. Dr. Carfax's cottage was upstream and facing the Hambledon beechwoods. A score more bungalows and cottages collected at week-ends children and dogs and gramophones and pale people in punts in search of sunburn. Everybody knew everybody else and everybody else's scandals. Tyler's Mill did not set a high standard; it was fortuitous and noisy and tolerant.

Dr. Carfax was—perhaps—the exception. Her cottage and her career were a little apart. Someone had christened her cottage "The Refrigerator."

The community was completely

It was the very unprofessional conduct on the part of the doctor that gave the man that rarest of all chances . . . the chance to live again.

frank in its criticisms. Old Hallam was a genial sot, and one night he and his mill-house would go up in flames. It was strange that one who was so fond of whisky should live so near the water.

The Blane woman had put a title to Camden. He was "The Cast-Iron Cad." Which was not quite true, and she knew it. Camden may have had his blackguard days, and no one knew it better than he did, but dogs and children were instantly his friends, and he never said a mean thing about anybody.

Now, there are many reasons that may persuade two people to avoid each other, but with Camden it was secret fear. No one would have suspected him of being so sensitive to fear, for a man who is going to the devil may have cast out all qualms. Camden's fear was a recent and a secret growth; he mocked at it, and was moved to flout it.

Dr. Carfax's Case

He went out and unfastened his punt. Breakfast was not till nine, and the woman who came from Marley to clean and cook for him had not yet arrived. Besides—why breakfast? He did not notice that there were no paddles in the punt. He should have noticed it, for though he did many things well, poling a punt was not one of them. In old grey flannel trousers and yellow pull-over, and with a wad of cotton-wool on his cut chin, he went downstream towards Tyler's Mill and the weir.

Had he any vanity left in him? Oh, certainly. And he was in a mocking mood when a man mocks at himself.

A hundred yards from the bungalow, he lost his pole. It stuck in the mud, and he had to choose between remaining with the pole or going with the punt. He went with the punt. He stood there confronting his predicament, and his steady drift towards the weir. He could hear the thunder of it. Inevitably he and the punt would go over the weir. He could swim. But how damned silly!

And then he saw that other punt gliding upstream towards him. His own craft had swung round, and drifting broadside with the current, was bearing down upon Sybil Carfax.

Camden put a foot on the gunwale. His impulse was to plunge and let his punt go to the devil. Was it that he was afraid of the confrontation, of how she would look and what she might say? Afraid of a woman? He gave a jerk of the head and stood still.

Her voice came coolly across the water. It suggested faint sarcasm. Drifting, yes, and in more senses than one. Camden, head in air, seemed to accept the subtle accusation.

"Good morning. Drifting?"

Her voice came coolly across the water. It suggested faint sarcasm. Drifting, yes, and in more senses than one. Camden, head in air, seemed to accept the subtle accusation.

"Please don't trouble. I must

apologize for taking up so much of the river."

"Trying out a picture?"

"No. My pole and I had a disagreement. I'm beginning the day with a ducking."

He was aware of her looking at him steadily across the water. Why did she look at him like that?—as though he were a sick man or not quite sane, and she was—a physician. Professional interest tinged with compassion? Confound her!

Suddenly, with a movement of her pole she turned her punt so that it lay across stream and in the path of Camden's punt. She appeared to take control of the situation. With her pole thrust into the mud, she held her craft to wait for his.

"Ease the crash, will you?"

He stared. Almost she was giving him orders. And then he bent down and with outstretched arm waited for the two punts to come together. Erect and confident, she was holding her craft steady with the pole, and Camden's eyes avoided hers.

The strip of water narrowed. He had a hand on the gunwale of her punt.

"Very good of you—to intervene."

She looked over his head, and her voice was casual.

"That's—my job in life. Hold on. I can manage the two if you keep us gunwale to gunwale."

He knelt, looking at his own hands.

"Professional interference—becoming a habit."

There was sudden, strange anger in him. Did she regard him as a derelict? He heard the water dripping from the pole, and suddenly it suggested tears. And how would she react to sarcasm? And did he care?

"One can't be a prig with sick children."

Her voice was surprisingly gentle, and something flinched in him. He looked up suddenly into her face. Why was he afraid? And just as suddenly he knew. She was too fine for him, too clean, too confident. Yes, that was the secret; she made

him conscious of self-anguish and shame.

Someone looking out of a bungalow window saw those two punts go by, locked together.

"Hallo—there's a rescue on! Charlie and the Drug Maiden."

Miss Blane got up to look. She drawled:

"Vice and virtue. But which is which? I hear she is rather great on skins."

"Charlie is beginning to show signs of wear. Think she'll rejuvenate him?"

Again, Miss Blane drawled:

"Would it be worth while? And why should a woman bother?"

"Oh, he's not a bad sort."

"My dear, the man's quite septic."

Meanwhile, the Lady of the Punt brought Camden to the place where his pole stood stuck in the mud. The affair might have been considered as an allegory. Like a disarmed knight, he was being offered his sword.

"Can you pull it out?"

He did so.

"I can manage. Many thanks for the rescue."

She looked him straight in the face.

"Don't lose it again."

And there they parted, she going on up the river, and he landing by the white fence, and with the eyes of a man who felt suddenly desperate. Why had life thrown them together just now? Ten years ago the thing might have been different, for ten years ago he had not been the slave of a disillusioned self.

He stood by the gate and watched her disappear behind a green bend where willows grew. And suddenly he struck himself across the mouth with the back of his hand.

"You sot!"

He laughed and went in to his breakfast.

As if—it could matter to anybody—especially—to her.

But the strange thing was that it did matter. The world thought her cold—which she was not. No other man had so stirred her compassion.

It was as though his poor, ravaged face and unhappy eyes moved her like the cries of a child in pain. He mocked, but his mockery was against himself. He confronted life with a kind of insolent and whimsical bravado. He was like a doomed man, concealing the bitterness and the anguish of the inevitable. "I'm a rotten apple. I'm going to drop off the tree. What does it matter?"

SHE understood him so thoroughly, even his fear of her. It touched her most strangely. It was beyond and above the thing we call vanity. She was like a mirror to him, somehow untarnished, and in it those strained eyes of his saw a beauty which made him afraid.

He avoided her. He loafed about the place, and sat in one of old Hallam's deck chairs in the mill-house garden, and helped old Hallam to drink whisky. As a rule he provided the liquor. He made a joke of it. He became careless about shaving and about his clothes.

She knew that he avoided her. She had her work to do, her private patients, and her hospital hours, and in the eyes of some sick child she seemed to see the eyes of the man. It hurt her, and sometimes she was angry.

"You coward," she thought. "Why don't you fight?"

Had she asked him that question he might have answered that he had nothing left worth fighting for; he had had a surfeit of life and of success; he was a fire that had burned itself out. But he could not say: "I know what's impossible. You are much too fine. I can't compete. And yet you've made my dead youth come to life, and my rotten body is shaking to pieces."

She would have said: "Are we nothing but bodies? There is the thing one used to call one's soul."

But she was afraid for his sake. She would open the morning paper in her Welbeck Street dining-room and glance quickly at the news.

Dr. Carfax's Case

What did she expect to see? "Death of a Famous . . ." On Friday evenings she drove her car down to Marley, and in the green twilight she would wonder. Was he still there—was he alive? She would know moments of impatience! "Don't be such a fool." None the less, she would find herself walking down the path under the willows with the dark river flowing beside her to see whether there was a light in his window.

One night she passed through the white gate and looked in. She saw him sitting in a chair by the table, his head lying on his crossed arms. Was he asleep—or—? Her face looked white and tense. She tapped on the glass.

His head rose with a jerk and she saw his face, and it shocked her.

"Who's that?"

He pushed back his chair and went to the window. His eyes and hair had a wildness.

"You!"

He stared at her. His red and ravaged face was like a fire, her's like a white moon.

"What do you want?"

Should she make some excuse or clasp her crisis?

"I heard you were not well."

"Not well? That's news. And are you wanting a patient?"

Suddenly he closed the window and jerked the curtains across it. God, why couldn't life let him alone? He stood listening, and in the stillness he heard the closing of the gate. So, she had gone. Well, he had been sufficiently rude, and he loved her.

THEIR crisis was nearer than they knew. Next evening she was sitting in her garden when she heard footsteps on the towing-path. They had a disjointed, unsteady rhythm that was significant; now and again a shoe scraped the earth. She stood up and went to the gate. A moon was coming up and shining across the river.

Camden had been to Marley. He was sufficiently sober to see her standing there. He was carrying something wrapped in paper.

"Hallo, doctor—Nice moon."

She stood with her hands on the gate. She was shocked and challenging.

She said: "Isn't it rather—a pity?"

He stared at her, and then he laughed.

"I'm a case—what? Damn it, what's the use? Don't be the noble woman, my dear. Not worth it."

She took her crisis in her hands.

"What a coward you are!"

"Coward!"

"Yes—you—with all your ability, you—who can give pleasure to thousands, to let yourself be beaten."

Again he laughed.

"I'm nothing but a mountebank. I'm through with things. Just taking poor old Jack a little poison."

And suddenly she opened the gate and snatched the thing from him. She threw it into the river.

"You make me—ashamed! Haven't you any shame left?"

He stood swaying slightly and staring at her. And suddenly he put his hands to his face, and with a cry that was almost like a snarl, he ran. His legs seemed to have recovered their co-ordination. She had sobered him.

Sybil stood, hesitant. She did not call him back. She had a feeling that she had challenged fate, and that the crisis lay in the lap of the gods. He might do something desperate, or—he might just go to bed. She returned to her chair. She sat down as though all the strength had gone from her; or as though she had willed it into him.

And then presently—something startled her. That was not the moon. No, there was another light in the sky, the flare of a fire. She stood up, trying to locate and to translate the light into words. Down the river there, beyond the bend, and beyond Camden's bungalow. It was the mill-house on fire. Old Hallam

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had done at last what the world had said he would do, upset his lamp.

When she reached the mill, its rotten roof had fallen in and flames were rising from the brick shell. There were flames everywhere, running along the wooden staging and its handrail. Trees, water and grass were brilliantly lit in a circle of shadow, and a little crowd on the towing-path was part of the shadow. A man was lying on the grass. There was a smell of singed cloth.

A voice said: "Isn't that doctor ever coming?"

She slipped in between the figures. "I'm a doctor."

She did not ask who had been hurt; she seemed to know that it was Camden who was lying there. Someone held a lamp. She saw the blackened face and singed hair; he was unconscious; one leg looked all twisted.

She knelt down.

"What happened?"

"He went in to try and get old Hallam out. Part of a floor came down on him."

"Someone else?"

"Oh, Mr. Blount and Harry managed to drag him out. They are burnt a bit, too."

And she had called him a coward! She knelt, holding his wrist, both woman and doctor, her wits and emotions in a tangle. There was a cottage hospital at Marley, and the one hope was to get him there without delay and save him from the shock of those burns. She bent over him while a hand held the lamp. Yes, thank God, they were less serious than she had feared.

"Will someone get a car? There is no ambulance nearer than Reading. Mr. Blount, too, and Harry. And I

want towels and something to splint this leg."

Women ran. A man, suddenly inspired, tore two wooden slats from a garden fence. She was splinting that leg and thigh when the Marley man arrived. She kept her place and gave him orders.

"Please ring up the cottage hospital. Have dressings ready. Is one of the private rooms vacant?"

The doctor thought it was. A junior partner, and not long qualified, he left the case to her capable hands.

"Can we get him in a car with that leg?"

"Yes, on the floor of a four-seater, with one of the doors open. I'll go with him and hold the door."

It was well past midnight when she walked back alone from Marley with the light of the moon playing upon the water and in the willows. The night smelt sweet after the smell of the dressings. She was beyond feeling tired, but there was a little smile in her eyes.

How bad was it, and how good?

He had recovered consciousness at Marley. With her

own hands she had given him an injection of morphia, for he had been in great pain.

"That will make it easier for you."

He had put out a bandaged hand and touched her.

"My dear, what a lot of trouble. Is it worth while?"

His eyes had looked at her from the midst of white swathings.

"I can see you, Sybil. That's something."

"Yes, that's something. Now, I want you to try and sleep."

Would he live? She did not know yet. The burns were less serious

Next
Month . . .

A New Story by ROLAND PERTWEE

Dr. Carfax's Case

than the poor crushed leg and thigh. A beam had fallen on him, and in rescuing him those desperate helpers had done more damage. If he lived he would be months in bed, a broken thing, and lame for the rest of his life. How would he react to such a martyrdom? Would he find the courage to surmount it, or would he sink into sodden apathy?

Did it rest with her?

She came to her cottage and stood looking down the river. The shell of the mill-house still showed a glow through its empty windows. Was he to be like that, a mere ruined shell of a man, burnt out, finished? She raised her eyes and looked at the moon. Why shouldn't the moon come down out of the sky?

She was in Marley next morning. The local doctors, transcending male pride, were glad of her co-operation. Camden had slept, thanks to the morphia, but he was awake and showing signs of restlessness.

"I don't like that thigh of his," said the elder man.

She understood. It might be a question of sacrificing the limb for the life.

"We will wait till to-morrow."

She was alone with him for three minutes. His restlessness was an inward fever, and she sat beside the bed, holding one of his bandaged hands.

"I want you to get well."

His eyes had a strange brightness.

"Does it matter?"

"Yes."

"You can't mean it. The thing's too-impossible."

"Why impossible? I mean it."

"Oh, my dear!"

When she had gone and the nurse came in she found Camden lying with closed eyes, motionless, tranquil. His hands lay palms upward on the coverlet and his breathing was easy.

"Any pain, Mr. Camden?"

"No, not much."

"Feel like sleeping again?"

He sighed like a man who was strangely at peace.

"Yes."

She gave up three days of her busy life to be near him, while someone deputized for her in town, and when she went back to work she knew that he would live. He would be lame for life, but mere physical lameness was not her problem or his. A limping leg might carry a recovered soul. On the Saturday she was back at her cottage. The weather had broken, and it was raining, and she walked through the rain to Marley with the wind in the willows whipping her suspense.

What sort of man would she find?

The matron met her, a cheery, candid person.

"Well—how's the patient?"

Her voice sounded casual.

"Oh, doing splendidly," said the other woman. "I've never had a pluckier patient."

"Spirits good?"

"He's really wonderful. Extraordinarily patient. And I shouldn't say that he was—that—by nature."

Sybil Carfax took off her wet raincoat.

"No, perhaps not. But—men—and children—can be that, you know."

He was still swathed in bandages, and his leg and thigh were rigged up in a wonderful contraption with a cord and pulley weight attached. The matron's cheerful voice warned him: "A visitor, Mr. Camden." He turned his head and looked, and there was laughter in his eyes.

"My doctor—you mean, matron."

THE matron left them alone together. Sybil could see nothing of him but his lips and eyes, but those eyes were different.

"You women have trussed me up!"

"Is it so very-uncomfortable? But I know it is!"

"Oh, not so bad. I must look a funny object in this Heath Robinson apparatus."

Actually he laughed, and it made him wince.

By Warwick Deeping

"Mustn't do that, must I?"

"No—and yes."

He put out a bandaged hand.

"I—know. I had forgotten how to laugh. Yes, I understand all that—my dear. Life ought to be pretty wonderful—even at my age."

"Your age! Just how old are you?"

"These leading questions are rather embarrassing. I'm forty-three. Last week I was seventy-three, and at the present moment I'm about three years old."

She smiled at him.

"That's the idea."

"Thanks to you."

That afternoon she had a visitor, Miss Veronica Blane, the novelist, whose novels were so very clever that only about a thousand people in the country could read them. Miss Blane was a bitter woman, and she had to live; she reviewed the books of other authors and was venomously sarcastic at their expense. She strolled into Sybil's garden and sat down, and began to review Camden's case as though it was some popular, low-brow book.

"I hear he is going to live. Well, that's relative, of course. You doctors are rescuing him—so that he can drown himself in drink. Rather paradoxical, don't you think?"

Miss Blane had a long, narrow face and the eyes of a malevolent goat. If you were wise, you wore a mask in her presence.

Said Sybil: "I thought you rather approved of paradoxes. That novel of yours—for instance—'The Paradoxical Parson.'"

"Did you read it?"

Dr. Carfax made her point.

"I tried to."

But when Miss Blane had trickled like acid out of her gate she sat and looked at the distant shell of the mill-house. Was that beast of a woman going to be right with her sneers and her realism? A blackened shell of a man? She was angry, and with the anger of a compassion that was generous and wise. No, damn Miss Blane! The very name

suggested one of the Plagues of Egypt. Charles Camden should prove her wrong.

PERHAPS those next few weeks were, for her, full of a suspense that was both beautiful and poignant. She saw those bandages and dressings disappear, and somehow his face seemed new to her—all smoothed out and different. It was like a face that had been washed in light. He was still suffering supreme discomfort, tied by the leg with the foot of his bed tilted, and unable to move. But the spirit of him was not chained. It seemed to have grown fresh wings.

He said to her: "It's been funny lying here, so dashed stiff—and yet—so peaceful. I feel just like a kid—somehow—looking at life with a kid's eyes."

She smiled at him.

"And it looks——?"

"Oh, pretty wonderful! You know, Sybil, they say we shed our whole body in seven years. I seem to have shed a sort of shell—in seven weeks. I've had time to lie and think."

She rose and stood at the window; there were flowers on the window-sill.

"Yes, you've shed something. Life can be pretty wonderful—when——"

He was silent for a moment. Then he said: "Don't finish that sentence yet, my dear. I'm praying to God that I may finish it for you."

She put her face to the flowers, and there was secret exultation in her. That Blane woman was going to be wrong.

For that was the strange thing about Charlie Camden's case, not only did he break a leg, but he broke a habit also. He would limp through the rest of his life, but that might save him from chasing illusions. The last week in September saw him back in his cottage, and life had other drink to offer him.

On the Saturday, he went to tea with her. Summer was still with them, and they had tea in the garden.

Dr. Carfax's Case

He insisted on helping her with the tea-things, though he had only one free hand, for he had to help himself with a stick.

"Let me play, too."

"Yes, one shouldn't play by one's self."

Presently, he lit a pipe. He had taken again to a pipe. But did one say things to a particular woman with a pipe in one's mouth? He placed it on the grass beside him.

"Doctor Carfax, it must be rather unusual for a patient to tell his doctor—that the cure cannot be quite complete unless—but, my dear, forgive me being whimsical. It seems almost insolence—that I——"

He looked at her like a shy boy.

"You are far too fine for me. You used to frighten me."

"Do I still?"

"No, not exactly. Will you give me a year to prove that I'm clean?"

She put out her hands to him across the table.

"I'll marry you to-morrow if you ask me."

He got on his feet and kissed her hands.

"Isn't it wonderful! You've got your job, my dear, and I'm not going to be jealous of it. I've been thinking about a new job for myself. Isn't that the sort of partnership that is worth while?"

"Working together?"

"Well, why not? I've more money than I ought to have. Why shouldn't I run a sort of country playground for your sick kids?"

"Serious?"

"Absolutely."

She put up her face.

"Kiss me."

Neither of them noticed Miss Blane upon the towing-path, and Miss Blane passed by observing that lover's embrace. Silly sentimentalists! And to think that an emancipated woman with a brain and a career could waste herself on a dissipated fool like Camden! Sex, sex! And in a year the fellow would have tired of it and gone back to the bottle.

But Miss Blane was wrong.

WARWICK DEEPING



Next Month

Then, suddenly and without warning, he drew her to him, and kissed her scarlet mouth.

"It's true, then!" he whispered. "You do love me!"

She assured him that she did.

"Well, then," he said, "the next thing is to get married."

He spoke as if that were the easiest thing in the world, as perhaps it is; but so far as Cordelia was concerned it was the most difficult.

He was kissing her again, but he did not fail to notice that she had withdrawn from him.

"You've gone away!" he said, accusingly. "It's because of your father. He'll hate me as a son-in-law, I know. Because I'm an actor. But I'm getting on, I'm——"

"Oh, Julian! If it were only as easy as that!" she said.

But she could not explain to him. She could only surrender to his love, which, for the moment at any rate, swept aside everything.

An extract from OLIVE WADSLEY'S Long Complete Novel.

THE STORY-TELLER

JANUARY 1925

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The Valetudinarians

By Warwick Deeping

" 'You just lie in that chair like a melted candle on a shelf.'
'Don't be rude.'
'I'm not being rude. I'm calling you a parasite.'
'Thank you. If you go on much longer, I shall have to get up and prove you're wrong.'
'Do it. I dare you to do it.' "



SAVILLE OXSHOTT felt autumnal. He carried the pale flower of life's ennui in his buttonhole, and though there was nothing of autumn in the crowded pavements of the Cannebiere, its crowds had the flavour of decadence. He felt it because his own appetite had become piqued by the flavour of decadence, by the autumn tints, the verdigris greens and smoke blues, the carmines, yellows and maroons. Fungi melting into their own slime! Brilliant red berries; fallen roses rotting on purple soil. And that faint smell of decay, moist and gentle like the easy and alluring eyes of a woman with no morals.

Oxshott yawned.

"It is all very boring," he thought, "and these pavements need mending. And what a devil of a noise!"

Three working girls passed him, laughing in his face, and one of them, unwashed but heavily scented, with eyes like two dark pansies set against the roundness of a white cabbage rose, looked back over a plump shoulder. But the tall man was strolling on, his hands in his pockets, and the swarthy girl gave a little waggle of the hips, and, bumping against one of her companions, put out a tongue and giggled.

Oxshott smiled faintly. He was wondering what on earth had made him stop for a night in Marseilles in a hotel that was all gilding and last year's air. These Latins! They were so full of superabundant noise and vitality. They made him think of shell-fish and chocolate creams, and powder puffs, and pâté de foies gras and carnations and oranges—all jumbled up in one basket. And some of it was rather rancid. And there were horrible old hags like rotting apples, and men who made you think of a red gash in your throat.

"Something's the matter with me," he reflected; "I wish I could feel hungry."

He was passing a café with its white-topped tables closely packed behind the glass-panelled screens. Most of the tables were unoccupied. A melancholy waiter was using a tooth-pick. Oxshott began an immense yawn. He was well into the gaping void when his lower jaw bit the yawn in two, and he came back to a semblance of interest in life. He had seen a face, a woman's face. It was looking through one of the glass panels, at the passing crowds, a face that seemed to betray a beautiful and bored maliciousness. The woman was looking at life through herself, and herself distorted it. She was full of hatred, and ennui, and scorn, a Medusa with eyes that were ready to kill. She stirred her coffee. Somewhere, Oxshott knew, he had seen her before.

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intimate remark to a case of rings in the window.

"Curious—but if you want to do the natural thing, you are generally accused of being impertinent."

She turned her head sharply.

"I beg your pardon——"

He raised his hat.

"Was I soliloquizing? The fact is I am most profoundly bored."

"Thank you."

"And so—are you?"

"You think so?"

"Sure of it."

"So—you thought——"

"Oh, hardly. I'm not a Good Samaritan. Besides, when one is bored with oneself, one's vanity falls to zero."

"You will observe that I was not afraid of my mirror."

"I see no necessity for fear——"

"Oh, no, no—that was a bad lapse. How long is it before dinner?"

"It is now half-past four. At my hotel we dine at any time from seven-thirty. Feeling hungry?"

"Not in the least."

"Nor I. Meals just break up the day. By the way, I feel I have met you before."

"Isn't that one of the usual cues?"

"Is it? I beg your pardon. But I can't remember where——"

"Another lapse. It couldn't have——"

"But it did."

"Did what?"

"'Impress' was the word you meant to use."

"Perhaps."

"Well—my name is Oxshott. I have a villa at Le Paradis."

"I suppose that explains it."

"How?"

"I'm your next-door neighbour."

"Mrs. Marsac?"

"Yes."

"Well, of course. But then, you know, you live in a sort of forest."

"And your estate runs to thirty hectares."

"About that."

"Quite so."

She put her mirror away.

"Sorry I said 'Quite so.' I hate people who say quite so. Have you ever discovered any place in Marseilles where there is reasonable calm?"

"No. Yes, I forgot—Notre Dame de la Garde."

"Don't. Even with the funicular! One perspires."

Their movement down the Cannebiere towards the old port was mutual and fortuitous. The sunset and the dusk were mixed, and the flow of faces was more swarthy, and yet more pallid. The space of water spread itself in the embrace of the battered-looking houses, sun bleached and odoriferous. Noise still reverberated. Motors hooted. The colours looked as though they had been spilled out of great paint-pots, decaying blues and whites and yellows and rusty reds. Oxshott and Mrs. Marsac stood on the edge of the quay, and looked down at water in which floated corks and pieces of straw and orange peel.

"Too dirty," said she.

He nodded.

"Fastidious. One doesn't set out to solve the eternal problem by jumping into a grease-tub."

"What problem?"

He gave her a massive look.

"Oh, don't pretend. You—know."

After that they wandered along the quay in the tumultuous dusk of that Latin sea-port, and talked like a couple of disembodied spirits of the life that lay behind them. That fretful, eager, futile life in which they had been running away from the yesterday to the to-morrow! And yet they agreed that there had been wonderful moments—when they had been very young.

"I'm thirty-seven," she confessed.

"I don't think a woman of my mentality ought to live beyond forty."

He argued the point, but his attitude was becoming too interested; though he did not seem aware of it. She was aware of it.

"Men never grow old."

"Dear lady, I'm forty-three."

"My dear man," she said reflectively, "your Luigi belongs to the Stone Age. He's a Neanderthaler. We over-civilized people can't expect— The age of liqueurs and hypodermics. Of course."

Two more days elapsed, and then he surprised her. He turned up in an old Norfolk jacket and flannel trousers; he was wearing no collar.

He had an aggressive air—"a laugh at me if you dare" sort of look, and it suited him.

"Sacked Luigi?"

"No, given him a holiday. He's at the villa."

"You haven't changed places with him, have you?"

"That's exactly what I have done. For a month."

For the first time Oxshott saw her preparing to laugh.

"Don't," he said.

"But—my dear man——"

Her laughter came like the trickle of a lazy spring on a hot day.

"I can't help it. Do you carry up wood and gnaw bread? And do you make cheerful noises?"

"If you must know—I feel in an infernal bad temper. Savage."

"That's because——"

"Well?"

"You are flabby."

He stared down at her wrathfully, for she looked so cool and placid and apathetic.

"Well—I like that! Anyway—I'm going on with it. I'm going to find out that old fool's secret."

"And learn to make cheerful noises!"

He left her—but her curiosity was piqued, and on the second afternoon she went to spy upon him, working her way over the hillside, and through the fragrant maquis. She came out above the white hovel, and discovered Oxshott on the dusty piece of ground in front of it, splitting up old olive logs with a hatchet. He appeared very intent and busy. His activity made her think of a small child squatting on the edge of a road and hammering an old tin with a stick.

Two days later he paid her another visit. He had an intense air, a touch of the social reformer. He showed a tendency to preach.

"That's what we are suffering from, auto-intoxication. It's obvious."

"Indeed! But wouldn't one of those nice patent medicines——?"

"I'm not speaking of physical things."

"Oh!"

"No. Mental auto-intoxication. We are being poisoned by ourselves. Psychic stagnation—see?"

She lay back in her long chair.

"If Luigi doesn't make more cheerful noises than that——"

He made movements with a clenched fist.

"Look here, you have to begin on your body. The fact is we are a couple of parasites; we haven't any roots of our own, physical roots."

"So you are trying to grow roots?"

Her flicker of laughter annoyed him.

"That's about it. I'm trying to re-grow my roots. I suppose you think that I have lost my sense of humour. But what I am after is trying to get back my sense of fun. And I'll do it."

"How nice—and crude! Real, knock-about comedy!"

"Well, you couldn't do it?"

"No?"

"You just lie in that chair like a melted candle on a shelf."

"Don't be rude."

"I'm not being rude. I'm calling you a parasite."

"Thank you. If you go on much longer, I shall have to get up and prove you're wrong."

"Do it. I dare you to do it. I don't believe you could do it."

They parted with every appearance of mutual exasperation, almost like two heated and quarrelsome children, and Oxshott went back to his cabin, and cooked himself a sort of savoury mess of eggs and onions and macaroni. Mess was the only adequate word for it. A week ago

"I have done my work for the day. Can I give you a hand?"

"My job's my own, thank you."

"Having a little tidy up?"

"Well—since I am to be here for a month—I don't like camping in an Augean stable. Of all the dirty old women——"

She looked grim, and Oxshott noticed sheets and other things hanging out to dry on a line.

"Washing day—too?"

He puffed cheerfully, approvingly, and his air of male benignity appeared to annoy her. She twirled the broom in his direction, and spattered him with water.

He laughed.

"Don't laugh, you idiot."

"I was only making a cheerful noise. But, I say, let us compare notes. How are you off for water?"

She leaned against the wall and eyed him with restrained malevolence.

"I suppose yours is laid on. I have to carry every drop of mine up from a cistern down there. And I have to boil it——"

"So do I. What about fuel?"

"I'm nearly out of fuel. The mule and I will fetch it to-morrow."

"So there is a mule?"

"There is very much of a mule."

She appeared to be interested in the extensive puddle that had collected below the step.

"To think—I carried up all that—and now it's there."

"That's life," he observed.

"What a prig you are. A primitive prig."

"No, I'm becoming a philosopher. By the way, when you are settled, will you ask me to dinner?"

She seemed more moved to request him to go and sup in Hades.

Her trials had begun, and she was not patient over them, but Oxshott had been through the same process, and as a "primitive" he was just ten days older than she was. Would she survive, or would she sink back into luxurious apathy?

On his next visit he found her very bitter against the mule.

"I'm going to leave him down there and carry up the things myself."

"What's the matter with him? Just mulishness?"

She regarded Oxshott scornfully.

"Have you ever tried to manage a mule?"

"No."

"Well, then, keep quiet."

"It would be ungallant to remind you that you will have to take his place."

"Don't be so obvious. Even if I have to carry up my own coal——"

"Oh, but you can't do that, dear lady."

"According to your new philosophy, there is no such word as can't."

Two days after that Oxshott came upon her half-way up the steep path. A big basket, rather like the basket in which an artisan carries his tools, lay on the path. Nigella was sitting on a rock. She looked hot; there were black streaks on her face, and other suspicious streaks.

"Good Lord!" thought Oxshott, "she's been crying. What a beast I am."

It was true that she had been crying, but her tears were of exhaustion and rage. And when the man came up and gave her sympathy, and offered to shoulder the basket, she broke into a most unreasonable fury. She picked up lumps of coal and pelted him.

"Oh, I say!" he said, dodging.

"Come, now—I only——"

"How dare you offer to help? Do you think I am going to be beaten? Do you think I'm going to allow that an old peasant woman can do what I cannot do?"

"Tut, tut," he retorted, "the old woman was born to it. Really, I think you are being a little too thorough."

"Oh, am I? Anyway, I am going to carry that infernal basket——"

"No, you are not. I'll——"

"You dare——"

He did dare. They had a scuffle

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4

"What peace," he thought, "what forgetfulness!"

"He stood on a great rock above the sea and brooded. Almost he looked like a swimmer poised for a plunge. He seemed to bend slightly towards the water.

"Presently he moved. He seemed to come out of a kind of trance, but as he reclinced the path the look of another world was on his face."



ETER STRANGEWAYS was not allowed home.

"Take three years in the sun," his doctor had said to him; "follow the sun. If it rains pack up and go to a place where the sun is shining. But don't come north of Geneva."

"You cut out Paris as well as London!"

"I leave you Rome and Naples, and there is the other hemisphere, my dear chap. You are one of the lucky ones who can afford to run away from the white death. You don't want another hæmorrhage, I suppose?"

"I want to live. Life's good," said Strangeways with his big sincerity.

He was twenty-eight. He had the head of an aristocrat and a rather serious way of looking at things. His seriousness was a little too pronounced. As old Lady Grunthorpe put it: "A nice boy, and so clean, but one of those 'woe of the world' men. He always looks at me as though I were an old angel, and I know I am an old devil. Won't someone teach him to laugh!"

So Strangeways went abroad. He had overworked himself in England, for a man who sees visions and labours with passionate earnestness to make other people see them, and is hurt and baffled by their blindness, tires his soul even more than he tires his body, and Strangeways' soul was stronger than his body. His body had given up.

He wandered along the coasts of the old Middle Sea. He spent a winter in Egypt, touched Jerusalem and Damascus, and came back by way of Greece and Italy. Italy he loved—the Italy of the Italians. Someone found him in a villa in Capri, looking lean and brown, but strangely sad about the eyes.

"I'm homesick," he wrote to a friend in England; "most deadly homesick. I want to see the Sussex Downs, and the water meadows south of Winchester, and my boys down at Bermondsey, and my stuffy, solemn old 'club,' and the fat fellow who cuts my hair. I'm English. Beauty is very well, but I want bread—the plain bread we call work."

Yet abroad he avoided the English. Generally you found him in a villa or in some little queer hotel, going out for his meals to a restaurant. He was a good linguist. He could dabble in colours and turn out a sensitive picture. But more and more he came to have that lost look, the air of a wanderer, of a man who was searching for something which he never found.

His second winter he spent in Rome, and here it was that he fell in love and submerged himself with characteristic seriousness. Unfortunately the girl had nothing serious in her, save her determination towards a good time and its essential vehicle—money. Her Christian name was Amber; the other name does not matter. Many men had fallen in love with her, and fallen out of it again when they discovered her essential hardness. She looked soft, and wasn't. She

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had a glowing head, great blue eyes and a radiant face; the body and swiftness of a dragon-fly.

Strangeways thought her beautiful; he imagined an inward beauty that was not there.

His intensity flattered and amused her, but in a little while she began to think him dull. But then he had money.

"Woggo"—it was her pet name for him, and it was absurd—"Woggo is most frightfully keen. He's an awful good sort—but he always looks at me as though he were going to ask me to hear him say his prayers!"

She was quite frivolous, but she had all the business instincts.

And then he asked her to marry him, looking solemnly into her eyes and warning her that before she said "Yea" or "Nay" he had something else to tell her.

"Right-oh!" she said. "But supposing I begin, Wog. I'm rather modern and I want lots of things."

"What things?"

"A thousand a year of my own, a car, a town house as well as a spot in the country. And I shall want to knock around a lot, and dance three times a week in the winter. You won't be jealous of my dancing boys, will you?"

He looked at her gravely.

"I'm not allowed to dance; at least—not yet. I have to go to bed at ten each night."

"What on earth for?"

He told her. He was very lonely; he wanted a mate, someone who would understand.

"The doctors tell me that I am cured now," he reassured her. "But I have to stay out in the sun, and it is doubtful whether I ought to winter in England. But I think I could make you happy, Amber. Of course we could wait awhile before thinking about children."

"Do you mean to say that you have had consumption?"

"Yes. But it was my own fault. I'm sound now. What I mean is—it's not in the family."

And then she astonished him. Her blue eyes were all brittle light. She was angry.

"Well—I never thought you were such a cad!"

"Amber—what do you mean?"

She would not explain. She said something about his marrying a hospital nurse or a woman of forty who would see that he wore thick vests in winter. She was furious. She had a hard young thing's horror of anything that was sick and incomplete, anything which made unfair demands on you—you know! And she felt that she had rather wasted her time.

"If you don't see my point of view," she chattered, "it means that you are a little more selfish than most men. You want to feed on me."

"Good God!" he said.

He was shocked. He walked out of the room, and he never saw her again. But what had hurt him most was the feeling that she was unsentimentally right. The glowing, urgent youth in her shrank from the taint in him.

That was the impression he carried away on his flight to the sea and to haunts of forgetfulness. He was tainted. He had no right to expect any healthy woman to mate with him. It was a revelation, and he exaggerated it with the sensitive seriousness that was part of him. Life took on a growing and dangerous sadness, partly because love had been denied him, partly because the clean physical pride, which should be in every man, had received a shock.

Spring had come and he fled to Sicily, and finding the weather bad he fled back again, flitting to Sorrento and Amalfi, and so northwards into Tuscany. He loafed and wandered, staying a few days here and a few days there, and his sadness grew in him like a disease. He began to avoid people. He was hungry for England in the green spring of the year, and yet he avoided the English, seeing in their

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faces the sinister blue eyes of scornful youth. Even the beauty of the spring hurt him. He was out of tune with it. Joyously it cried: "I am. Behold the youth of me, the clean body of me, the fresh lips." And Strangeways felt himself tainted, and old; older than time.

Chance brought him to Porto Pericolo, a little town of white and yellow houses sleeping on the edge of the sea, and under the massive shadows of the mountains. It pleased him; it had a strange lure; he had not meant to stay here, but he stayed. Even on that first evening, when he wandered out from the Hotel Semiramis and past a few old battered houses and new villas along a path that ran above the sea, he had a curious feeling of remembrance. He had never been here before, and yet the place spoke to him. It seemed to wait like a woman, half smiling, waiting to be recognized. It was gentle, sensuous and sadly seductive. He sat down on a rock and looked at Porto Pericolo stretched in the evening sunlight. It seemed to lie half in the sea, like some white-bodied, mythological creature, perilous and Homeric. He did not feel the peril, but only the charm of it—a poisoned charm.

"What a place to die in," he thought.

A strange suggestion for that little Italian town to make, and yet he was unaware of its strangeness, and that was his danger. Besides, the place was so much alive; it had the battered, vivid vitality of the south. He could see the old castle, the campanili of the churches, the two new hotels, and the little casino in its gardens by the sea. Porto Pericolo was like a peasant girl discovering the fascination of semi-fashionable clothes, but as yet she did not wear them blatantly. Her eyes were still the sombre, cow-like eyes of a peasant.

He turned in and slept heavily and late. At nine o'clock came an anxious knocking on his door.

"Signore, it is nine o'clock."

"All right," he answered languidly.

That was how Porto Pericolo affected him. It began with a feeling of languor, the pleasant languor of a tired smile. He drank his coffee, dressed and went downstairs. A rotund little man with bright brown eyes wished him good morning, and observed him a little anxiously. This was the proprietor of the hotel.

"I hope you have slept well, sir?"

"Almost too well," said Strangeways, not aware of his being observed.

He strolled out. The air was brilliant and soft, and the sea was as blue as lapis lazuli. He found himself in the gardens above the beach where the boats were drawn up and the bathing-stages stood. Italians idled about and lounged on the seats. Children played. A few foreigners—visitors—idled up and down in clothes that made the Italians appear shabbier than ever. A woman with a chalked face and reddened lips, and dressed in white, stared hard at Strangeways, and then turned about and followed him. She looked as though she needed blood, and had sighted a victim.

Strangeways found himself outside the casino. He bought a ticket and entered the gardens. He had had no idea of coming to the place, but that was Porto Pericolo's way with strangers. They drifted; a peculiar languor descended upon them, and they did things almost without knowing that they did them.

He entered the building. The concert-room was closed, and down below outside the heavy doors of the gaming-room he was met by some sort of functionary, a huge man with a bland yet stolid face. The man looked at Strangeways as though the Englishman might be the carrier of some fatal disease. He was suspicious.

"Is there any play here?"

"Yes, sir."

"When do the tables open?"

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"At nine o'clock, sir."

"I suppose it is a mere formality—admission?"

The man was polite, but inexorable.

"Only for members, sir."

"But I can become a member."

"I am afraid, sir, you will find it difficult. The rooms are not open to strangers."

Strangeways was surprised. He knew that gambling was illegal and that it had to be managed tactfully, and he had no great desire to gamble. He turned away and discovered the white lady standing there, looking sympathetic. She smiled.

"If monsieur wishes to play?—yes, I had the same difficulty myself. They are very select here."

Strangeways gave her a slight bow.

"So it seems."

"Monsieur has only to get two letters of introduction from members, the proprietor of his hotel, for example, and a friend."

Her complacency hinted that she was a member, and could be a friend. Strangeways, vaguely shy of her, smiled stiffly, and thanked her. He said that curiosity rather than any desire to gamble had piqued him into making inquiries. He bowed and prepared to escape.

"But in the evenings, when one is *ennui*," she suggested.

"Oh, I go to bed, madame." And he left her smiling her red and white smile.

But her significant friendliness depressed him. He did not want that sort of woman, and as he escaped from that iced and sugared building he could not help reflecting that no other sort of woman might be expected to have anything to do with him. He felt lonely. The man in the ticket office at the gate looked rather hard at Strangeways as he passed out.

Here he hesitated. Two drivers of waiting carriages cracked their whips at him, and their importunities sent him off at a brisk

pace for the hills. He looked at the grey mountains, the clouding olives, the pines and cypresses, the vines, the fruit trees, the blue of the sky, and he breathed more deeply. Ah, to get away and forget!

The soft landscape stretched out its arms. It was more dewy here, more otiose, more greenly seductive than any other place in Italy he could call to mind. It had a smile of its own, the fatal smile of some enchantment. "Come," it said, "wander and forget. And when you are very weary bend down to my blue waters and drink deep. What is life after all—a little struggle, a little pain, and then—forgetfulness." Porto Pericolo had him in her web, and he did not know it. He was conscious of a beckoning beauty, a sadness that was as soft as that drowsiness before sleep.

Somewhere on the hills he heard a girl singing, and he paused to listen. She sang like a blackbird, without effort, and for the sheer joy of it. Her voice was pure as the light, and without the metallic timbre that spoils so many Italian voices.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "that child can sing!"

He could not see her, though he fancied that the voice came from the slope above him where the hillside was all flushed with peach blossom. He idled on. He told himself that he was no better than a wandering Jew, that his trouble was that he did not matter to anybody, and that he would continue not to matter to anybody. Save to himself! Was not that the fatal cause of all the disharmonies? When a man ceased to matter to himself he reached resignation, death, oblivion.

And suddenly he came upon that inlet of the sea. The path seemed to pause before plunging, conscious of a dramatic effect. "See," it said, "have you ever beheld anything lovelier, more secret, more soothing than this?"

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Strangeways hadn't. In that half-circle of grey hills and green slopes the water lay as still as glass. It was blue and it was green; it was full of sunlight and it was full of shadows. There was not a house to be seen, not a human creature, not even the boat of a fisherman. That little bay looked as though it had been there, secret and sleeping, since the beginning of time.

Strangeways plunged downwards. The place was an ecstasy of colour and of silence. He passed under the great hanging pines, through fragrant masses of undergrowth, and he reached the sea. There was not a ripple, not a splash. He could see the outlines of submerged rocks, and the shadows lurking near them.

"What peace," he thought, "what forgetfulness!"

He stood on a great rock above the sea and brooded. Almost he looked like a swimmer poised for a plunge. He seemed to bend slightly towards the water.

Presently he moved. He seemed to come out of a kind of trance, but as he reclinced the path the look of another world was on his face. It had the temptation of death upon it—a queer, exquisite, yearning sadness in its eyes.

At the top of the path a girl was waiting under a pine. She was a mere child, and yet with the southern bloom of womanhood upon her. Her feet were bare, her black hair upon her shoulders. She wore a dress of some black stuff such as peasants wear. It was she who had been singing.

She saw Strangeways long before he saw her. She saw his face, and that dreamy, death-haunted look upon it. She had seen it before on other faces. Her eyes were very solemn as with pity.

Then Strangeways saw her. She was standing a little above him. He smiled and raised his hat.

"Good morning, signorina."

"Good morning, signore."

She did not smile. She seemed about to say something more to him,

for it was in her mind to say: "This place is dangerous, do not come here again." But her eyes remained steady, her lips a soft red line. "Perhaps he will not come here again," she thought; "he looks very sad—and yet——!"

Strangeways had walked on, but some impulse made him pause and look back. Her great black eyes were watching him, but she stood intensely still.

"Signorina, will you tell me who was singing a little while ago?"

"It was I who was singing."

"You!" he said, and drifted back a few steps.

"I always sing."

"You have a wonderful voice," he said.

She grew suddenly austere, looking at him with a child's "what manner of man art thou?"

"I cannot help it," she said.

Strangeways smiled.

"It must be good to feel like that. Good morning, signorina."

He walked on, and she stood solemnly looking after him.

"I like him," she thought; "he is not like the others. I hope he will not come here again. And yet—I must watch."

Strangeways dreamed his way back to the town. He had christened the singing girl the "Madonna of the Peach Blossom." "Just a peasant," he thought; "yet where did she get that voice and that face? Poverty! Money can't make a silken soul." But he was sad with the sadness of an unwilling resignation, for he had seen in her youth, youth which was not his, something vivid, fresh and untarnished, something which taunted him as that other girl had taunted him.

"She's so alive," he thought, "from her coal-black head to her brown feet. I wish I had not seen her. Some things are so tantalizing."

And the Spirit of the Place smiled. It walked noiselessly beside him, touching his arm.

"Then forget life," it said; "is

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is it not beautiful to sleep? Why wander, and struggle, and starve?"

At the Hotel Semiramis the little brown-eyed proprietor bowed him in as though pleased to see him return.

"Monsieur has taken the exercise?"

Strangeways told him that he had been for a scramble along the coast, and that he had discovered the most beautiful bay between Spezia and San Remo. The proprietor's brown eyes looked at him with a glassy stare. He seemed to be about to say something, but refrained; he was making rapid calculations. "After all, it is no business of mine. He has much luggage, good luggage. I should not suffer any loss."

At the casino that evening the chalk-faced lady loitered among the palms in the vestibule, while the orchestra played dance music; but the Englishman did not come.

"The fool has gone to bed," she thought.

But Strangeways had not gone to bed. He was wandering about in the moonlight, watching the stars and the sea.

Porto Pericolo had laid her enchantment upon him. He felt full of a languor of pleasant melancholy; he had ceased to struggle; he drifted; his body seemed to have lost all desire, and his mind was like the moonlight on the sea.

He wandered up the hill path till he came to the place where the path faltered before rushing down under the pines to the still and secret water. He thought himself alone. He stood looking down into the beautiful deeps of the bay, all silver and black now, with the mountains watching overhead.

A voice startled him.

"Signore," it said, "you must not come here."

She was there in the same place, a little shadow beside the greater shadow of the tree. He was astonished.

"Why, signorina—why may I not come here?"

"It is dangerous," she said.

"Dangerous! It is the most innocent spot in all the world."

She shook her head. He was aware of her eyes—black, intense and solemn.

"No, it is dangerous. Do not come here. Go away, go away to-morrow."

His curiosity was challenged. He began to question her, but she would not tell him why the place was dangerous; but she was very persistent in warning him against something which he did not understand.

"Go away. Do not come here again."

"But if it is dangerous for me," he argued, "it is dangerous for you."

She denied that.

"No; I am in no danger here."

"Then why—?"

She remained silent; she did not tell him that the fire of life burned strongly in her, while in him she had seen its ashes.

"No, go away."

"If you will sing while I go," he said.

She nodded. He went back towards the lights of Porto Pericolo with the sound of her voice following him.

But this was merely the beginning of the affair, for Strangeways was obsessed. He was on the hills next morning, but she met him on the path, and her eyes stared at him reproachfully.

"Signore, you promised!"

He looked at her gravely.

"I am going down to the sea, unless you will tell me—"

She gave a shrug of impatience, of protest.

"Then—go."

He went. He sat down on the top of a little cliff overhanging the water with its green shadows and its blueness. The sun was shining and the air was full of the perfume of the maquis, but he had the feeling that he was not alone. Something seemed to be watching under the shadows of the pines. He glanced

round over his shoulder and saw her.

"Why do you watch me?" he asked.

She hesitated, and then she came and sat on the rock beside him, her bare feet tucked under her skirt.

"I watch you because I do not wish you to die," she said.

He looked at her in astonishment, and yet a little guiltily.

"What do you mean?"

"You are unhappy; you come here; you see the place; it puts its spell upon you. Other unhappy people have come here and the water has called them. You did not know?"

"How should I know?"

He stared at the water below with an intense, questioning curiosity. She leant forward and touched him.

"Do not look like that."

He started. Her touch had a peculiar effect on him as though her youth had passed into his body and set up new vibrations. He had flushed; his eyes grew more alive.

"People have drowned themselves here?"

She nodded, her dark eyes on his.

"From this very rock, signore. There was the Frenchman who had had a love affair; the old lady who had lost her money gambling down there in that white house; the priest—yes—a priest—signore—who was troubled about his faith; and last year there was an Englishman who was ill, and who was tired of life. They came to Porto Pericolo. It is not that they mean to die, but Porto Pericolo has a mysterious way with strangers. She sends them here; they seem to see something in the water and they die."

Strangeways looked grim.

"An Englishman last year, and he was tired of life!"

"Yes. Some of us on the hills call Porto Pericolo Suicide Town."

Strangeways stood up. He stared fixedly for a moment at the water with its greens and blues, and then he turned and with some prophetic impulse he held out his hand.

"I understand," he said. "I—too—have been very unhappy."

She took his hand, and again that thrill of youth and of life flashed through him, but its vibration brought pain—the pain of life when it reawakens.

"Thank you, signorina. I will go away to-morrow."

He sighed, and something in her echoed his sigh. Still hand in hand they reached the place where he had first seen her under the shade of the great pine.

"Will you tell me your name?" he asked.

"Francesca."

"And you live here?"

"Yes, up there with my mother. We are very poor."

His eyes were intent and curious.

"Tell me, do not think me rude, signorina, but were you always poor? I mean, was your mother a peasant?"

Her solemn eyes met his.

"No. Many years ago my father had a big house and farms. He gambled; he was unlucky."

"I see," he said.

For a while he stood looking towards that part of the hillside that was flushed with peach blossom.

"And what do you do here, Francesca? Sing? sing like a bird?"

"I sing, and I look after the goats, and work in the garden, but no one hears my voice, signore."

"I heard it," he said. "Do you wish other people to hear it?"

A kind of blind look came into her eyes.

"Sometimes," she said, "I seem to see a great sea of faces, hundreds and hundreds of faces, and I sing to them, and they remain still—so still. They listen, and I have a strange joy in my singing, for I feel that all those dream people share it."

His face lit up, but his eyes were sad.

"Perhaps, some day, you will sing to them, Cesca. Good-bye. I shall go away to-morrow."

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"Good-bye, signore," she said, and she remained there, mute and solemn eyed, watching him with a kind of wonder at herself that she should be sorry to see him go.

But Peter Strangeways did not go away, for Porto Pericolo had given him a new vision of life instead of the death that it had given to those others. Yet it was not Porto Pericolo, but that child with the bare feet who dreamed of singing to hundreds and hundreds of dim and listening faces as she sang to the birds in the olive groves.

Why should she not sing to them? With that voice of hers why should her dream not come true?

"I have been a sick man," he thought, "not only in body but in soul. All these months I have been living alone with myself, growing more introspective and self-absorbed. And I should most certainly have followed these other unhappy people but for her."

He climbed the hill path again, but he did not hear the sound of Cesca's singing. She was mute. He had to search for her, and presently he found her sitting in the sunlight on a stone wall and watching two goats feeding. She looked at him with eyes which were neither glad nor afraid, but in their depths there was a question.

"You have not gone?"

"No," he said, "because there is no danger for me now in Porto Pericolo."

She looked and understood. Some spirit had breathed on the ashes of life and the fire of his youth was rekindled. He lay down in the grass at her feet; he had ceased to be the sick man and had become her lover.

They talked.

"Cesca," he said at the end of it, "supposing your dream were to

come true, supposing you found yourself famous, singing to the whole world?"

"I don't wish to be famous," she said. "Besides, how could it happen? I should have to go to some great city and be trained. One needs money for that."

"And yet—it might happen," he said.

They met often after that, and in this child who was living the life of a peasant Strangeways found a sensitiveness—a delightful gentleness which is so rare in this hurrying world. There were times when it seemed to him that it would be a shame to pluck her away from these hillsides between sea and sky and plant her in some city. And yet he had a feeling that she would not be spoilt by it, that she had one of those golden natures, as happy and human and exquisite as her voice.

One day at dusk he told her everything. They were standing together on the path above the blue-green water, with the mountains growing dim and the stars beginning to shine in the deep blue of the sky. He was her lover, her boy lover with all the seriousness and fine passion of the man who has suffered many things.

"Cesca, I want you. I want to give the world your voice. There was a time when I wanted to die. I had been ill and unhappy, but now I must live. I feel that I shall never be ill again, and yet——"

"You are afraid," she said.

"A little."

"You are afraid for my sake?"

"I have asked myself: is it fair?"

"I am not afraid," she said.

"How could I be afraid? And if I am not afraid you will live."

WARWICK DEEPING.



MAR 7, 1914

5

Weekly Tale-Teller

The Man Who Hunted Big Game.

By Warwick Deeping.



MR. CARNABY GRIERSON was a perfect old fool about his daughter Constance. At least, that is what his neighbours said of him; but since Constance was his only child and Carnaby Grierson was moderately rich, he was not such a fool as his neighbours stated. Moreover, Mr. Carnaby Grierson lived in an outlying suburb whence innumerable eligible young men went to and fro to business.

"I married for money," he had once confessed, "and a nice time I had of it. I am going to take good care that no one plays that game on my daughter."

But Carnaby Grierson was apt to be too thorough, and, but for the fact that Constance had not inherited her mother's quick temper, matters might have gone more rebelliously than they did. She was a dark-eyed and rather quiet girl, quite comely enough to be sought for her own self, but beneath that quiet exterior lurked much shrewdness, and a quick sense of humour.

"I should break out if I were in your place," said one of her friends to her. "I can't think how you stand it. It makes a girl look such a fool."

Constance did not feel a fool. Moreover, this particular friend was neither an heiress nor attractive to men. Constance was particularly fond of her father, and, strangely enough, she had the sense and the sympathy to understand that his eccentric attitude was not a question of self.

"It doesn't worry me, Ethel."

"Then it ought to."

"Why?"

"Because it is abominable that you should be treated like a Turkish woman."

"It is not quite so bad as that," she laughed. "Do I look very miserable?"

Miss Ethel Arncliffe had to confess that she did not.

Several young men had tried to penetrate the defences of Brown Gables. Young Gerard Smythe of the Stock Exchange, Frank Flower of Lloyds, Augustus Hankin, who was in "tea"—these three had sworn with individual cockiness that they would make Mr. Carnaby Grierson look futile and foolish. But somehow their knight-errantry had failed. In the first place there was that confounded dog Bippo, a saturnine bull-terrier, who had the run of the garden and was always to be met in the drive leading up from the front gate. Bippo seemed to have constituted himself a judge of who should be admitted and who should not. He tore Mr. Smythe's trousers, and Mr. Smythe's enthusiasm did not survive the wrench. Flower and Augustus Hankin were more fortunate in being passed by Bippo, but they were wholly disconcerted by Carnaby Grierson himself.

He asked them to dinner—both at once—was very polite, and even encouraging; so much so that they began to show off. They were confident young men, and Constance Grierson seemed shy.

But if Bippo tested all comers outside the house, Squawker, the parrot, did duty within. He was a very fine parrot, with a malicious and untrustworthy temper in the presence of

The Man Who Hunted Big Game

strangers. Carnaby Grierson let him out of his cage during dinner, and Squawker seemed to grip the subtlety of the situation.

"Don't be nervous. He's the quietest bird alive. Isn't he, Connie?"

"Squawker's a dear."

Squawker showed his dearness by getting under the table and nipping Augustus Hankin's leg. Mr. Hankin got very red, and tried to hide the fact that he was kicking at something, hard and viciously.

But Squawker was stimulated by opposition. He went round to Frank Flower's side of the table, and made a long and obstinate attack on that gentleman's ankles.

Frank Flower was a stately and mannerish young man, but his dignity failed him rather disastrously in the end.

"What has become of Squawker?"

"Squawker, Mr. Grierson, is under the table trying to dine off——"

"Bless my soul! Squawker—Squawker!"

The parrot got in a final nip, and Mr. Flower's self-restraint failed at the crisis.

"D—— the bird!"

He pushed his chair back, staring furiously at Hankin, who was grinning.

Constance intervened. She got up and looked under the table.

"Squawker, Squawker, come here."

And Squawker came like a winged seraph. He perched himself on Constance's wrist, allowed himself to be carried to his cage and shut up for the evening.

Constance seemed to take rather a long time fastening the door of the cage, and her shoulders were twitching suggestively.

"He is such a quiet bird—as a rule."

There was an almost imperceptible perfume of laughter in the room. Frank Flower was conscious of it and went off early, and with distinct haughtiness. Augustus Hankin outstayed him, and flattered himself that he had scored, till Bippo chased him down the drive and took a piece out of his dinner-jacket.

Such were Mr. Carnaby Grierson's methods in dealing with enterprising

young men who proposed to make love to his daughter. Moreover, Constance had been suffered to see the subtler aspects of her father's eccentric attitude. He was not the cross-grained old tyrant some people thought him.

"Things should not be made too easy in this world," he said. "Most of the youngsters of to-day are spoilt. They expect life to be worked on the penny-in-the-slot principle. There's no originality in 'em. They are too conceited to take their coats off and get hot."

Constance understood that if she were to marry, her father desired a particular sort of husband for her, and she had rather definite idea on the subject herself.

Mr. Carnaby Grierson was a keen gardener. He had half an acre of ground attached to his house, and Mr. Sturtevant, a local florist, sent him a jobbing gardener, who worked at Brown Gables two days a week. And for more than five years old Sam Ponder had shoved the mowing machine to and fro over Mr. Grierson's lawn, pruned his fruit trees and roses, dug his vegetable garden, and stolen his bulbs.

Carnaby Grierson received a letter one morning with "James Sturtevant, Florist and Horticulturist," printed at the top of the page.

"Dear Sir,"—it ran—"I take the liberty of telling you as how my employee Samuel Ponder has been sent for to Newcastle to bury his sister. Seeing how Ponder was your special man, I am taking the liberty of sending you a smart chap to fill his place. I can assure you, sir, he will give every satisfaction.—I remain, sir, Yours obediently, James Sturtevant."

Carnaby Grierson sipped his tea. He was not wholly pleased at the idea of having a new man in the garden, especially as he had to run down to Bristol to look over some house property of his that needed repairs. He was almost as careful of his flowers as he was of his investments, and Samuel Ponder understood flowers.

"Connie dear!"

"Yes, father."

"Sturtevant is sending a strange

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chap here for a week or two. Ponder has had to go north and bury a sister. You might keep an eye on the fellow."

"Yes."

"See he sticks those sweet peas properly, and gives them some liquid manure. And that celery wants planting out. And tell him to soot those young asters; the slugs have been at 'em."

Constance thought of a more problematical point.

"What about Bippo?"

"By Jove, yes! He hates strangers. The chap will have to do the best he can with Bippo. Introduce 'em, Connie. I don't want a bill for damages."

"No; I must see about that."

Carnaby Grierson went off one Thursday morning. He was to be away for the best part of a week. And Friday was one of the days on which Mr. Sturtevant's jobbing man came to Brown Gables. Constance decided to get up before breakfast and see that Bippo and the new man were introduced.

But she overslept herself, and woke to the sound of the mowing machine whirling to and fro over the grass.

"Perhaps Sarah has shut Bippo up in the bicycle shed."

She dressed in a hurry and went down into the garden to behold a vision of peace and amity that was wholly unexpected.

The new gardener was emptying the contents of the grass-box into the barrow, and Bippo was lying there and watching him with a friendly eye.

The new man said "Hallow," and Bippo got up and pranced. They indulged in a harmless scuffle together, the new man pretending to punch the dog's head, and Bippo making a mock show of biting him.

Constance was astonished. She walked across the lawn, and the new man touched his hat to her.

"Good-morning."

"Good-morning, miss."

He was a tall and well-made man, with a healthy, clean-shaven face and quiet but determined eyes. His blue shirt was spotlessly clean—he had shaved that morning—his rough brown trousers looked rather new.

"You have made friends with the dog."

"Yes, miss. I always get on well with dogs."

"Did he growl at you?"

"When I first came inside the gate he didn't look exactly friendly. But we soon shook down."

He struck Constance as being a very superior young man. His voice was quite refined. And she had a curious feeling that she had seen those eyes of his before.

"I suppose Ponder has gone to Newcastle?"

"Yes, miss. My name's Barratt."

"Have you ever been here before? I seem to remember you."

"No, miss, never. I'm a Devonshire man."

Constance remembered her father's instructions, and proceeded to pass them on to the new man.

"There are some sweet peas that need sticking, and some celery to be planted out. And the slugs have been at the young asters in that bed over there. You might soot them."

"Yes, miss."

And Constance went in to breakfast.

The new man seemed to be getting on all right with the grass. Ponder had always complained of the size of the machine, but Barratt hustled it along as though he enjoyed the work. Constance finished her breakfast and sat down to write some letters. The lawn mower had done its work, and she heard the snipping of shears.

Glancing out of the open French window, she saw Barratt crawling conscientiously round the lawn cutting the grass edges with a pair of hand shears.

She rose, went to the window, and spoke to him.

"There are some edging shears in the shed—long-handled ones."

"Thank you, miss. I must have missed them."

He marched off to the shed and returned with the long-handled shears; but it struck Constance that he used them rather clumsily.

She had some shopping to do that morning, and when she returned she went into the garden to see how

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Barratt was getting along. The sweet peas had been stuck; in fact they were surrounded by a veritable forest of sticks; but it was the celery, or rather Barratt's method of planting it, that struck her as original and grotesque. He had carefully built up a long ridge of earth and stuck the young plants along the top of it.

She found him weeding one of the herbaceous borders, and she noticed that he kept the sleeves of his blue shirt buttoned at the wrists.

"Is that a new way of growing celery, Barratt?"

"No, miss. That's how they grow it in Devonshire."

He seemed quite sure of the fact.

"You have given the peas plenty of sticks."

"Something to stimulate them, miss. The more the sticks, the harder they climb, you know."

She glanced along the bed, looking into the wooden trug he was using, and uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Oh, Barratt, you have pulled up all the young summer chrysanthemums!"

"Surely not, miss."

"Why, look!"

"They are groundsel seedlings."

"Groundsel!"

She looked at him in a shocked way, and then a sudden curious reticence seized her.

"I will plant them out again, miss. Thoughtless of me."

Constance returned to the house, puzzled. She was sure she had seen Barratt before, but where and when she could not remember.

On Tuesday morning Constance heard someone whistling softly under her bedroom window. Curiosity made her lean out and look down. Barratt was there below on his knees, planting geraniums in the border along the house. He seemed quite unaware of the fact that anyone was watching him.

Two things surprised Constance considerably. Barratt was whistling one of Chopin's waltzes—not the sort of thing one expected a jobbing gardener to whistle. Also he had turned up his shirt sleeves, and on one brown arm was a snake tattooed in blue, with two letters "J.C." below it.

Constance drew in her head and went down to breakfast.

About ten o'clock she went into the garden, and in passing through the vegetable garden, she saw that the celery had come down off its hill and had descended into a valley. Constance smiled. She found the new man planting out marrows on the rubbish heap in a far corner.

"Good-morning, Barratt."

"Good-morning, miss."

"I see you have put out the geraniums."

"Yes, miss. I brought up the four dozen Mr. Grierson had ordered from old Mr. Sturtevant."

He covered the slip, but she noticed that he had turned down his sleeves.

"The celery seems humbler this morning, Barratt."

"I thought I'd do as the locals do."

"I suppose sailors grow it like that on board ship."

He was forking a hole for a marrow plant, and she could not see his face.

"I never was a sailor, miss, so I don't know."

"Perhaps you were in the Army."

He turned sharply, and saw that she was looking at his shirt sleeve. Then he laughed.

"No, I have never been in the Army, miss. I suppose you have seen my tattoo mark."

"Yes."

He turned up his sleeve.

"That was done on the way to the Malay States. The cook did it for me. I had done him a service, and he wanted to show his gratitude. It hurt like blazes."

"J.C., I suppose."

She stopped suddenly, flushing. He stood up, rebuttoned his sleeve, and said quietly:

"Nothing feminine at all, Miss Grierson. Only my own initials."

He saw how unsatisfied she was by the way her eyes looked at him.

"You must really excuse me, Miss Grierson, but Barratt isn't my name."

"Oh——!"

"It's Challoner—John Challoner."

He was quite unabashed, but somehow his frankness did not offend her.

"I don't believe you are a gardener."

He smiled.

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"That celery was rather a give away, wasn't it?"

She was repeating his name to herself silently.

"John Challoner—John Challoner! Why, you aren't—the—John Challoner? Father was reading a book all about Central Africa—by John Challoner."

"Miss Grierson, that is my book. And you met me—about a month ago—at a garden party, but I don't think you caught my name."

"I'm sure—"

"You see, I had a beard, and a moustache—then."

She turned suddenly and walked straight back to the house.

It was rather an agitating morning for Constance Grierson. She put on her hat to go down to Mr. Sturtevant's, but on second thoughts she decided that such a move would be undignified. She told herself frankly that she was shirking a very necessary interview. The man in the garden had to be dismissed.

She went out just before lunch, and found him hoeing the vegetable garden.

"Barratt!"

"Yes, miss."

He carried himself as the gardener, and not as the hunter of big game.

"You had better tell Mr. Sturtevant—to send—a more experienced man—next time."

"If you give me a chance, miss, I hope to give satisfaction. Besides, I've got used to the dog."

"Mr. Sturtevant ought not to have sent you."

"It took me two days to get him to give me the job, miss."

She burst out laughing suddenly, but smothered it, and tried to look severe.

"Mr. Challoner—this is too absurd! What possessed you—?"

He smiled—apologetically.

"May I speak as myself, Miss Grierson?"

"Please be quick."

"Your father is rather an original man, Miss Grierson; I like it; I'm original myself. Of course, I heard all the gossip here, but somehow I understood your father's point of view that day I happened to meet you at

that party. I have seen you several times since then, but I don't think you have seen me. Someone told me that the ordinary orthodox route was closed. I thought I would make one for myself."

Of course, it was not easy to be angry with him, but certainly he ought not to be where he was.

"You will let me remain on as gardener, Miss Grierson? I'm serious. And I shan't bother you."

"But it's impossible! And—really—I couldn't come out here—if—"

"Oh—if it is going to be like that—of course—I will go."

She relented. "But father would find you out in a week. He's very keen, you know."

"You might give me a tip or two."

"Mr. Challoner!"

He looked at her shyly. "Well, you see, I'm really in earnest, and I don't want to lose this place."

"But won't it bore you?"

He answered quietly. "Hunting big game never bores me."

She thought this too audacious, and turned to go. "I will think it over. But, anyhow, I shall tell my father the truth directly he comes home."

"I heartily agree with you as to that, Miss Grierson. I shall ask him to keep me—on my merits."

In a week Carnaby Grierson returned, and the first thing he did on reaching home was to walk round the garden and see that things were in order. It had not been one of Challoner's days, but he had put in twelve hours the day before, working as no jobbing man ever worked.

He had appealed to Constance.

"Find fault, Miss Grierson. Have I made a mess of anything, or have I left anything undone?"

"I think I should weed the drive."

"It shall be done," he had said.

Carnaby Grierson went round, looking for disasters and omissions. He always expected something fatal to happen when he left his garden for a week, but he discovered nothing to grieve over. The grass was smooth and sleek, the edges carefully trimmed, not a weed was to be found. The sweet peas were starting up their sticks; the slugs had been discouraged from eating the young asters. Chal-

loner had himself bought a tin of slugicide, and presented its contents gratis to Carnaby Grierson's garden. "Comme ça, this now man hasn't been wasting his time."

"He has worked very hard, father."

"And how did he get on with Bippo?"

"Bippo took to him at once."

"Did he, indeed? That's queer."

Carnaby Grierson was glancing over his favourite rose-bed to see how the bushes promised. Constance put her arm through his.

"I have had such a problem with this gardener, father. I want to tell you at once."

"My dear!"

"I found out the very first day that he isn't a gardener at all. He persuaded Sturtevant to let him come."

Carnaby Grierson fired up. "Do you mean to tell me Sturtevant sent some casual loafer to look after my garden?"

"No, father; you don't understand. Our gardener is a gentleman gardener, and his name is John Challenger."

Mr. Grierson stared. "What? But what the— John Challenger! Why, that's the big game hunter. Do you mean to say—"

She had to explain. "I met him at a party, but he remembered me better than I had remembered him. And he had shaved off a beard and a moustache. He has behaved quite well, father, and he agreed that I should tell you at once."

"Tell me! Tell me what!"

"That he is going to act as your jobbing man."

"By Jove! is he? But what—"

"You see, father, he had heard that you were rather an original man, and he liked your attitude. So it struck him that he would try an original way of—"

She hesitated, blushing a little.

"Oh! that's it, is it? Well, what do you think of this amateur gardener?"

"I think—that he is rather—rather enterprising."

Carnaby Grierson was out in the garden before breakfast on the Tuesday when Mr. Sturtevant's jobbing

man was to be expected. It was a sunny June morning, and the lawn-mower was purring cheerfully on the lower lawn beyond the rose hedge. Carnaby Grierson walked down to the lower lawn, and saw Bippo gambolling behind the man with the mower, and pretending to bite his legs.

Challoner stopped and touched his hat.

"Good morning, sir!"

"Good morning, Barrant! Nice morning! You might tie up some of these ramblers shoots, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't mind the dog?"

"No, sir; not in the least."

That was all that was said. Carnaby Grierson went in to breakfast. He met Constance's eyes as she handed him his tea.

"That's quite a decent sort of young man, Connie. I shall let him come for a month on trial. Ponder was getting rather lazy."

"Yes, father."

Carnaby Grierson smiled slyly. "I don't know anything, my dear, about Mr. John Challenger, and all that. Wouldn't you like to go and stay with your Aunt May for a month?"

She looked at him questioningly. Carnaby Grierson explained his philosophy.

"If a man is in earnest, he is in earnest. You remember Jacob and Rachel in the Bible, my dear? We will see whether our amateur gardener gets tired before the end of a month."

She went round to her father and kissed him.

"What a wise old thing you are!" she said.

So Constance went off to stay with her aunt, and John Challenger came to work hard in the garden. Carnaby Grierson spent a good part of his time pottering about among his roses and sweet peas, and he would sit and watch Challenger cutting the grass. Now and again the "jobbing man" would ask Mr. Grierson's advice upon some point, and Carnaby Grierson would give it with sententious benignity.

Sometimes they had a chat about herbaceous borders and carnations.

By Warwick Deeping

Challoner appeared to be absorbing a lot of information from somewhere.

They played out the compdy like two good sportsmen, Challoner always acting as the jobbing gardener, calling Mr. Carnaby "sir," and never speaking to him unless spoken to. Never once did Mr. Grierson catch him on the edge of familiarity, though he had taken care to let Challoner know that he was perfectly aware of the fact that Challoner was Challoner. Constance was never mentioned. Challoner just did his work, and Carnaby Grierson watched him and approved.

The month went by, and it was the day of Constance's return. It was also one of Challoner's days at Brown Gables, and, as usual, he was cutting the grass.

Carnaby Grierson strolled out in his slippers after breakfast, with the morning paper tucked under his arm.

"Good morning, Barratt!"

"Good morning, sir!"

Challoner did not stop mowing, but went steadily to and fro, intent on keeping a straight track.

"I say, Challoner!"

Challoner turned sharply. Carnaby Grierson had taken a cigar-case out of his pocket, and was standing in the middle of the lawn, smiling slightly.

"Have you got anything on to-night?"

"No."

"Come round and dine with us. My daughter will be back for dinner."

Challoner looked at him steadily. "Thank you, Mr. Grierson. It will be a great pleasure to me to come. I suppose you know——"

Carnaby Grierson's eyes twinkled. "Oh! I think so. You had better tell Sturtevant this place will be vacant."

"Then you think there is no need for me to keep it on?"

"You have done a month, Challoner. I'm satisfied. Have a cigar?"

Challoner smiled. "Not till to-night, sir, thank you! I have got this grass to finish."

Carnaby Grierson nodded approvingly.

He went down to the station to meet Constance, and they drove home in an open cab.

"You are looking well, my dear."

"Am I, father?"

"Not tired, I hope?"

"No."

"I have asked someone to come and dine—our gardener, you know."

He saw her flush prettily.

"Is he still—gardening?"

"To-day is the last day, Connie. I think John Challoner is rather an exceptional man. He's thorough."

He lay back chuckling.

"Bippo's a good judge of men," he said; "a very good judge indeed."

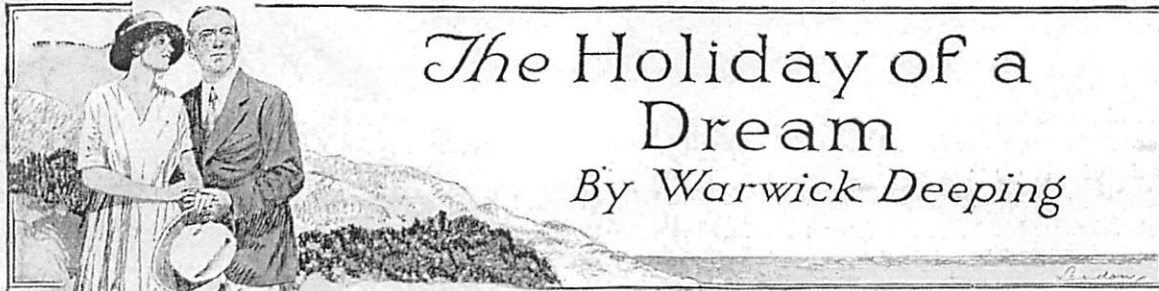
WISDOM OF THE MODERNS.

The brightest gems and the fairest garlands of life are in man's gift. Love, knowledge, friendship, honour, justice, mercy, and kind words are all in man's gift. And higher still, and still more precious, there is within man's reach the richest crown of all, the crown of virtue and well-doing.—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

To-day is not yesterday; we ourselves change. How can our works and thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same?—CARLYLE.

If thou wouldst be happy, bring thy mind to thy condition, and have an indifference for more than what is sufficient.—WILLIAM PENN.

After the hospital, what uglier place is there in civilisation than a court of law? Either come envy, malice, and uncharitableness to wrestle it out in public journey; crimes, broken fortunes, severed households, the knave and his victim, gravitate to this low building with the arcade.—STEVENSON.



A RIVIERAN SHORT STORY

HE saw him first on the platform at Victoria, a tired man with sad eyes. The morning was grey, with a cold, January drizzle, and he wandered up and down or stood and looked at nothing in particular as though life were as grey as the morning. The stir and strife of the boat-train left him unchallenged, while she was thrilled by it, and as excited as a child starting on her first jaunt to the sea.

"He must be ill," she thought.

From the height of her exquisite sense of adventure she looked down on him pityingly, she who had never been abroad before, and whose dream had been always of the South. Struggling in the "Tube," or sitting in that dusky office where both window and sky looked dirty, or eating her scone and milk lunch, she had smelt the smell of the mimosa and caught glimpses of that blue sea. Laughingly she had said, "I will have one great holiday before I die!" and for three years she had saved for it, penny by penny. The thing had happened; she was going South for six splendid weeks, and even that raw, January morning was like a smiling face kissing her good-bye.

As the train steamed out of the station she returned to her seat in the Pullman car, and looked lovingly at the label on her handbag.

"FURNIVAL,
Pension Russe.
Menton."

She smiled.

"One named Ruth," she reflected, "going out to glean the

holiday of a dream. O, damn the expense! There will never be another such holiday."

She settled herself into her seat, and was asked by the Pullman waiter whether she would take breakfast.

"Breakfast, rather."

She smiled, and her smile ended in the eyes of the tired man who came and sat down opposite her in a seat in which she had noticed a bag bearing the initials A.F.W. The coincidence piqued her. He had his embarkation card in his hand, and was searching for a pencil. It became obvious to her that he had no pencil, and she saw no reason why she should not remedy the lack of it.

"May I lend you mine?"

His eyes brightened momentarily.

"Oh—thanks very much."

He began to fill in his card, printing his surname in clumsy capitals.

"It's an inquisitive age," he remarked.

"It is," she agreed; "I see that they even wish to know my age."

He glanced at her, and judged her to be about thirty; his own figure was forty-five.

"You resent that, I suppose?" he said, with a laugh that ended in a note of weariness.

"Oh, not in the least. I'm on a holiday."

They breakfasted opposite each other, and discussed the state of the sea and the amount of time they might be allowed in Paris, and he made the discovery that she had never been abroad before. The innocence of the idea seemed to amuse him. She appeared as a creature of illusions, and his eyes suggested that he had lost all his illusions, but being a *sahib* he offered to serve her.

"If I can be of any help to you,

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you know, on the boat and at the customs?"

She welcomed the offer.

"Would you? Thanks so much; my French is a little ancient, and it is such a help to know the ropes."

"I suppose it is," he said, thoughtfully; "I wonder?"

"You mean that when everything is familiar the bloom comes off the adventure?"

"Well, doesn't it?"

She laughed.

"I suppose it depends on whether your life has been a bunch of grapes or a rather tough turnip. At present, my adventure has a skin like velvet."

She was aware of a sudden surprise in his eyes, interest, a vague questioning of her and her philosophy.

"I congratulate you," he said.

At Dover he shepherded her on to the boat, and got her a chair and a rug, for, in spite of a raw drizzle, she insisted on staying on deck.

"I shan't be ill, you know. I'm enjoying myself too much to be ill."

She wasn't ill; she lay and watched the tumbling grey sea and the receding chalky gloom of the Dover cliffs. At Calais he partnered her through the customs, and his tired melancholy had one virtue, it progressed calmly and did not fuss. They found their reserved seats—they were in different coaches—and he took her to the buffet. They consumed hot soup.

She was full of excitement, pleasure. She watched everything and everybody, for everything was new to her, and Wilde became aware of her as a vital, dark-eyed child. She might be thirty; she had the air of a woman who worked, but work had not unsexed her. She was young, exquisitely young, with that unspoiled maturity which looks out on life with bright and interested eyes.

The rest of the journey was a series of meetings, and partings. They drove across Paris together, and dined at the restaurant of the Gare de Lyons, and while he looked at life with the faded eyes of an old man, she was all youth and excitement. They patrolled the platform for a while, and he advised her to hire a blanket and a pillow.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said; "I don't want to miss anything. Aren't you having a pillow?"

"Oh, I'm on the *wagons-lits*, sleeping berths, you know."

She felt that he had plenty of money, but that it was not money that need be envied.

They parted, Wilde going to his *wagon-lit*, she to her corner in a first-class compartment. And she slept, like a tired and over-excited child; he slept hardly at all.

"Illusion, illusion, illusion!" said the wheels of the coach.

"But is it all illusion?" he asked himself; "she has a young heart behind her eyes."

They met at breakfast in the restaurant-car, and she looked fresh and fair-skinned, and quite radiant. The dawn was in her eyes, a dawn

of blue and of gold. She sat there, drinking her coffee, and looking out at the southern landscape with wonder and delight.

"Oh—look at the cypresses! Isn't it wonderful?"

"Different from London!"

His voice sounded flat and toneless when compared with hers. He was a tired man, and he had seen it all so often.

She dreamed.

"Isn't it rather delightful to find things even better than you imagined they would be?"

Something thrilled in him, the voice of his own dead youth.

"Yes, I used to be like that," he thought, "and why not now?"

They parted once more, but later Arnold Wilde grew restless and wandered along the train to where she sat watching her dream come true. She was absorbed in watching the country, all that sun-steeped southern country so rich and vivid and strange. The mountains called her, grey or red; the sea's note was blue. She was radiant; she drew deep breaths; her throat was full of silent exultation.

There was a vacant seat opposite

her. He asked her if he might come in and sit there.

"Of course," she said.

He did not chatter, but he sat there and watched her and her virginal joy in life.

"Look, olives! Aren't they olives?"

"Yes."

"Like grey lace."

He told her the names of trees, and presently he had the courage to ask her where she was going.

"Menton."

"So am I."

He lay back and began to dream, and already he felt less tired, and filled with an incipient wonder at himself and at her. He wanted to find out where she was staying; the journey was nearly at its end, and then Monaco flashed on them, rock-set, flooded in sunlight against the blue of sea and sky. He remained silent until it vanished, for he had felt that she did not wish to speak.

"I wonder if you will let me call on you? I'm a rather lonely bird."

Suddenly she forgot Monaco, and realised him in the man.

"Perhaps. . . . That's to say. . . . I'm staying at the Pension Russe."

(continued on page 572)

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GRASSE

"THE HOLIDAY OF A DREAM" (continued)

"And I—at the Mediterranean Palace. My name is Wilde."

"And mine is Furnival."

"Thank you, Miss Furnival," he said.

Wilde woke to the sound of the sea, and to the sun rising in a rush of gold, and he jumped out of bed, pushed open the shutters, and looked out. The sea had a tinge of purple. He saw the wonderful dawn light on the pines, the orange trees, and the olives, and he saw it all as he had first seen it many years ago, with the same joy and the same wonder. He stood entranced, looking in at himself as well as at all this outward beauty.

"Man," he thought, "what had happened to you? Is it an illusion, or is it second youth?"

He met her that morning in the gardens, and he had gone there with the hope of meeting her. She was sitting on one of the green chairs, listening to the band, and feeling the flow of people about her in the sunlight. She was dressed in a rose-coloured jumper and a white skirt, and her dark eyes looked up at him from under a little cerise-coloured hat.

"Good-morning."

There was a vacant chair beside her, and he took it.

"Well, is it still as good as you hoped?"

Her eyes glanced towards the mountains and then back to his face. He saw surprise in them, surprise at some sudden change in him as a man.

"Better. Even you——"

He laughed, and his laughter was real.

"I seem to have lost the fog," he said.

Now the South can give you everything, music and dancing, mountains and sea, flowers and the singing of birds, gambling mild or strenuous, happy fooling or long rambles and picnics under the olives. You hire donkeys and ascend into the blue, or put on a fancy dress and go to a *bal masqué*, and Arnold Wilde began to do all these things as he had done them ten years ago, and he did them with zest and with pleasure. But the inwardness of it all was that he did them through her, that he lived again in her, a little woman who was spending the savings of three years.

They made their first climb together, a very mild ascent to Castellar, and sitting on the hotel terrace there, and drinking sparkling *asti*, he talked about himself. He had money, but he had lost the things that mattered, the woman he loved, his love of work. His confession was a challenge to her to talk about herself. She felt it, and she was honest.

"I work—you know. I have worked since I was eighteen."

"What kind of work? Tell me."

"I'm what you call a secretary. I rattle a typewriter and take down letters in shorthand."

She saw the question in his eyes—"How can you afford this?"

She laughed, but with a tremor of sadness.

"One precious week gone. This is my one great holiday. I have saved for it for three years."

"Penny by penny, walking instead of taking a bus, going to the gallery once a month instead of to the pit once a week. But it was worth it."

She saw a new light in his eyes, wonder, respect, a glimmer of tenderness.

"Three years' self-denial for six weeks' dreaming?"

"No, three years' dreaming for six weeks' realisation."

"And no disillusionment?"

"None."

He looked towards the sea.

"And then—you will go back?"

"Of course."

"Won't it be rather——?"

"Oh, I shall always have the memory," she said, "and I have five weeks left."

From that moment he realised his love for her, love of her courage, her brave philosophy, her wholesomeness, her delightful common-sense. This holiday of hers had pathos, and also a touch of greatness. She was not one of those who frittered life away in self-pity.

"And that is what I have been doing," he thought, "becoming a self-absorbed valetudinarian instead of living."

His first thought was she should enjoy this holiday of hers, and that if he could help her to enjoy it so much the better. His salvation began in his desire to add to her pleasure. She was a delightful child with the heart and the head of a woman.

"I say, if I hire a car and make up a party, will you come? Some of the drives are superb."

"I should love it."

They drove to Sospel and beyond it, and to Nice by the Corniche, and Wilde enjoyed it utterly because her enjoyment of it was so much his.

"I wonder if she would lose her innocence," he thought, "get bored?"

He asked her, and she laughed.

"I don't think I am made that way. I'm too healthy."

Their next escapade was a masked ball in the casino. He went as an eighteenth century beau, she as a shepherdess. He had not danced for three years, but he danced that night like a girl at her first ball. Ruth won a banner, and he carried it about for her, exultantly, greatly proud. They drank champagne at supper, but Wilde did not need champagne.

On the Saturday he took her to Monte Carlo. They drove over in the morning, and wandered through the gardens and along the terraces, and looked at the shops. The place was very full of people, and Ruth had done a rather foolish thing that morning; she had cashed one of her circular notes, and the money was in her vanity-bag. Some smooth-fingered thief manipulated the clasp of her bag and appropriated that money.

She discovered the loss at the Restaurant du Paris, just after they had sat down to lunch. She was shocked. She had an instant realisation of what the loss meant to her, a fortnight shorn from her holiday, but one week left. She went white.

"You are tired."

She found his eyes searching her face, and she managed to smile.

"No."

She hid the disaster, fearing that the discovery of it would spoil all his pleasure. She rallied herself, pretending that she was very ready for lunch, that, in fact, she was in need of lunch. He ordered a bottle of very choice red wine, and it helped her to dissemble.

"I want you to see Eze," he said; "it is like a little old grey dream of a town, hidden away and forgotten. What about Monday?"

"Yes, I could go on Monday," she said.

"We'll go up to La Turbie and

(Continued on page 574)

walk along the upper Corniche and then scramble down by Eze to the lower road. I'll arrange to have a car there."

"It will be one of my last days," she thought, "and then work—and that dirty window!"

She glanced across at him, and realised that his eyes were open windows, windows of escape.

They went up to Eze, butted up to La Turbie by a panting engine, to see all the blue of the sea-washed coast stretching towards Nice. They sat down to their picnic lunch among the rocks and the *maquis* of the wild hillside. The day was still and very beautiful and the sun like summer.

She knew that he loved her, but of her own love for him she was not quite sure. She felt that she had not had that moment of conviction, that there was something needed, a touch of the hand, something in his voice and eyes.

"We must come here again," he said. "Why not next week?"

She faced the inevitable.

"I shall not be here next week."

"You are going on somewhere else?"

"No, I am going back to work."

She was aware of his troubled and surprised face.

"But I thought you had another fortnight or more?"

"No," she said, "I'm afraid I haven't."

A moment later she knew that she loved him, for he got up without saying anything, wandered away, and pretended to be lighting a pipe and enjoying the view. She noticed the droop of his shoulders, and she had seen the fear in his eyes.

Presently he came back to her. He reminded her of the tired, sad-eyed man whom she had first seen on the platform at Victoria.

"I want you to tell me why you are going away like this. Is it to give me a hint—out of kindness?"

"I'm going away, because—"

she said, and hesitated. "Because—it is the kindest way of making me realise that I am fifteen years too old for you? Oh, my dear, if only you knew—"

She looked up at him with a glimmer of tenderness.

"I am going home because I have no more money. I had twenty pounds stolen."

"Stolen! Where?"

"That day at Monte Carlo. It

was my own fault; I ought not to have had it in my bag."

"You never told me. I remember—at lunch. Why didn't you tell me?"

"It might have spoilt your day, dear," she said.

She saw the life flash back into his eyes. He sat down by a rock at her feet.

"Ruth," he said, "why go back? Just when you have taught me to live again? My dear, how I want you."

She gave him her hands.

"Dear man, I have nothing—but the fact that I love you, and that I cannot live without work. I couldn't idle here—for ever—even with you."

He kissed her hands.

"Does any man who is happy want to be idle? We could be married down here—you know, and go home and begin work on our honeymoon! Rather a new idea! I have a biggish job in life over there, but I was growing too tired to tackle it. Come and help me."

"I will," she said.

They went down the wild hillside together with their faces to the blue of the sea. WARWICK DEEPING

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D.A.

Weldon's March 1935

Meet WARWICK DEEDING

the author of our brilliant, lovably human new Serial, "Bluewater," starting in next month's issue . . . as introduced by MARGERY FYVIE and Rollo the Dog

Introduction to Bluewater - 12 months to follow

HAVE you ever conjured up mind pictures of your favourite authors—those gifted, "invisible" people whose works delight and help thousands upon thousands of readers in all corners of the earth? Warwick Deeding, for instance, that famous best-seller, author of such entrancing novels as "Sorrell and Son," "Doomsday," and "Roper's Row"? I should specially like to introduce you to him, because next month in Weldon's Ladies' Journal you will find the opening chapters of a most delightfully human and absorbing novel from his pen called "Bluewater."

Suppose you come with me, then, to visit him down at Weybridge. As we turn into the driveway of his home, a note hails us in the friendliest manner. The celebrated author himself. He has been personally superintending the erection of some trelliswork, he explains, rubbing grubby hands, for he's practical as well as artistic, this tall, slim man with the greying hair brushed straight back from a high forehead, and a concentration in those grey eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses that bespeaks the keen character with a shrewd, highly developed intellectual faculty.

Situated by the Brooklands woods, his home faces a solid and four-square, with a welcoming blue door, and its air of solidity that only a "happy" old house can have. It is at least a century and a half old, having actually been for a long time the country home of the famous and lovely Mrs. Kumble's family, who that quaint raised, well-tended space in the centre of the property. An open-air theatre planned by the young Kumbles, where they and their friends and pastoral plays to their hearts' content. Now that we close the gate, looking in front of the house to the pleasant, green-walled, ivy-clad porch, with a dignified, round window at each end, and a pair of steps leading up to the porch, old oak doors and a small garden.

That's that for a bit with Warwick Deeding.



MR. DEEDING finds both relaxation and inspiration in practical gardening when the spirit moves him—which is fairly often.

man. Where do his characters come from, one wonders. Of course, he never paints actual living people into his books but, as with Stephen Sorrell in "Sorrell and Son," often a type encountered here, there, anywhere, will suggest a character round which an entire new novel is built. At the outset the author himself has very little idea how the book is to develop. There is paper and pencil, there is the character in charge of the situation-yet-to-be-unfolded. For the rest, the author, in the grip of this unexplored character, lets the novel unfold, twist, turn as

unexpectedly as life itself. (Of course, you and I know that novel-writing is not as easy as this sounds.) Such a technique, or lack of it, bespeaks the unerring hand of the mature and practised artist.

One feels instinctively that, in spite of this seeming willy-nilly-ness, a meticulous method is observed, for Mr. Deeding is

most punctual in everything. "Actually," he explains, "I work regularly for an hour at a time, always in the morning and sometimes after tea. But immediately my pen stops running fluently I stop because," this with naive frankness, "if what I am writing bores me, it is bound to bore my readers. And I always write in longhand—rather illegibly, I'm afraid—ready for my secretary to decipher into typescript. Fan mail? Why, yes, I get letters, mostly appreciative, from people all over the world—especially, somehow, from soldiers and sailors, and quite a lot from lonely settlers throughout the Empire."

He is such a heartening person to talk to these days of doleful Jeremiahs who drone depressingly of



A DELIGHTFULLY informal snap of the famous author of "Sorrell and Son," "Old Fytton," etc., with Mrs. Deeding . . . and an adorable acquaintance.

present-day degeneracy as compared to the boundless merits of our forbears. "This is the best age that ever was," he declares emphatically. "And the people living in it are the best, too, in every possible way. The average citizen, with his keen critical faculty, is infinitely superior to his prototype of the last generation in manners, in innate sense of decency, and particularly in his game attitude to life in these times of political and financial stress."

"As for the young people—I mean the young men and women of twenty-two to twenty-six, as apart from the insolent, bored, supremely selfish post-war generation—they are very pleasant and altogether admirable. They're so straight and self-reliant—fighters in the best sense of the word. I am most fortunate in having some of the most delightful young friends, whom I can meet on equal ground." (Just between ourselves, that is not surprising. One cannot help feeling that the reference books must have tripped up over the age of this alert writer, in whom maturity combines so fascinatingly with a "young" mind. Impossible to believe that he is—yes, fifty-seven.)

"Do I find inspiration in the country or in towns? Well, I enjoy visiting London, but I like to live in the country. I enjoy getting away sometimes, especially in the summer time, to our little twelve-acre farm, where we grow our own fruit. We've got a little hut there, and I can

(Please turn to page 101)

Meet Warwick Deeping

(Continued from page 33)

just potter . . . Hallo—hallo!"

Here comes Rollo, most adorable of Cairn terriers, heralding tea and trying to introduce Mrs. Deeping all in one breathless crescendo of excited barks. Dark-haired, with deep blue eyes and a readily twinkling smile, the latter looks charming as she presides over the teacups in a glow of soft, friendly lamps.

Rollo takes charge of the situation. It's rather mean to tell, but actually he is under a cloud this afternoon. There is some dark hint of disobedience during the afternoon walk (a pure misunderstanding that might happen to any dog (he explains to me with a private sidelong glance). Why worry, anyhow, when there is the master ready, at the code bark, to dole out delectable chunks of cake? Especially when you're having everything your own way in the absence of one Rufus-the-(Red)-Cat—a regular character of a cat, by all accounts? Perhaps we'll see Rufus another time. I'm afraid there's not time to wait for him now, since trains wait for no man or woman either. We'll leave him a message with Rollo instead!

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE

The Needle-Etchings (page 40)

The linen, "Anchor" Stranded Cotton, and Coats' bias binding, are obtainable from any good draper's or stores, and the transfer direct from Weldon's, Ltd., 30-32 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The Magazine and Music Racks (page 73)

The "Crinoline Lady" Rack, unpainted 6s. post free, painted in one colour 9s. 6d. post free, painted in two colours 10s. 6d. post free. Enamel paint for rack 2s. 6d. (any colour). Liquid enamels for designs, white (6d.), green, brown, blue, black, mauve, orange, yellow (4d. each), two brushes 6d. and 1s. Complete outfit for the rack (rack, enamel—any shade—liquid enamels for design, design and carbon paper) 14s. 6d. post free in the United Kingdom. The "Song-bird Rack"—unpainted, painted in one or two colours (as above). Complete

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Part 4, 612
Weldon's Ladies'
Journal April 1935

BLUE



ANN JERRARD, "Egg-Girl" to Bluewater, lovely, young and vital.

MR. SIEGFRIED MALLISON had designed the posters that were exhibited at tube and railway stations and upon convenient hoardings, splashes of blue and green and gold, sea, sand and sky. These posters had hailed the public.

"Come to Bluewater.
Bathe at Bluewater.
Bask at Bluewater.
Build at Bluewater."

Mr. Siegfried Mallison had dreamed Bluewater, and was dead. A man of forty with a leonine head of butter-coloured hair, much money and a flamboyant fancy, he had loved to display himself to the world in a sky-blue jerkin and wonderful velveteen trousers. Sometimes these trousers had been black, sometimes the colour of a ripe plum. The elder Mallison had owned and exploited successfully a chain of grocery stores, and the father's commercial flair had not been lacking in the son.

Siegfried had loved bright colours, things that were dramatic and bizarre. He had liked to unfurl a flag with some particular and personal device upon it.

"Beauty ought to pay. Let's make Beauty pay."

Hence a collection of hectic pictures, and Bluewater; a Bluewater that had adapted itself to the Town Planning Act and had satisfied the East Sussex County Council. Mallison had boasted that Bluewater had grown out of the sea. It was Aphrodite with white feet in the sand, a Chelsea goddess.

Bluewater had met with considerable success, and then two things had happened; the slump, and Mr. Siegfried Mallison's death in France in a motor smash near St. Raphael. Mallison bequeathed several problems to posterity; Bluewater, its community, and two children, a boy and a girl who were at the time Trustees and a firm of solicitors were doing their best to administer Bluewater in the interests of these children. It was a property to be disposed of wholesale, and buyers in

bulk were lacking. Two rather worried trustees were trying to keep Bluewater alive while they disposed of it piecemeal. As real estate it might yet be of potential value.

Bluewater in May.

A blue arc of sea, a half-moon of sand, cliffs on the west, a spit of shingle crowned by a Martello tower on the east, green hills behind, blazing gorse, palisaded pines lining an inland ridge, and visible up the trough of a valley the wild trees and battered white façade of Moor Hall.

Mr. Siegfried Mallison had lived at Moor Hall.

Now, Moor Hall was empty, and the hinterland of Bluewater moaned its emptiness. As for Bluewater itself the place was like the bleaching skeleton of a whale that had been washed ashore and had decayed. Some local wag had re-christened the place Backwater. Almost, it was derelict, save the Golden Anchor Inn. It retained a population that remained there in hope, and because it was too poor to go away.

Mr. Archie Stout, manager of the Golden Anchor Inn, taking an early morning stroll in the direction of the Bluewater Estate Office, saw Miss Freda Nuthall unfastening the blue shutters of her shop. Miss Nuthall lived under the sign of The Squirrel, and on a plaque over her doorway a red squirrel rampant held a golden nut in its two paws. Mr. Siegfried Mallison's playfulness had spread itself imaginatively over all the decorative details of Bluewater.

That Miss Nuthall herself was rather like a squirrel, with a little nibbling mouth and nose and two bright eyes had not been evident to Mr. Mallison. It was evident to Archie Stout, the humanist, who lived most of the day in a beret, a white sweater and grey flannel trousers. He was large and florid and cheerful, both Archie and Stout, and if his essential cheerfulness was of significance in a community that was depressed financially, his optimism was not mere proud flesh. Miss Nuthall symbolized Bluewater's attitude of expectancy towards the opening season. 1933 and 1934 had both been dismal years. The gorse was ablaze on the hills, and Miss Nuthall's act of taking down her



RICHARD JEKYLL a visitor at Bluewater. A rich man of too much leisure.

WATER

A BRILLIANTLY written New Novel of Life and Love, and Human people who will charm you into sharing with them the brave adventure of Living.

by
Warwick Deeping

Author of *Sorrel and Son*, *Old Pybus*, *Doomsday*, etc.

shutters suggested that she was prepared for the harvesting of possible nuts. Miss Nuthall sold jumpers and scarves and woolly gloves and art stockings and all sorts of highly coloured articles that might persuade the public to indulge in decorative dress reform.

Mr. Stout turned aside to help her with the shutters of the second window.

"Had your breakfast, Freda?"

Miss Nuthall twittered at him.

"I've had my morning tea. Poor Paul has one of his headaches."

Mr. Stout, hands in pockets, looked down at this little creature in her black skirt and plum-coloured jumper. Miss Nuthall wore a hat, a hat that was unconsciously rakish and too much poised on the back of her head. She was never seen without a hat. Some people said that she went to bed in it.

"You go down and get some breakfast at my place. Now, no nonsense."

Miss Nuthall blinked her eyes at him.

"Oh—I couldn't think of—I know you've been——"

"Been what? This place is a den of gossip. Well, you'll come and have breakfast with me. I shall be back in ten minutes."

Miss Nuthall's little face was the face of a woman to whom bacon and eggs arrived but once a month.

"You're too kind, Archie."

"Rot."

"I wanted to take poor Paul some tea."

"I'll see to Paul. Put the key in your pocket, and skip down to the Anchor. By the way, I've some socks that are—a disgrace."

Archie Stout diverged towards the Estate Office, yet another of Mallison's imaginative adventures in white rough cast, green slates, and blue paint. It was a graceful building with a copper cupola and a sixteenth century ship as a wind-vane, but its windows were dusty, and the front door locked. A sound of whistling came from within, and Stout hammered on the door. He shouted.

"Hallo, Gerald!"

The door was opened by a youngish man, dressed as he would have dressed in Balham. Gerald Maggs had been sent down by the Mallison trustees to care-take Bluewater. He was bored with Bluewater, and the *ennui* was mutual.

"Did that fool who drives the bus drop a case of cigarettes here by mistake?" Stout asked him.

"As a matter of fact—he did."

"Silly idiot! I'll take 'em along."

"It's a rather big case, Mr. Stout."

Stout went in and, picking up the case as though it weighed three pounds, got it on his shoulder, one side of it tucked against his round red face and blue beret.

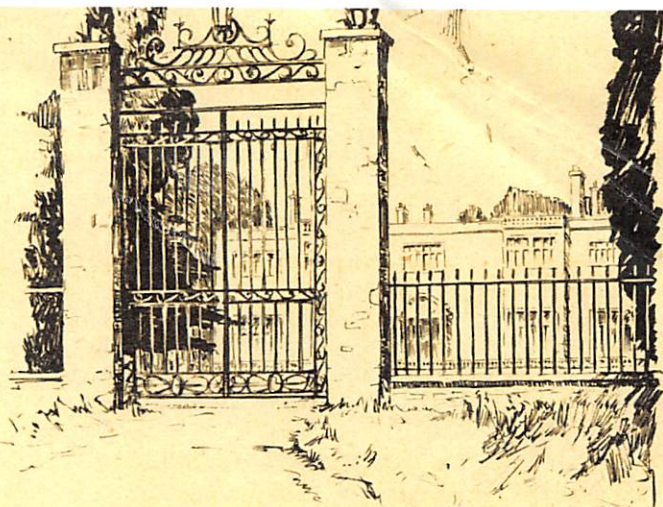
"Anything doing yet?"

"I had two letters last week and one caller. This place is dead, Mr. Stout."

"Think so?"

"Sure of it."

Stout looked at him tolerantly. If the trustees believed that a



MOOR HALL, the empty mansion house at Bluewater. For Sale.

man like Gerald Maggs could help to resuscitate Bluewater, then they were gentlemen without *flair*.

Stout crossed the road and took the short cut to Paul Hattersley's. The path led between Miss Nuthall's bungalow and the old undercliff. It brought him to the green and white palings of Paul's small garden, and the sign of Paul the Potter. Hattersley had been another of Mallison's importations. The white building was roofed with pantiles. It had a loggia and yellow window frames and an apple-green door. Painted pottery and statues were displayed in one of the windows. At the back Hattersley had his workshop, which was open to interested visitors who could watch Paul in his white smock moulding a Pan or painting a vase with squids and snakes and crocuses in the style of Crete.

So, Paul—poor devil—had one of his headaches, which, superimposed upon heartache, would exaggerate his fierce pallor. Archie Stout had never had a headache save on occasional mornings after, and he was more prosperous than his neighbours. He knew how to run a hotel, and the Golden Anchor had collected a *clientèle*, people who came to lounge and to bathe and play golf at Rothersea. Stout lowered his wooden case on to a bench in the loggia and walked into Hattersley's cottage. Bluewater had lost the habit of locking doors, emotional or otherwise, for there was so little to steal.

Hattersley was in bed and awake.

"Who's that?"

The voice seemed to come out of a dark cave. The bedroom door was half open, and Stout pushed it back.

"Hallo, old man. Got one of your crackers? Got any aspirin?"

The interior of the room was dim but vaguely dishevelled. Hattersley slept on an old box mattress. His head was visible with its black and insurgent hair, deep eyes and intense pallor. An old sugar box by the bed served as a table.

Hattersley growled at the man in the sweater.

"Just keeping quiet, that's all. Be all right in an hour or two."

Stout nodded at him. He knew that the one thing that Hattersley could not tolerate was pity, for there was in Hattersley a secret pride that raged.

"Freda was going to bring you some tea, old man."

"She needn't bother."

"I'm sending you along some tea. Save you trouble. Now, look here, don't make a scene over a cup of tea. I'm feeling touchy."

"All right—And get out."

"I'm going out to eggs and bacon with the Squirrel. Like the door pulled to?"

"Yes."

He had reached the outer door when he heard the other man's voice.

"Stout,—I'm a swine."

"That's news to me; don't be silly. We are all in the same boat, my lad. Breakfast calling."

He picked up his case, and returned to the sunlight of that perfect May morning. Was poverty symbolized by a man's inability to buy himself a bottle of aspirin tablets? But why aspirin, anyway? Why should the world need aspirin? Stout,

crossing the road, and taking to the sandhills between The Sunflower and the old coastguard station, heard laughter and young voices. Someone silhouetted against the blue sky flagged him with a towel. It was one of the Wilmer girls, Gwen, in a sky-blue bathing dress.

"Oy, Archie!"

"Hallo, kid."

"Going to wash in ocean?"

"Get on with it."

He climbed one of the tussocky mounds, and pausing there saw the bathers crossing the strip of shingle,

young Derrek Fielden, the Wilmer girls, Jim and June Jettison, and Gilda Merriman. The Jettison dog, a half-caste Sealyham called "Slump," was barking the party into the water. Derrek, Gwen, and Maisie rushed in holding hands. Jimmie Jettison, rotund and blue, squirmed mincingly over the shingle. His wife sported a cerise-coloured wrapper. The sunlight caught the blonde heads of Gwen and Maisie, and the copper nob of Derrek. Mrs. Merriman, tall, mature, with hair the colour of honey, followed at her suave leisure, deliberate and strong.

Her neck was shapely, her bosom full, and in her eyes the blue of the sea was answered.

Young Fielden was splashing the girls. Both girls were in love with him, but Eros had shot Derrek with another arrow. Jimmie Jettison, turning a somersault, came up blowing, and laughed at his wife who waded in with hands brushing the water. Gilda Merriman stood with her feet in the prattle of the small waves. She seemed to watch these children.

And Stout watched her, peering round the corner of the case poised on his left shoulder. What a fine woman Gilda was, and not merely in the flesh. If anybody had kept Bluewater from going potty, that person was Gilda. These young things adored her. And so did—. But when a woman wouldn't bother to divorce a fool-beast of a husband who was somewhere in Africa, and who cadged from her! Women were strange creatures. Stout gave a hunch to the box and stodged off across the sand to the sign of the Golden Anchor. He had invited the Squirrel to breakfast, and Paul the Potter had to be provided with tea.

Stout dumped the case on a table in the white loggia of his hotel. A man was cleaning golf-clubs and sucking a cigarette. They exchanged curt and cheerful greetings. Stout, with his beret pushed back, walked through the lounge into the dining-room.

He called to one of the waitresses.

"Florrie, I want tea and toast taken to Mr. Hattersley. Be a good girl, will you?"

AT the Four Firs in Stone Stile Lane on the high ground above the Rothersea road a girl was loading egg-boxes into a blue Morris Cowley light van. The four Scotch firs on their knoll towered high beside the white farm gate. Six white ducks were swimming in a pond. A shaggy hedge was full of may blossom, and beyond a low stone wall Darwin tulips, wallflowers, and forget-me-not shared with a few old apple trees and standard roses the conventions of a front garden.

Ann Jerrard, with an egg-box held below her bosom, paused to remember something. She pushed the box into the van, closed the doors, and with the air of a young woman who had no time to consider a May day's miraculous moods, she went as far as the gate in the wall and shouted:—

"Sarah!"

Her voice, like her face, had no flickering shades. It was clear and immediate and candid. It brought Sarah to the kitchen window.

"Yes, miss."

"Keep an eye on Will.

YOUNG Derrek came down the steps. "Why don't you come and bathe?" "Too busy. I have a timetable to keep," Ann replied.

ST New Laid EGGS



to be cleaning out No. 1
k in—casually."

to lunch. Anything
g?"

miss. And could
ish cloths?"

one driving seat, and
closed the door. Sarah
soul, who could attend
to domestic details. The Four
culty boy was devoted to other
gs—cigarettes and love and moments
of vacuous meditation or a seat on the
corn-bin with yesterday's *Daily Star*.
There was nothing express about William,
but lads were scarce and Ann Jerrard
was a realist.

SHE hustled the van out on its morning
round. She was bound for Bluewater
and Westling and Stilehurst. Bluewater
knew her as a dark young woman in a
red knitted cap and a white mackintosh
or linen coat. She was variously familiar
as Miss Jerrard, or the egg-girl, or as Ann.
Stout, who loved teasing people, even
business-like young women with straight
black eyebrows and firm lips and chin,
had suggested the obvious transfiguration.
"When are you going to take to
breeches, Ann?"

She had given him one of her whim-
sical, oblique glances.

"Is it—necessary?"

It wasn't, though she had the
legs for breeches. She was long and
clean and supple, but not too long.
The swing of her short skirt carried
conviction and no self-conscious
sex appeal, though her provocation
could be positive.

She both liked her job and
loathed it. It was very much a
whole-time job, and in winter it
began and ended in darkness. To
begin with, an elderly relative she
particularly detested had taken it
upon himself to warn her.

"My dear Ann, you can't make
chicken farming pay. You will lose your
capital."

Her urge had been to retort with
"Rats." She had had to learn her job;
she had made mistakes; incubators had
played tricks on her; birds had died on
her; foxes had marauded. She had put
up wire. Grocers in Saxbourne, Westling,
and Rothersea had made the mistake of
thinking that a young gentlewoman and
an amateur could be fobbed off with a
cheap all-the-year-round contract. She
had listened to them, smiled, and gone
away. "Nothing doing." She had bought
her van and worked up a round and a
market of her own. Moreover, the farm
was paying, not luxuriously, but she
managed to live.

Bluewater had been of considerable
assistance to her, but Bluewater stranded
by the slump had ceased to be a very
paying proposition. Mr. Archie Stout
and the Golden Anchor were very much
worth while, but elsewhere bills were
looking blue. Yet there was a likeableness
about the little place and its people.
They were plucky; they managed to
laugh, even at their own predicaments,
and at their little makeshifts. They ran
about in old white canvas shoes, or in
no shoes at all. They bathed; they
danced in the Sunflower dance-room to

the music of a gramophone; they culti-
vated small vegetable gardens. Blue-
water might be all improvisation and
bare legs, but it could laugh. Ann Jerrard
respected its laughter. She could divine
behind it fear and frustration, hunger,
moments of agonized depression. The
world crisis had left Bluewater between
the devil and the deep sea, a devil who
presented bills for payment and refused
further credit.

Her car passed the gates of Moor Hall,
two stone pillars supporting lions rampant.
She had a glimpse of a weedy drive, an
avenue of oaks and the darkness of a
distant cedar. The oaks were all young
gold. A big white board advertised the
fact that Moor Hall was for sale, and
that a possible purchaser might apply
at the Bluewater Estate Office, or to
Messrs. Beeby & Smith, of Burlington
Place, London, W. The lane dipped
into a shallow valley, where beech trees
were infinitely green and here several
yards of the park wall had fallen. The
gap was like a hungry mouth. Ann had
some cause to regret the emptiness
of Moor Hall. In the Mallison
days the house had bought
from her six or seven
dozen eggs a week and
paid for them.

Her right brake-
drum squeaked all
the way down the

steep hill into
Bluewater. It
annoyed her.
She would have
to get that brake
lining attended
to. She pulled her
van on to the grass
opposite the estate
office, swung the
door open and
stepped out.

Someone address-
ed her.

"Brakes rather
noisy, Miss Jerrard."

She knew whence
the voice came and to
whom it belonged.
Young Maggs, stand-
ing in the estate office
doorway and with nothing to do,
refreshed himself by comment-
ing upon the obvious.

Ann did not look in his direc-
tion. She had no small talk for
a man like Maggs, a sort of
human needle who pricked holes
in things.

"Morning, Mr. Maggs. Sold Moor Hall
yet?"

She was at the tail of her van and



removing two paper bags containing six eggs apiece.

"Well, as a matter of fact the London office has had an inquiry."

Whenever Gerald Maggs was bright and facetious, she countered him by inquiring about Moor Hall.

"Nothing serious?"

"I'm expecting someone to view."

"A home for the mentally deficient?"

"Might be good for trade, Miss Jerrard. Even idiots eat eggs."

She turned towards Miss Nuthall's cottage and shop with the bags in her hands.

"Marvellous, but they do."

MISS NUTHALL was standing in the doorway of her shop knitting a bright blue scarf. Any sound from the outer world would draw her to her doorway, and she would pop out like some small brown animal with bright eyes searching for possible purchasers. She was Bluewater's outpost, its Sister Ann, and were the dead leaves of prosperity to stir ever so little she would hasten to her friends.

"Three big cars have gone down to the Anchor. Things must be getting better."

Gilda Merriman would just smile, Paul Hattersley go on daubing some vase, Selma Dewhurst consider the question of cakes, the Jettisons run around re-arranging some of the pictures in the little gallery. But Bluewater had learnt to qualify the Squirrel's eager twitterings. Archie Stout did his best for the com-

munity. He had persuaded some of his visitors to have their wives' portraits painted by Jimmie Jettison at five guineas apiece. He suggested that people should go and look at Ye Olde Shoppe, and Gilda's antiques.

"No need to buy if you don't feel like it. Just look round."

Miss Jerrard's car was no more than the egg-van. Eggs were good things, but when eaten they had to be paid for. Bluewater might have to scrape pennies together. Miss Nuthall smiled and nodded at Ann.

"No eggs, my dear, this morning, thank you. What a perfect day."

Miss Nuthall did not owe anything for eggs, but she was—perforce—shy of immediate commitments.

Ann dangled the bag at her.

"That's all right. Present, you know."

Miss Nuthall looked longingly at the paper bag.

"No, my dear, thank you so much. I think they make me a little—liverish."

Ann smiled and walked on. Poor Freda was not a sponger, nor were any of these people. Cheerfulness might be a pose, somewhat garrulous and gay, but it was like a shabby garment that did go to the wash. Some of them owed her money, and she was merciful. Bluewater paid when it could, in cash or in kind.

She took the path to Paul the Potter's. Hattersley was different. He owed her five and threepence, and hated himself and her for it—because he was in love with Ann. She was so cool and clean and efficient, like a pool into which you plunged when your secret soul felt noisome. Yes, Paul was a different proposition. Her face seemed to darken

a little as she entered his gate. One hinge was tied up with string. Hattersley, coming home one night in a black rage against life and every thing, had kicked in the gate.

She paused under the loggia, half in sun, half in shadow. Paul's door was open. She laid the bag of eggs on a bench upon which he sometimes displayed a vase or a statue. She was about to slip away, but Hattersley, acutely sensitive, as was his way when a headache was passing, had heard her footsteps. He was still in bed. He sat up.

"Who's that?"

She turned and walked towards the gate, but before she reached it she heard something pushed over and the padding of bare feet.

"Take those things away."

He was in his pyjamas—pyjamas that had once been blue, and were now

the colour of stale cream. His head was dishevelled.

She paused. His excitement shocked her. She understood it, and the anguish and anger of it.

She said: "Paul, don't be silly."

His eyes looked like two dark pits. He had not shaved.

"Take the beastly things."

"I shan't."

She walked out of the gate, drew it to, and looked at him.

"My dear, don't be silly."

He seemed to sway in the doorway. He took two steps forward, clutched the bag, and hurled it against the white fence. Yellow splodges!

"Get out! Another six to my—"

"You ass. I hate waste."

"Waste!"

He seemed to twist like a man on a rope. He stumbled back through the doorway, cursed, and slammed the door.

How pathetic and absurd and tragic! He had stubbed a toe. And he could not pay her five and threepence! Was that tragedy? Undoubtedly it was.

She returned to her car and drove it up Bluewater's main highway to the round point just short of Culverin Cove.

Miss Jerrard pulled up by Nankin. Carter, the one-legged car-park attendant, stumped out of his hut, saw the egg-van, and turned tail like a disappointed dog. Ann had a box of eggs for Nankin. Selma Dewhurst in a green overall was re-painting some of the tea-room chairs. The colour scheme was egg-shell white and Chinese blue.

"Thanks. How much?"

"Three shillings."

Ann was paid, for Selma had a small private income of her own.

"Anything doing?"

"My dear, flat fish. I'm thinking of inveigling a cinema magnate down here and of murdering him."

Ann laughed.

"One ought to work some stunt. The murder at the Golden Anchor. I'll suggest it to Archie."

She turned back to the Jettison building. Jimmie Jettison was walking up and down his studio rather like a small, stage Hamlet. He had a piece of paper in his hand. Jimmie Jettison dramatized his emotions, pleasant or otherwise. He had gestures, a most expressive face, little legs that toddled even when they attempted a stride. Slump the dog sat on a chair and watched his master. June Jettison's face seemed to flicker between tears and laughter.

"To be—or not to be? And what's it to be? The gramophone or the poor old Gubbio?"

"Not the Gubbio, Jimmie. They wouldn't appreciate—the value—"

"Exactly, exactly. Last time I offered the scoundrels two pictures. No market value. The gramophone it will have to be. Hallo, there's the egg maiden."

He dashed to the door, his velveteen trousers squeaking. He looked like a mischievous child whose tricks were not appreciated by a prosaic world.

"Ever seen one of these things, Miss Ann?"

He waved the paper."

"What is it?"

"A thing called a writ, my dear, for our rates."

A MESSAGE . . .

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The Editor

June and the dog joined him in the little portico. The wife's eyes were on Ann's egg-box.

"Jimmie's so intimate—about things."

Jettison was bending down and tucking the writ under Slump's old collar.

"To the dogs with it."

Ann swung the egg-box towards June, but the artist's wife shook her head.

"No, my dear, it can't be done."

"Please, I want Jimmie to do a picture of me—soon—for the old woman. Barter, you know."

Jettison, like a little hungry boy, looked at the egg-box and then at the women.

"First commission this year! Serious?"

"Absolutely."

"Good egg, good woman. Which do I kiss?"

They laughed.

HERE were no eggs for the Sunflower, but Ann had to pull up outside the Sunflower. Young Derrek had been watching. He came down the steps in a dark blue pullover and white flannel trousers. There was a swiftness in his movements, a suggestion of hair burning and blown by the wind, other hunger in the eyes.

She was sorry for Derrek; he was youth rebellious, yet enduring; he was a lad of ideas and enthusiasms; he wanted so much to alter things.

"I've been bathing. Why don't you come and bathe—sometimes? On a blue day like this—after that dreadful winter."

She looked at him kindly.

"Has it been so dreadful?"

He nodded. She knew that the trustees had kept him on at the Sunflower during the winter at one pound a week, and that during the season—if there should be a season—he was to be paid by results. He was one of those lads whose education had been cut short, and who had had to fend for himself. He had no sharply tempered weapon save his temperament; no professional training; no particular niche. He danced very well. During the previous season he had run the Sunflower with a couple of casual girls as waitresses. You could dance, sun-bathe, buy soft drinks at the Sunflower. Mallison had intended it to be Bluewater's social centre, a kind of country club by the sea. It was quite a beautiful building of white wood, with doors, windows, and domes painted sparrow's-egg blue. From a pillared portico, steps led down to the sand and the sea. But it had been a grey winter, and young Fielden, all alone, had been writing a novel. Everybody seemed to be writing novels. Gwen Wilmer had been writing a novel with Derrek as its hero, but she had got stuck at the tenth chapter.

Already, Ann had a hand on the gear lever.

"Why don't you come and bathe?"

"Too busy. I have a time-table."

He gave a toss of the head.

"Don't you ever play?"

"My job is from darkness to dusk in

the winter. Hens—even hens have a time-table of their own."

He shook his flamboyant hair.

"Oh, you're so cool, so efficient. I wish I could be like that. Couldn't you teach me?"

She spoke gently, and put the car in gear.

"We have to teach ourselves. That's a platitude. My round, you know, Archie's, and then Westling, and home to lunch."

He stood back. He realized that her going was inevitable, and that though she was kind to him her youth did not answer the cry of his youth.

"All right, Ann. Why don't you come and dance sometimes? I—can—dance. Bluewater's lounge lizard."

"Perhaps I will."

"We'd get the girls in, and Gilda and Jimmie and one or two fellows from the Anchor."

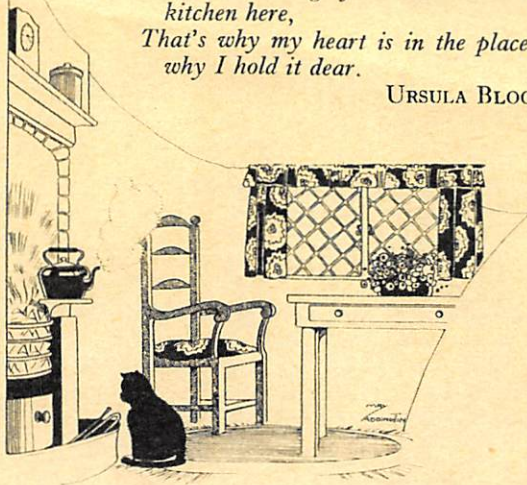
"Perhaps I will."

My Kitchen

*My heart is in my kitchen, 'tis a precious room to me,
The kettle singing "Up to arms" and chattering cheerfully,
The busy heart of my small house beats here and with a will,
For the kitchen is a working room and never can sit still.*

*A black cat and a ticking clock and every surface shone,
For here we make the happiness that makes the house go on!
The real meaning of the house beats in the kitchen here,
That's why my heart is in the place, and why I hold it dear.*

URSULA BLOOM.



She pulled up outside Ye Olde Shoppe. The building was green and white, with a soft brown pantile roof, and it had green bottle glass in its windows. A little stone-paved forecourt with oak posts and chains separated it from the road. A green and gold sign hung on an iron bracket.

Ann liked stopping at Gilda Merriman's. Gilda was good for one, jocund and strong and so utterly without humbug. She glowed. Her wisdom was the wisdom of a woman who had lived, not altogether happily, but with a sound appetite for life. You could talk to Gilda. All the young things in Bluewater talked to Gilda.

She was a kind of mother-confessor and knew all about Bluewater's love affairs.

Mrs. Merriman was sitting in a deck chair in front of the shop. She was writing a letter on her lap, but she put the writing-pad aside when Ann appeared.

"A dozen to-day. Do I owe you anything?"

"No."

"Come and sit for a minute."

Gilda was as good as the sun. There was a spare deck chair, and Ann took it. She pulled off her red cap and laid it in her lap.

"I wish someone could do something for Derrek."

"Poor lad. You can't?"

"No."

"I just wondered. He's rather—"

"It's a rotten time for the young."

Gilda laughed.

"You're not exactly a grandmother."

Ann looked at the sea.

"Oh, I'm a bit hard. I like to be hard."

"I shouldn't call you hard, my dear. Efficient's the word. You like efficiency."

"I think it's rather my joss. It isn't messy and treacherous, if you know what I mean?"

"Quite. Other people can mess things up for you."

And then Gilda Merriman said a thing that remained in Ann Jerard's memory.

"But one has to get out of one's cave. That's why I like to sit out here."

Ann gave her one of those quick, oblique glances.

"Cave?"

"Yes, we all live in caves, don't we—the little caves of ourselves. Too much self-absorption and introspection and all that. One has to get out and into things, sun-bathe your soul—if one has a soul."

Ann looked steadily at the blue line of the sea.

"I see what you mean. My job's my cave. Hallo, there's Archie flagging me. Attention to business—it's the Anchor's omelette day."

ANN went out to shut up her houses. Her pens were arranged like the segments of a half-circle with the gates at the points of the segments so that they were grouped together. Time and wire were saved. She came through the orchard to the field gate, and saw the slanting sunlight on the brown houses. The grass had a tinge of gold. North and east the ground rose gently to a wood, giving shelter from cold winds. The wood was full of primroses, anemones and bluebells. A tall spruce rose above the domed foliage like a spire.

The Rhode Islands had gone to roost, but a few White Minorcas were still about. She had long ago decided that the Minorcas were neurotic creatures. She had no particular affection for her birds, save for one old mother hen, who was a useful broody, and for one of her Rhode Island cocks. The birds were mere egg-machines, fed and housed efficiently for the purpose of profit. She entered the runs and shut up the houses, but she had to show patience in dealing with one white hen whose urge was to go anywhere but into the house.

"Go in, you idiot."

She had examined the mash-hoppers and the water-fountains, and her day's work was done. In ten minutes time, Sarah would call her in to supper. She lingered. As Gilda would have expressed it, she came out of her cave to become conscious of the beauty of the sunset. The sky was both fantastic and flamboyant. The Scotch Firs had unfurled red banners. The woods of Moor Hall were both green and black and scarred and creviced with fire. The Gorse Hills beyond Bluewater seemed to smoke. The sea was a mystic sea. She found herself standing by the pond and contemplating it. It was a goblin pool with the sky sunk in its blackness, or like some tissue of red and blue and gold floating there.

The voice of Sarah calling.

"Miss Ann! Miss Ann—supper!"

SARAH'S hand tinkled a little bell from a window, and the sound suggested the ringing of a bell during the gorgeous ceremony of some mass. The sun in a crimson cape. The clouds as acolytes. Pale, calm stars like women concealed in shadowy aisles.

She went in and supped.

She sat on the sofa under the window and smoked a cigarette. Sarah, clearing the table in a brilliant dusk, looked at her mistress warily. No, Miss Jerrard was not in a talky mood, and Sarah restrained herself. Life at the Four Firs farm was somewhat solitary, but Sarah could talk to the kitchen cat. But was not the life too solitary for a young woman like Miss Jerrard, a young woman with looks? Well, there was no knowing what other people felt about things, and Sarah, with the cloth folded over one arm and the tray in her hands, crept out. The figure on the sofa remained motionless—far away.

The dusk deepened. The western sky was pale primrose streaked with slate-coloured clouds faintly edged with rose. The smoke from her cigarette floated out of the window. She knew that her bureau called her; there were bills to be made out, one or two cheques to be written, but she was not in the mood for the work. She was thinking of those people down yonder. What would happen to them? The way Jettison's wife had looked at her box of eggs! Hunger! And all this beauty? One could say that it was so wrong, so absurd, and yet realize that it just happened. It would go on happening in spite of the clever people.

A faint sound disturbed her brooding. Someone had opened the gate in the garden wall. She threw the end of her cigarette into the grass, and sat listening. She knelt on the sofa, her hands resting on the sill, and suddenly the empty window had a presence—Hattersley!

He stood staring at her, strangely wan and wild.

"Afraid I startled you. Had to come up and say I was sorry."

She remained kneeling, conscious of some crisis.

"Sorry?"

"For being such a swine."

How pitiful! And yet she was conscious of impatience. She resented having emotion thrust upon her. She was not ripe—might never be ripe—for such emotion.

"Oh, that's all right, Paul."

His face made her think of a man peering through the bars of a dark cage.

"Quite all right, Paul. Come in and smoke. I'll light up."

Her calm, dispassionate voice sounded casual. And suddenly he was leaning through the window. He had hold of her hands. She felt him trembling.

"Can't—you—help me? I'm such a swine. Can't you—?"

She felt dumb.

"Paul—!"

"I'm a failure! No hope. If there's any sweetness in things—you—"

His white frenzy frightened her. She seemed to shrink. She felt inarticulate, the slave of a dreadful sincerity. She had nothing for him. He repelled her, save as a man who was pathetically deformed in his attitude to life.

"I'm so sorry. I—"

He looked at her.

"Ah, yes; sorry, I see. Vitriol—the vitriol of pity! I'm a fool!"

He dropped her hands, the gesture was almost that of flinging something from him. He turned sideways, stood for a second, and then, with hunched shoulders, fled.

She did not call after him. She knelt there feeling chilled, shivering. It was as though something in herself—her rather fastidious self—had been accosted, breathed upon. Poor devil! She closed the window.

She thought: "How dreadful! Two of us in a cave—the same cave. So impossible! For that sort of thing I should want sunlight. Poor devil!"

MOONLIGHT, and the windows the Golden Anchor like the lights of a ship riding at anchor.

Mrs. Merriman lay back in the deck chair with her hands clasped behind her head, and on either side of her an empty chair that had caused her to smile to herself. She and Maisie and Gwen had been sitting smoking their cigarettes after the chocolate and bread and butter that was their supper. Youth had been restless. First, Maisie had slipped away; yes, she was going to see Selma Dewhurst. Gwen had lingered for five minutes, biting the tips of her fingers; and then, without a word, had gone running down towards the sandhills and the sea.

Gilda expected Archie Stout. He had sent her one of his characteristic notes on a memorandum slip tucked inside an unsealed envelope. There were curious and sensitive subtleties about that large person. His handwriting was minute and beautifully neat, and so unlike his beret and sweater and trousers.

"Coming across at half-past nine. Want a pow-wow."

He was punctual. He had put on a lounge suit, because he knew that she disliked too much casualness in a man. She had suffered from too much casualness. He was smoking a cigar, but he threw the stump of it away before reaching the post and chains, because she once had told him that a certain person had smoked cigars in her bedroom and the smell had become an unpleasant memory.

"Hallo, got rid of the kids?"

"They got rid of themselves."



ARCHIE STOUT, mine host of the Golden Anchor Inn, at Bluewater.

"Moon-calfing?"

"It's really rather pathetic. I almost wish Derrek had not stayed on."

"But he doesn't—"

"Never will. He's crying for the Lady of the Four Firs."

Stout sat down.

"Oh, youth need not be pitied too much. It's got youth. It's when life begins to creak at the joints that the comedy ceases to be comic. What the devil are we to do about this place?"

"Why do you feel responsible?"

"Heaven knows! It's not virtue, my dear. I'm a fat old blackguard. I like my whisky half-way up the glass. There is only one thing that would cure me of that, and I'm not here to discuss it."

Relaxed, body extended, she looked at the moonlit sea.

"It helps though, Archie."

"What a name for a moonlight night! Guinness would have more appeal! But what are we to do about this place? Unless this season proves a little more lively . . . Jimmie's had a writ, you know."

"Jimmie will always have writs. It's rather hopeless. Even you can't keep a sort of soup-kitchen for social misfits."

"But they are not social misfits. They should be the salt of the earth."

"The world doesn't want art."

"I'm not so sure. I wonder what Mallison would have done about it. Would he have felt responsible? After all, he persuaded these people to squat here."

"Siegfried would have run away."

"Think so?"

"Sure. I never knew a man more shy of social commitments. He would have gone to Taormina or Assouan, and left Bluewater to—well, become bilge."

Stout laughed, but his laughter was savage.

"I wonder. An elusive devil. But would he have seen people starve?"

"If they starved nicely and successfully."

"You know, that's what we've had here this winter, Gilda. But, of course,

you know it. Aesthetic starvation. And they've been so good about it. The Squirrel's nose poking through its skin, and Paul living on potatoes because pots aren't edible. June looks like an apple that has a maggot gnawing at its inside. Aubrey's just a refined skeleton."

Gilda lit a cigarette.

"It's all so refined and horrible. I feel a beast for having a little money."

"It would be still more beastly to have none, my dear. We've both been able to help a bit. I wish we could boost this place back into life, somehow."

"Any ideas?"

"Mostly far fetched and fantastic. Supposing one could persuade the movie people to do a picture here? Then there is that novelist fellow who stayed at my place for a week last year—he's a best-seller. If he'd put Bluewater in a book. Do you remember?"

"Rather a septic person, Archie. I'd rather not be catalogued and advertised by him. Of course, our trouble is that we have no capital. We can't advertise. Things were going quite well when Siegfried was alive and spending money. Besides, would the casual crowd be of any use to us?"

He brought out a pipe. "Not much. You don't mind a pipe, Gilda? No, we should not profit much on week-end splurge; people who groused about paying sixpence to put their cars in the park, and then camped on the beach or among the sandhills and left us nothing but their litter. The only thing that can save Bluewater would be the persuading of a particular class of person to come and play here. It's a playful place. Mallison was playing when he made it. The Sussex Lido—what!"

Mrs. Merriman watched Archie Stout lighting his pipe. His red face glowed in the light of the match.

"Can the trustees control the road?"

"Why, yes; it's an estate road. What's the idea?"

"Well, I should advertise: 'Bluewater, where no motor coaches mote.' I would even make it rather difficult to get into Bluewater; gates and entrance money."

Stout slipped the spent match carefully into the matchbox. He knew that Gilda and the girls were responsible for cleansing the precincts of Ye Olde Shoppe.

"By Jove, that's an idea! Make it difficult. Shut out the people we don't want. It's an idea."

He sucked hard at his pipe.

"I'll go and see the trustees. I shall be in town next week. They may not view it as we do; all they want is to make the place pay. I don't suppose they care how it pays. Still, there's a chance."

The Sunflower had been founded among the sandhills. Its blue domes shimmered in the moonlight; its white porticoes were panelled with sharp shadows. One window showed a light—the window of the

She was so tempted to whistle to him. If only Derrek understood that there was someone who cared so fiercely that she was not even jealous of his book. His poor, dear book! She snuggled against the sand; her lips puckered themselves. She was deciding that she had watched his window for nearly an hour, patiently and devotedly.

Someone forestalled her. Someone else had whistled, and the sound seemed to come from the other side of the sandbank. Gwen rose on her hands and knees; she crawled cautiously up the bank and to the left. She peered over and down into another pocket among the sandhills. Someone else was on her hands and knees just over the bank.

They confronted each other, almost face to face.

"Well—really!"

"I thought you had gone to Selma's."

"So I had."

And then—suddenly—both of them laughed. There was humour in this double stalking. It really was funny. And perhaps both of them knew that the situation was rather hopeless, and that they were comrades in a common frustration.

"I'll clear out if you like, Maisie."

"It's silly. Let's both."

The typewriter was still clattering. They listened, looked at each other, and scrambled up.

"Race you home."

"Right-ho! Half a mo, I've got some sand in one shoe."

FOR a man of forty-two, Mr. Richard Jekyll's getting up in the morning was a protracted business, almost the progress of a pantaloon. His man, Santer, brought Mr. Jekyll his early tea—China tea—at eight o'clock, with two pieces of very thin bread and butter. At eight-forty-

five, Mr. Jekyll had his hot bath and shaved himself. His skin was particularly sensitive, and after shaving he dabbed it with an astringent lotion and then applied cream. He used a new toothbrush every fortnight. It was part of his ritual to examine his throat and tongue in a mirror. His throat—like his skin—was excessively sensitive. At nine-fifteen, Santer brought his master his bottle of medicine and a wineglass on a silver salver. The mixture had to be taken exactly fifteen minutes before meals three times a day.

"I told Smith to bring the car round at ten-thirty, sir. Is that right?"

"Quite, Santer."

(Please turn to page 129)

From Me to You—xxvii Sharing

THE other evening, on my way home I called at a flower shop. It was late, on the verge of closing. While I was being served two young girls came in. I heard them ask if they might look round, explaining that they did not want to buy, only to see . . . I gave full marks to the florist for her understanding. As a result of which two work-weary women shared for five minutes the riot of colour, the fragrant perfume, and the exquisite loveliness of a large London flower shop in Spring . . .

The incident set me thinking.

You and I, do we share as much as we could? Isn't it true that we are more inclined to share our sorrows than our joys? Aren't we rather apt to talk about the little set-backs, the lesser worries? Aren't we sometimes given to feeling far too sorry for ourselves; so sorry, in fact, that we needs must drag in other people to feel sorry, too.

Yet what about our good fortune?

Are we just as ready to make known the simple happinesses that come our way? To be openly glad on the day when everything goes right . . . grateful for fine weather just when we wanted it . . . full of thanks for true friends and good health? Not boastfully, mind you. But joyfully. Spreading happiness by sharing happiness. There is no doubt about it, we would all be far happier if we did try to brighten up the daily round with a little more laughter, a little more joy, instead of taking the good things of life too much for granted.

I believe half the joy of human friendship comes from the sense of sharing the ordinary blessings of life . . . Fresh air and sunshine. Brown earth and green fields. Work and play. Hobbies and interests.

Think! Across the width of the world, or spanning the panorama of years, even loneliness loses much of its sting if we have dear memories left us of happiness shared. Then there's sweet comfort in memory, comfort that is vital yet soothing. So let's cherish this thought. And the next bit of good news, share it. For a sorrow shared is a sorrow halved. But a happiness shared is a happiness doubled.

Julia G. S.
The Editor.



manager's room where young Derrek slept in a camp bed, and used a green canvas bath and utensils of blue and white enamel. The sea was singing what the old sentimentalists would have called a lullaby, or a cradle song of the deep, etc. There was another sound—the clicking of a typewriter. Derrek was typing the seventeenth chapter of his book.

Gwen lay prone against the white bosom of a sandhill; she was sucking a piece of dune grass and listening to the clatter of Derrek's keys. She could just see his window above the sand. She was waiting for Derrek to tire of tapping those keys. He might come out into the moonlight before turning in to his camp bed.



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The Lady Jayne CURL-CLIP

Bluewater

(Continued from page 31)

"Shall I put your medicine in, sir?"
"Certainly."

At nine-thirty, Mr. Jekyll breakfasted. He ate very slowly, and read *The Times*. He was tall and dark and pale, with a slight stoop and an air of intellectual irritability. No one would have supposed that he had been an Oxford rowing Blue, and that but for a large income and too much leisure he might have been exceedingly healthy and active. His doctor was cynically assured that Jekyll would live to eighty. He took such care of himself.

On this day in May, Mr. Jekyll was being driven down in his Rolls into Sussex to look at an estate. London was becoming impossible. Mr. Jekyll was unable to sleep or to work, though he slept much more soundly than he allowed. He was engaged in writing a History of Modern Philosophy, and most unphilosophically so. He cursed the noise.

Mr. Jekyll also wrote poetry and dabbled in water-colours and possessed perhaps the finest collections of old silver and of miniatures in England. He had inherited an estate in Northamptonshire, considerable house property in North London, and some £200,000 invested in first-class securities. He had sold the Northampton estate. Northamptonshire gave him rheumatism.

Mr. Jekyll had appealed irritably to his doctor: "I can't sleep."

"Well, get out of London. Buy a place on the South coast."

"Do you think the sea would suit me?"

"It will rather depend, won't it, on your finding the sort of place that won't—well, to put it frankly—won't irritate you."

Jekyll had looked surprised and hurt.

"But I'm not irritable—not really. It's only the noise..."

"Exactly."

THE Jekyll car reached Westling about twelve-thirty, and pulled up to inquire the way to Bluewater. Richard Jekyll's first glimpse of Bluewater was from the top of the hill where the road dipped into the valley. He saw it as a number of white-walled, red-roofed buildings on the edge of the sea. There was something almost Mediterranean about it.

Miss Nuthall saw a Rolls Royce stop outside the estate office. This, indeed, was quite a dramatic event. She put her small nose close to one of her windows. She saw Mr. Gerald Maggs rush out to receive the owner of the car. Mr. Maggs had been in a state of perpetual motion all the morning. He had received a stimulating wire from town:—

"Mr. Jekyll will call to view Moor Hall during the day. Supremely important."

Mr. Maggs did not wait for the chauffeur. He opened the near door.

"Mr. Jekyll, sir?"

"Yes." Mr. Jekyll looked at the car clock.

"Anywhere I can get lunch?"

"At the Golden Anchor, sir. No doubt you would prefer to lunch first."

Mr. Jekyll extracted a glass and his medicine bottle from a pigeon-hole, measured himself out a dose, and drank it. Mr. Maggs waited, interestedly respectful.

"Yes, I'll lunch. Supposing you join me at two o'clock?"

"Certainly, sir."

The Rolls moved on, and Mr. Maggs, after closing the door of the estate office, bolted by a backway across the grass between the banks of furze in the direction of the Golden Anchor. Actually, he ran.

"Mr. Stout in, Smith?" he asked the hotel porter.

"You'll find him in the ward-room."

Maggs poked his head round the door.

"Excuse me, may I have a word, Mr. Stout?"

"What's the sensation, Gerald?"

(Please turn to page 123)

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Bluewater

(Continued from page 120)

"The chap who has come to look at Moor Hall is going to lunch here. He's a Rolls. Very important. He had a dose of medicine out of a bottle."

Stout laughed.

"That sort of chap—a patriarch."

"Oh, no; quite youngish. Dyspeptic, I suppose. I want to create a good impression."

"Well, I won't poison him. You don't want him to feel flatulent just when you are showing him the garden! I take you."

Maggs never felt completely Maggs in Stout's presence. The big man was so playful.

"A good meal does help business."

"I'll try to warm him for you."

STOUT found Mr. Jekyll in the front lounge looking at some water-colours on the walls, Jettison products which Stout exposed discreetly for sale. Jettison's work had a certain irresponsible charm. Highbrows might condemn him as too photographic, a fellow who was both impressionist and a craftsman, and who did not splodge his colours about with a delirious impertinence that put the public in its place. The idiot public, that silly sot—the plain man!

"Rather nice, sir?"

Mr. Jekyll turned austere and looked at Stout as though he rather objected to being addressed by a stranger.

"Quite. Local artist?"

"Jettison—you know his work, perhaps?"

Mr. Jekyll prevaricated.

"Slightly."

And who was this fat and ruddy person in a white sweater who looked as though he might get up early and dig for worms? In these days it was so difficult to differentiate people. Gentlemen looked like golf-pros or boatmen, and fishmongers looked like—but not quite so. Mr. Jekyll was sensitive and fastidious.

Archie Stout became urbane.

"I'm the proprietor. I understand you are lunching here, sir. If you would care to order anything particular—"

Jekyll passed a hand gently over his waistcoat as though the inner man had to be placated and explored.

"Thank you. Could you give me a little fish?"

"Sole, sir?"

"Yes. Not too much oil. And perhaps some cold chicken, and a simple salad. But no tomatoes, no cucumber."

"Any sweet?"

"No sweet, thank you."

"And to drink, sir?"

"I don't drink with meals. I might finish with a little old brandy."

"Fine, sir."

Jekyll glanced at him approvingly. The fellow was not wholly unenlightened.

"That will do—nicely."

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I'll see my chef."

A WHITE house of two stories, long and rather low, a house of battered whiteness, a terrace, a balustraded wall, a tangle of ilexes and laurels; the gorse hills and the sea below, the sky above. Young Maggs, seated beside Mr. Jekyll in the car, had made bright conversation. He had presumed to warn Mr. Jekyll that the house was a little out of repair, and the gardens neglected. Both house and garden had remained virginal since Mr. Mallison's death.

Mr. Jekyll had been unaccountably silent. This young man chattered too much like some officious cicero.

"Some fine timber, sir."

"How much land?"

"The park covers about sixty acres, sir."

Mr. Jekyll had said with some abruptness, "The keys. I prefer to be by myself when I look at a new place."

"Oh, certainly, sir. I'll unlock the door for you. None of the inner doors are locked."



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I took one small teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning, but did not take any special exercises or any special diet, during the time I was taking Kruschen. It is good to know of Kruschen, because it is efficient while at the same time being safe."

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Bluewater

(Continued from page 123)

Richard Jekyll had stood for a moment looking at that English scene, grassland, timber, a clump of Scotch firs on a knoll, two cedars of Lebanon, a green hill that was a grove of beeches in young leaf. He had noticed that stone wall. Some of his fretfulness had fallen from him. He had strolled round to the front of the house.

He stood back and looked at the place, and the stoop seemed to come out of his shoulders. The slated roof was sunk behind a parapet in which were bays filled with balustrading. The upper windows were low and broad. In the centre a generous doorway with pillars in the jambs and a fine fanlight above it, gave access to the terrace. At either end french windows balanced each other. The proportions of the house were perfect. It stood there with a kind of serenity, and behind and clasping its wings were the dark ilexes, the laurels, the yews and cedars.

Richard Jekyll's face had taken on a slight colour. His love of beauty was perhaps the one live thing that was left in him, and a quality that was not drugged by irritable ennui. He walked along the terrace and stood looking down over the gorse and grass to the sea. South west the V of the valley enclosed between high woods the white walls and red brown roofs of Bluewater. It was strangely unoffending, unexpectedly right.

He thought, "It might be a bit of Provence. A few cypresses, and more weather on those pantiles. This Mallison fellow was no fool."

He entered the house. It pleased him instantly, all the more so because it was faded and secret, but the sun came full upon the floors. There were two quite noble rooms below, between a hall panelled with painted pine and paved with square black and white tiles. The mouldings were exquisite. The staircase was a simple but spacious affair with a mahogany rail and the plain bannisters of the period. The windows had shutters. Upstairs he found a long corridor running from east to west, with a dome-light over the stair well. He opened doors and wandered in and out of rooms. One room on the west pleased him particularly.

He thought, "I could sleep here."

Throwing up one of the windows of this room and leaning out he discovered the agent's representative below sitting smoking on one of the terrace seats.

"What about light and water?"

Gerald Maggs jumped up, hiding the cigarette in the hollow of a hand.

"Company's light and water, sir."

Jekyll looked at the view.

"Own sanitation, sir. Quite up to date. Mr. Mallison put it in. Septic tank—and everything."

Mr. Jekyll, having gazed again, came back to realities.

"No central heating?"

"Oh, yes, sir. The radiators are concealed behind sliding grills under the windows."

Jekyll looked.

"Quite right. How unobservant of me. Please go on smoking."

He too lit a cigarette and dropped the match on to the terrace below. Most strangely did he feel at peace with himself in this empty house between sea and sky. There would be rough weather here sometimes, south-west gales blowing on the windows, but who minded rough weather? It blew as it listed; it did not hoot and rumble incessantly. Gerald Maggs, now smoking openly below, felt that the atmosphere was propitious and most unexpectedly hopeful. Obviously, the Anchor lunch had not disagreed with the gentleman. Had he a chance of selling?

(Please turn to page 126)

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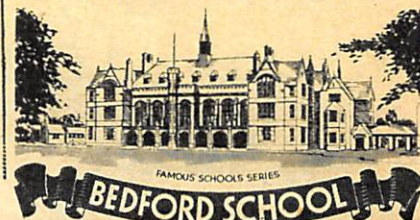
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The Woman Gardener—

in APRIL

by George H. Copley, N.D. Hort.

LET our Expert help you to make your garden a place of beauty.

FEW flowers have made greater progress in recent years than gladioli, and this month everybody should plant bold groups of them in the mixed border, around the pool, along the shrubby margin, and in similar places where the spikes have a setting that suits their magnificence in the case of the Large-Flowered Hybrids, or their graceful charm in that of the Primulinus varieties. I do not consider that gladioli are adapted for bed planting. It is in the less formal mixed grouping that they show best. Maiden's Blush (delicate pink), Scarletta, Souvenir (yellow), and Alice Tiplady (orange saffron) are exquisite Primulinus varieties, while Pink Perfection, Crimson Glow, Flora (yellow), and early Sunrise (salmon red) are delightful Large-Flowered sorts.

Provide a rich soil, and make it firm and fine before planting the bulbs 9 inches apart and covering the crowns or bulb tops 3 inches deep. Beneath each bulb place a quarter-inch layer of sand to keep the roots healthy. Last year's bulbs can be planted again.

Herbaceous plants are now forming strong young shoots. There is still time to fill vacancies in the borders, provided you water each planting hole an hour or two before planting, water immediately after planting, and every day until new growth starts. For the vacant places I suggest the white phlox Mia Ruys, the pink Incarvillea Delarayi, and the Michaelmas daisy, Blue Eyes.

So much depends on giving the herbaceous border a hearty send-off that it is well worth while to dress with a mixture of 3 parts superphosphate of lime, 2 parts sulphate of ammonia and 1 part sulphate of potash at the rate of an ounce per square yard. Spread the mixture evenly on the surface of the soil without touching the leaves, and water it in. Allow no plant to kill itself by its own exuberance. This is what many will do unless you reduce the shoots to six per plant. Michaelmas daisies, phloxes, heleniums, chrysanthemum maximum, sunflowers, cornflowers, and eryngiums benefit by this treatment. When removing the surplus shoots, scrape away sufficient soil to enable you to cut off each one at its source. Otherwise there will be a secondary growth more rampant and weakening than the first.

Sweet peas which were sown in the cold frame in October should now be planted out in rich soil. Groups of sweet peas three feet in diameter, spaced at intervals of 8 feet, in all available borders redeem your garden scheme from all suspicion of flatness and open a wonderful vista of beauty to those who have not tried the method before. One important point about successful sweet pea culture is to nip out the growing point of each plant when the latter



NIP out the surplus shoots of sunflowers if you want yours to grow like this one.

is 5 inches tall. As a result of this process several side shoots will develop. If you are out for specially fine flowers, retain one of the side shoots only. Should a bright garden display be your object, retain two.

When early tulips fade, cut off the spent blooms to prevent seed production. If the beds are needed for hardy annuals, transplant the tulips to a reserve border, where they can finish growth naturally. Then, if you lift the bulbs, ripen them in full sun for a fortnight, and afterwards store them in boxes in an airy outhouse until planting time in September, they will bloom splendidly next year. Should you dry them off quickly, they will be of no use at all. Now is the time to begin planning the summer bedding display, and I should like all my readers who would like help in making a show of outstanding charm to send me a sketch of their beds, giving dimensions, and I shall find pleasure in designing a scheme.

Plant out summer cauliflowers in a rich, sunny plot, placing in each hole a camphor ball as a safeguard against Root Fly attack. Sow the lettuce Webb's Wonderful in a spare corner, afterwards transplanting 9 inches apart into a plot with which leaf mould has been freely mixed. Set the early potato Arran Pilot in drills 5 inches deep and 20 inches apart, running the drills north and south to secure the most sunshine. Hoe frequently between all seedling crops, to conserve moisture.

Readers who would like advice or suggestions for their gardens are invited to write to: George H. Copley, N.D. Hort., c/o Weldon's Service Department, 30-32 Southampton Street, London, W.C.2. Please enclose Service Coupon from page 93 together with stamped (1½d.) addressed envelope for reply.

Bluewater

(Continued from page 124)

Mr. Jekyll was speaking.

"No aerodrome near here?"

"Oh no, sir. And the continental services pass well to the east. A most peaceful spot."

"No rights of way through the park?"

"No, sir."

"I'll look at the garden."

Mr. Jekyll closed the window. He let himself out on to the terrace by way of the large, glazed door in the Georgian doorway. He felt the sun on his face, and the eager and anxious scrutiny of the underling's eyes.

"How near would the Bluewater estate come to me?"

"Oh, your boundary would be a quarter of a mile away, sir, down the valley. The property goes right down to the sea."

"Right down to the sea."

THE words had a peculiar and soothing suavity. Down to the sea. Your neighbours the White Horses, and on the landward side trees, grass, and a seven foot stone wall.

"Let's look at the gardens."

Gerald Maggs was almost emotional

"Wonderful old garden, sir—but—rather—neglected. Of course, you will appreciate the fact—"

He glanced at Mr. Jekyll's face and was silent. Was it that this gentleman did not love the sound of the human voice? He preferred to look at things silently and alone. Mr. Maggs, with unusual understanding, hung back.

"Perhaps you would like to explore, sir."

Mr. Jekyll nodded.

The gardens were almost as good as the house. Mallison had set up one or two statues and a fountain. The statues were white against a backing of yews. There were walls and hedges of hornbeam, yew, box, secret places, little alleys and round points. Mallison had left well alone. Mr. Jekyll looked for and did not find that atrocity a rock garden. He found a cistern with lilies and goldfish, and a beautiful stone seat recessed between two cypresses, and an Italian gateway that was blue with the distant blue of the sea.

He returned to the terrace, and Mr. Maggs saw something strange on his face.

"I'll take the place. I'm much obliged to you for the courtesy you have shown me."

Mr. Maggs wanted to throw up his hat.

He said: "I assure you—it has been—a pleasure, sir."

And now . . . with Mr. Jekyll taking Moor Hall, what will happen to Bluewater? Another long instalment of this enthralling new Novel Next Month.

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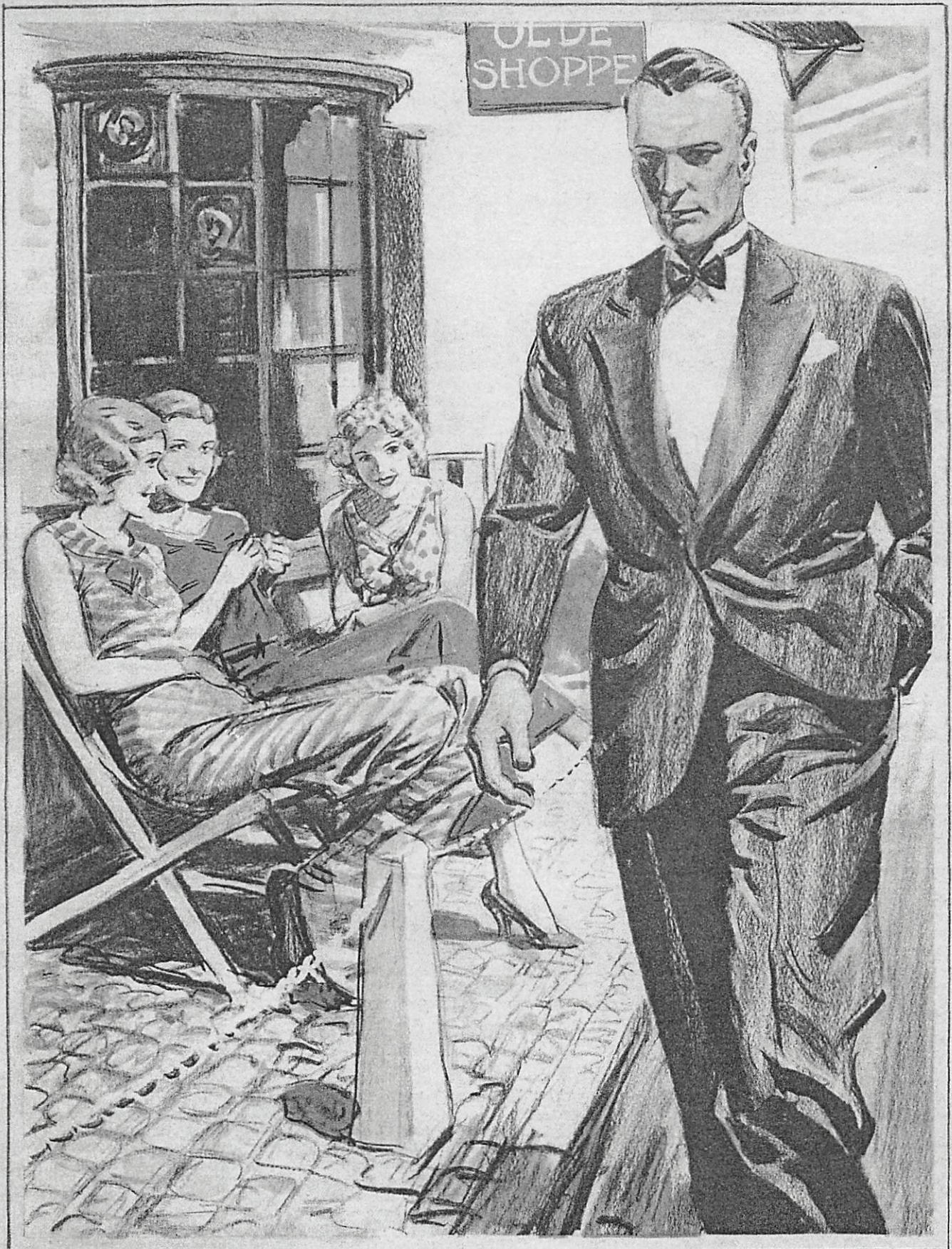
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© OUTSIDE Ye Olde Shoppe a woman and two girls were sitting in deck-chairs. Jekyll walked past a little self-consciously. One of the girls said something to the others . . .

BLUEWATER

Here is a story fresh as the tang of the sea
air . . . absorbing, vital as life itself

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

THE little community of Bluewater are cheerful, gallant-hearted folk, keeping a brave front and pathetically hoping for better times next year. . . . Things might have been so different if Siegfried Mallison, who had owned, created, in fact, the tiny, struggling township which was to have become a gem of beauty on the East Sussex coast, had not died, and if the world depression had not cast a blight upon it.

As it is, the little band of pioneers carry on bravely. ARCHIE STOUT, for instance, humanist and genial manager of the Golden Anchor Inn; large and florid and cheerful. FRED NUTHALL, of the Blue Squirrel craft shop, herself rather like a squirrel. PAUL HATTERSLEY . . . Paul the Potter, a moody, difficult, physical wreck of a man embittered with life. ANN JERRARD, young and downright, who runs the poultry farm at Four Firs and sells eggs in the neighbourhood. GILDA MERRIMAN of Ye Olde Shoppe, jocund and strong and utterly without humbug, and her delightful helpers GWEN and MAISIE WILMER. Not forgetting JIMMIE JETTISON, a dreamy idealist of a painter who frequently has writs served on him, and his wife, JUNE.

To this community comes RICHARD JEKYLL, wealthy philosopher . . . and dyspeptic, in search of peace and quiet in which to write. He purchases Moor Hall, Mallison's lovely, if now neglected, home.

NOW READ ON.

DURING that week, Archie Stout received a letter from Mr. Jekyll. "Dear Sir,—I am proposing to stay at your hotel while I am supervising some of the work that will be done at Moor Hall. Can you provide me with a quiet bedroom, a private sitting-room, and a private bathroom? The bedroom must not be near the staircase or the floor-maids' pantry, nor over the garage. I shall need garage accommodation for one car.

"Yours faithfully,

"RICHARD JEKYLL."

Stout pushed his beret on to the back of his head, and pulled a face. What an imperious and pedantic person! A rich fusspot! A man like Mr. Jekyll might be more bother than he was worth—but Mr. Jekyll had bought Moor Hall. Was it possible that this would-be invalid could be useful to Bluewater? It might be wise to propitiate him.

Stout replied promptly and politely that he could provide Mr. Jekyll with all these amenities with the exception of the private bathroom, but that Mr. Jekyll could command the use of his—the proprietor's—private bathroom.

Mr. Jekyll wired: "Expect me Monday."

Mr. Stout reserved a room for the chauffeur. Probably Mr. Jekyll was the

by

WARWICK DEEPING

Author of *Sorrel and Son*, *Old Pybus*, *Doomsday*, etc.

kind of man who was so busy dieting himself and digesting his meals, and discovering possible interruptions to his peace, that he forgot about chauffeurs and such people and left them to crawl in where they could.

Richard Jekyll did not arrive in his Rolls. He came, rather unexpectedly alone, in a fast car. He had driven himself, and it was one of his bad days when internal disharmonies suggested two ferrets fighting in a bag. It had taken him about eighty-five minutes to cover sixty miles. He had pushed the fast car furiously, and it had responded. Mr. Jekyll might be a valetudinarian, but he could handle a car at speed. It annoyed him to be hunted on the road by some hundred and fifty pound tin pan. He effaced such insects.

Stout went out to welcome him.

"Had a good run, sir?"

Mr. Jekyll looked curiously sharp about the lips. His eyes were brittle and bright, like the eyes of a charioteer who had been in battle.

"You have some disgraceful corners."

Stout took his guest up to the particular suite he had reserved for him; Archie Stout was a little proud of this suite; it had running water and radiators, and was generously furnished and fitted. There were coat-hangers in the cupboard and wardrobe. Mr. Jekyll stood and looked about him. He opened a wardrobe door and saw the hangers.

"This will do—excellently."

"The sitting-room is here, sir. It's away from the loggia. No chattering under your window."

Jekyll walked into the sitting-room. It was furnished in old English oak, and its modern fabrics and sofa and easy chairs were gay and debonair. Stout had a nice taste in old furniture.

"Excellent. Can I have some tea sent up?"

"Certainly, sir. Would you like anybody to valet you?"

"Thanks very much. I prefer to be—unfussed."

Mr. Stout went downstairs and ordered up the luggage, and Mr. Richard Jekyll's

tea. Rather a surprising person—Mr. Jekyll! Bottles of medicine and the guts that were required to handle a car at speed were somehow incongruous.

After dinner—Mr. Jekyll dressed for dinner—he strolled out and explored Bluewater. Under the level sunlight the sandhills were the colour of butter in a great blue and green faience dish. Two young women with amber-coloured heads and wearing brilliant pyjamas, were running up from the sea. They stared at Mr. Jekyll's costume. He might belong to another world, a world that put on a white shirt and dined, and could pay without qualms for both shirt and dinner.

He watched the exuberance of their youth go rippling over a sandhill. The Bright Young Things! Yes, in all probability Bluewater was full of bright young things. And he was

forty-two, and the war had finished sixteen years ago. Amazing! He strolled down to the beach and along it in front of The Sunflower. The place had a shut-up expression. A young man with a red head was sitting on the coping of the loggia wall and staring at the sea. He looked rather intense, and self-absorbed and tragic, and terribly involved in mystical emotion. Some sort of—complex? Yes, that was the word. And suddenly the young man looked at Mr. Jekyll who was passing by, and his head seemed to blaze. One hand gripped the edge of the coping. Almost it seemed to feel for a stone.

Mr. Jekyll strolled on. Surprising that the place should be so empty, but then it was early in the season. He was wearing patent-leather shoes, and shingle beds were not good for such shoes. He returned to the sandhills, climbed them, and saw Moor Hall shining white at the head of a green valley. He smiled at it. White walls catching the evening sunlight, a house that seemed to stand in the mouth of a cave, a house with a soul. But that was the wrong word.

He met a dog, a friendly mongrel of a dog, half-Sealyham, half—conjecture. "Hallo, Towser."

The dog wagged and laughed. He put his fore-paws against Mr. Jekyll's right leg, and the man caressed him.

"Coming for a walk?"

The dog barked, and Richard Jekyll forgot to brush the sand from his black trouser leg. They went on together, the dog half a yard ahead of the man. He kept looking up and round at Jekyll with an air of knowing friendliness. The path he chose was a case of natural selection, and it led to the road, and Mr. Jekyll was not conscious of suggestion. The dog was leading him somewhere and nowhere. He saw a little white building on the other side of the road. It had a long window or series of windows like a shop, and behind the windows were pictures.

The door of this picture gallery was open, and Mr. Jekyll heard voices; he heard them very distinctly.

One said: "Those wretched spuds

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have given me wind again."

A woman's voice responded: "Poor darling. Take some soda-mint."

"Soda-mint finished."

"I'll go and ask Selma. Where's the dog?"

"I think his supper depressed him, and he went out to eat grass."

The woman came running out, calling to the dog:

"Slump, Slump!"

And there was Slump, wagging a tail and laughing at her, and with him a gentleman in evening dress who, obviously, had been interesting himself in the Jettison pictures. Mrs. Jettison and Mr. Jekyll looked at each other. Both were conscious of slight embarrassment. Mrs. Jettison was not dressed for going out. In fact, according to Mr. Jekyll's standards, she was hardly dressed at all.

She gasped: "I'm so sorry."

"Is this your dog?"

"Yes."

"We introduced ourselves on the sands. I just stopped to look at the pictures."

He was aware of Mrs. Jettison's large brown eyes looking at him almost eagerly. They were rather frightened eyes, honest eyes.

"Oh, yes, my husband's pictures. Please—look. I'm just going—up the road."

She went past him and up the road in the direction of Nankin, and the dog went with her. Probably the dog was not in the least embarrassed by her unconventional costume, and after all—there was not another soul in sight. Jekyll re-examined the pictures. He rather liked them, one sea-piece in particular. It occurred to him that this must be the abode of that James Jettison whose pictures hung in the Anchor lounge. An artist displaying his work in his own shop! Well, why not? It was an age of adaptations. Mr. Jekyll turned and strolled back in the direction of the Anchor. The afterglow was on his shirt front, and he, too, reflected certain things.

Outside Ye Olde Shoppe a woman and two girls were sitting in deck-chairs. He recognized the maidens of the sandhills. He was conscious of being observed, and he walked past the place a little self-consciously. One of the girls said something to the other girl and the woman, but he could not distinguish the words.

"That's—Croesus. He's got two good cars."

"The beast!"

"I think he looks—rather interesting. You don't really feel like that, Gwen."

"Not about him. But about things—in general."

The woman spoke. "When I was young, kittens were given old cotton reels to play with."

"Oy—oy—Queen Victoria!"

"And now—every Cinderella expects life to arrive like a prince."

"No we don't, not—really, Gilda."

"Be fair."

The woman laughed. "What nice legs you have to pull. Fat, baby legs."

Mr. Jekyll walked on to the Anchor and its lights, but the dusk and that amaranthine sea cajoled him. He strolled along the little quay and on to the wooden jetty. Two or three motor-boats, a small yacht, and two sailing dinghies were

moored here. There was a great calmness, and the faint splash-splash of minute waves against timber. Mr. Jekyll stood and looked seawards. He remembered that he was engaged in writing a history of Modern Philosophy. Up at Moor Hall he expected to be able to devote silence and leisure to all sorts of fascinating abstractions.

MR. JEKYLL drove up daily in his fast car to Moor Hall, for Messrs. Yarrows of London, were redecorating and painting the house. To Messrs. Yarrows' representative, Mr. Jekyll had said with an air of impatience: "Look here, I want the work finished and the men out in a fortnight." Assured that this was impossible, he had asked why it should be impossible. If Messrs. Yarrows' painters could not, or would not, function beyond a certain speed, wasn't it possible to double the number of painters? It had been pointed out to him that such methods would upset the estimate, and that the Yarrow staff had to be brought all the way down from London and then lodged at Westling.

Westling grumbled. Why could not Mr. Jekyll have employed local labour? The Westling tradesmen grumbled. Several of them had attempted to interview Mr. Jekyll both at the Anchor Inn and at Moor Hall, and Mr. Jekyll had refused to see them. Saxbourne and Rothersea sent him obsequious letters in which the writers expressed a fervid desire to secure his esteemed custom and to remain always and everywhere his obedient servants. Mr. Jekyll threw these communications in the wastepaper basket. He objected to being harried by touts. He was the kind of man who would give his custom to the tradesman who did not solicit it.

Messrs. Yarrows were concentrating on the west wing and the kitchen quarters. Men were busy decorating both within and without. Mr. Jekyll proposed to inhabit the west wing, while Messrs. Yarrows were moving east. As a matter



of fact, Messrs. Yarrows' men did not dislike Mr. Jekyll. He commissioned Mr. Stout to send up cases of beer, and packets of cigarettes by the hundred.

No, Mr. Jekyll was not balmy, but a little eccentric, a bit of a surprise packet. He could handle a brush. Actually, he took off his coat one morning and tried his hand at scumbling. He had ideas upon colour and how it should be used. He had given Messrs. Yarrows a colour scheme for each room. The hall and stairs were old gold and blue, the dining-room buff and blue, the drawing-room white and apple green and mauve, the bedrooms amber scumbled faintly with purple. All outside woodwork was a mottled, sparrow's egg blue. As a matter of fact, the work being done was of excellent quality, and Mr. Jekyll said so.

feel sleepy over a Harold Catchpole novel, when the four young things embarked in a motor-boat. Loud laughter and the sound of a ukelele. Chug-chug-chug went the engine. Jekyll was preparing to undress. He continued to undress. He could presume that if that aquatic motor-bike was going for a cruise, its detonations and dissipations would fade away along the coast. He got into bed, and switched off the reading lamp. He waited for that hammering at the door of night's sweet silence to cease.

It did not cease. It diminished and returned, ebbed and flowed. The sea was a flat calm and scarcely sibilant upon the sands, and then Mr. Jekyll realized the horrid truth, those bright young things were just cruising up and down Bluewater Bay. Was the world to be one universal

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tablets of soda-mint and half a glass of water. When he awoke, his interior still felt corrugated.

The glass was set at stormy.

Mr. Jekyll had tea and toast and one thin slice of lean ham for breakfast. Meeting Stout in the lounge afterwards he asked him frankly and with some feeling whether the moonlight glee-party might be expected to repeat itself. Stout apologized.

"Afraid you were disturbed. No. The party left early. Monday morning and that horrid thing called work."

Jekyll said that if the young things worked at their work as they worked at their play, the world might be a better world to live in. It was the remark of a pantaloons, and he knew it, but he was surprised to find Stout in agreement with him.

"I have given orders that no one is to use my jetty or foreshore after eleven. Motor-boats muzzled. I don't like noisy egoists any more than you do, sir."

"But what can you do about it?"

"Oh, quite a lot."

Sound fellow, Stout. Never seemed to lose his temper; the kind of man who could say devastating things with a genial smile. Jekyll went round to the garage to get out the car, and he found a big scar on the off front mudguard. One of the sporty two-seaters had left its mark there, and the bright young things had pushed off without saying anything about it.

Jekyll backed the car slowly out into the yard. A scraped mudguard might be a trivial blemish, but it had not improved his temper. He revved up the engine. He, too, was making a good deal of noise, but it was his noise, and the hour was 10 a.m., and not midnight. He put the car savagely at the steep hill out of Bluewater.

He swung into Stone Stile lane at forty-five. Stone Stile Lane, narrow and winding, demanded a modest five and twenty, but Mr. Jekyll was driving with a knot in his tummy. He prepared to take the Moor Hall gateway at speed, though the stone wall made it blind. Just as he swung the nose of the car round, the nose of another car emerged tentatively from the gateway. There was the sound of brakes being applied, of tyres gripping and skidding. The confrontation was complete, radiator to radiator. The two cars came to rest in the gateway, almost affectionately so, face to face. Fragments of glass scattered themselves from the screen of the smaller machine. The larger car's kiss had proved too passionate.

Jekyll got out quickly. The fault had been his, yes—completely and flagrantly his.

"I'm most awfully sorry. I—"

But someone else had a right to be angry. She had opened the side door of the van and climbed out, a dark girl in a red knitted cap and white linen coat. Her face was almost as white as the coat. She said: "You silly fool!"

It was, perhaps, a unique experience for Mr. Jekyll. He looked at the girl's tense, white face. No, thank heaven, the flying glass had not touched it.

"I agree, absolutely."

"That's not much good to me, is it?"



THE two cars came to rest outside the gateway face to face. ... A girl had climbed out of the van. Her face was almost as white as her coat. "You silly fool!" she said.

He also let it be known that if the job was finished by June 21, he would pay every man a bonus. Yes, he was a bit of a card, a gent who couldn't stand interference. Take him the right way and he was a bit of all right.

Messrs. Yarrows' men had not seen Mr. Jekyll taken the wrong way. He could be rather terrifying, like an angry jinn emerging from a bottle. Santer knew it; so did Mrs. Santer. The Santers had not welcomed this adventure in Arcady, but the butter on the Santer bread was luscious and thick. Mr. Jekyll might have a fiendish temper when he was crossed, but there was no meanness about him. He took his medicine, and he handed out brimstone and treacle, if necessary, but even his almost irrational anger could be generous.

Something annoyed Richard Jekyll.

Two butter-headed young women with brazen faces, and two fat young men in the latest style of pullover had arrived in two sports cars for the week-end. They were very loud, very dramatic, though Mr. Jekyll would not have minded had they confined their loudness and their laughter to "Cocktail Corner." It was the time of the full moon, and about 10 p.m., and Mr. Jekyll was beginning to

petrol engine, on the earth, on the sea, and in the sky, at dawn and dusk, at midnight and at noon? Why didn't the young fools go for a walk or to bed?

Sudden silence. Had the infernal little engine gone on strike? But no. A few more chugs, and then loud laughter. The party had parked itself about fifty yards from the jetty. The ukelele played; voices sang.

Five minutes to eleven. Should he ring for Stout and request him to suppress that glee-party? But how could he expect Stout to apply a gag to Bluewater Bay? He turned out the light, and lay stiff and still.

There was a knot of rage in his tummy. He was familiar with those knots of foolish irritation. Why be irritated? Yes—why? The fools would come in and go to bed. They were singing jazz tunes. They sang a variant of "Abide With Me." Now and again the engine woke to life and chugged for a few seconds. The ukelele played.

About a quarter-past twelve the party did come ashore, and noisily so. There were shouts, screams, giggles. Jekyll heard doors banging in a distant part of the hotel.

He fell asleep about 2 a.m., after four

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Crashing in through a gateway at thirty. Just—silly."

Mr. Jekyll's face was both contrite and whimsical.

"Absolutely so. My only excuse is that it is my gateway, and I presumed on my right of way. I accept all the blame. I say, I do hope you are not hurt?"

"Not a bit."

"I was afraid the glass might have cut your face or hands."

He looked at her with interest, contrition. The knot in his tummy seemed to have untied itself. She had called him a silly fool, and he had found the expression unexpectedly stimulating.

"A bad day for eggs, I think."

"Eggs?"

"I'd better look."

She went round to the back of the van, and opened the doors, and as she did so, three wooden boxes toppled over and fell on the road. "Curse!" she exclaimed. The interior of the van was somewhat chaotic. The neatly stacked boxes and bags were higgledy-piggledy. Mr. Jekyll had joined her. He looked still more contrite.

"Dear, dear!"

She seemed to resent the mildness of the exclamation.

"Well, you hit me jolly hard. I expect half the eggs are smashed."

"I shall pay—"

She withered him.

"Yes, but you have messed up my round and my customers. Half a week's supply. Good Lord!"

A trickle of water had attracted her attention. It came from a large and spreading puddle under the radiator of the van.

"Look at that!"

Mr. Jekyll looked at it.

"You've holed my radiator. Nice mess! And look at my front axle! Can't you back your beastly car?"

Obediently, Mr. Jekyll got into his car and started up the engine, and reversed into the lane. He manoeuvred round close to the hedge, switched off, and returned to the van. For the moment he was not interested in any damage his own car might have suffered. The girl was looking at the front wheels of the van.

"Nice little buckle there, see?"

"Yes, I'm afraid—"

"A garage job. Means I shall have to be towed."

"If you will allow me—I will have everything put right."

She stood up straight and looked at him.

"Yes, that's all very nice, but I use a van every day. I have to live, you know."

"I'll provide you a van, hire one. The whole responsibility is mine. Meanwhile, would you mind telling me what you were doing in my gateway?"

"What? Why, I sell eggs. I'd been

white teeth, and a clear skin and laughter, and the scorn of her youth. What was Mr. Jekyll to her, Mr. Jekyll and his dyspepsia, and his so many thousand pounds a year?

He said: "I shall consider myself privileged if you will supply me with eggs."

She was picking up the fallen egg-boxes.

"Thanks."

"And you will oblige me by booking the whole van-load to me."

"I'll charge you for the smashed ones."

"Thank you."

"Do you want to count them?"

"No, I'll leave it to you."

Then and there she proceeded to explore the breakages. The eggs in the padded boxes had not suffered unduly, but the eggs in the paper bags were all crackle and yellow pulp.

"Not so bad. If you hadn't holed my radiator, I might have managed."

Mr. Jekyll had an idea. He went to have a look at his car. One front wing was buckled, and the number plate bent, and the paint had been scarred off a bumper, but otherwise it was little the worse. He returned to the lady.

"Look here, if we load the sound eggs into my car, I could drive you round."

She looked him straight in the eyes.

"Mean it?"

"Of course."

"I have to go to Bluewater, Westling and Saxbourne."

"Well, we could stop at Westling, couldn't we, and tell the garage people to collect your van? Where do you deal?"

"With Weyman's of Westling."

"Well, isn't my programme logical? We'll push your van on to the grass there, and I'll help to transfer the cargo."

She smiled. "Rather a new sort of experience for your car."

He returned her smile.

"And—for me. I—rather like it."

She became pragmatical.

"Well, let's get a move on."

That proved to be the day's small sensation so far as Bluewater was concerned. Mr. Richard Jekyll driving the egg-girl round in his fast red car and delivering eggs. What was the meaning of the phenomenon? Had it any significance at all? Mr. Jekyll had the air of a man who was rather enjoying himself.

(Please turn to page 119)

OUR Gifts Next Month FOUR FREE PATTERNS



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WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL

Also Charming COLOUR PLATE

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up to the house—well—to tout for orders.

The man Jekyll—

"Quite so."

And suddenly she laughed.

"I suppose you are—Mr. Jekyll?"

"I am. Also—a silly fool."

He liked her. He was certain that he had never liked anyone so quickly or so spontaneously before, he the most shrewd and self-sufficient of bachelors. He had been prejudiced against any sort of relationship that threatened permanency. Marriage was a messy and barbaric business. But, such a sudden flushing of the tree-tops was a little previous. Strong

Bluewater

(Continued from page 24)

He drove decently and discreetly, because of the eggs in the back seat and locker of the sportsman's coupé. Bluewater smiled at him kindly, with the exception of Paul Hattersley, who had strolled out in a dirty, clay-stained blouse to meet Ann Jerrard.

He glared at Jekyll and his car. "Didn't know you knew the fellow."

"I didn't till this morning. He smashed up my van, and offered to do the round for me."

"Confound him for a parasite! No—no eggs."

Mr. Jekyll caught the word "parasite." And to whom was that starved and revolutionary-looking person with the Russian hair applying the epithet? To him, Mr. Richard Jekyll? Surely—not. But, then, these artistic creatures often had inflamed mentalities. They were born to bitterness; lantern-faced fellows with insurgent hair and sorrowful faces and eyes that beheld a universal woe.

Ann Jerrard returned to the car. "Fifty yards further on, please. The studio."

Jekyll drove on slowly. "Who was that?" "Just—Mr. Hattersley, a friend of mine. A bit of a genius in his way. Being a genius doesn't produce—cars."

Mr. Jekyll looked annoyed. "Do you expect me to apologise for the car?" "I might."

MR. JEKYLL went into residence at Moor Hall on the day he had marked off in his diary, that is to say on June 22. What he willed, that should be; he was an autocrat as to dates. His furniture had arrived, and so had the Santer, and a cook and a parlourmaid. Mr. Jekyll had informed Santer that he—Santer—would be responsible for the staff. Santer appeared a little depressed and dubious.

Mr. Jekyll was very busy arranging his furniture with the help of two handy gentlemen from Westling.

On the fourth day Santer brought bad news to Mr. Jekyll.

"The cook says she doesn't think she can stay, sir."

Mr. Jekyll looked annoyed. "What's the matter?"

What could be the matter? The woman had a bedroom of her own, fitted with a radiator for use in cold weather. The staff room possessed armchairs, a wireless set and a gramophone. Besides, the woman was an unusually good cook, and Mr. Jekyll was enjoying life and feeling distinctly less dyspeptic.

"She says it's too dull, sir."

"Dull!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what the devil does she want?"

Santer attempted to explain the psychology of cook.

"She wants to go to the pictures once a week. And she likes dancing."

"Dancing? Why, the woman's over forty, and— Well, let her go to the pictures."

"Saxbourne's seven miles, sir."

"But Westling?"

"She says Westling's too provincial."

Mr. Jekyll was sarcastic. "What do you all want—a staff car?"

Santer took him literally. "It wouldn't be a bad idea, sir. Cook can drive a car."

"What!"

"Yes, sir, if you were to—"

And then Mr. Jekyll laughed. Anything for peace and philosophy and freedom from dyspepsia. Why shouldn't the people have a car? He himself had two cars.

"Well, it is an idea, Santer. Tell cook that she and Freeman had better join a dance club at Saxbourne. Yes, I'll pay for the petrol. I'll see about it."

(Please turn to page 120)

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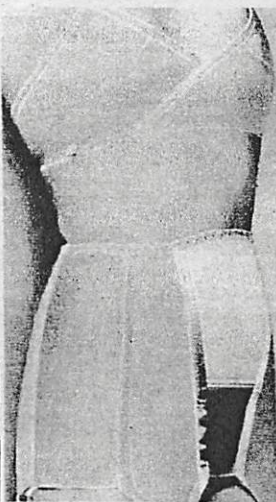
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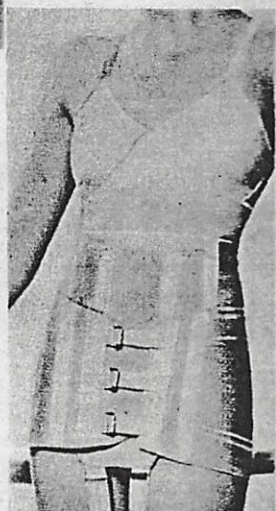
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Here is a letter of the utmost interest to all sufferers from stomach trouble in any form.

It is the experience of a man whose life was a burden because of the terrible internal pains which followed gastric influenza, but who finally found complete relief through Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It is the story of Mr. J. H. S. Smith, of Chestnut Grove, Ealing. He writes:

"Early this year I had gastric influenza which left me with chronic indigestion, which embodied terrible internal pains with palpitation and constipation. For several months life was a burden; nothing gave me relief until a neighbour recommended Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. After taking it for two days the internal pains became less acute and in a fortnight everything was quite normal with me. I can now eat anything without the least qualm."

And if you suffer from stomach trouble of any sort remember that you can get just the same relief as Mr. Smith, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets.



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Hundreds of Testimonials from all over the world.
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Bluewater

(Continued from page 119)

He was driven over to Saxbourn, and at Saxbourn he purchased a second-hand, mass-production, five-seater saloon. He presented it to the staff for the staff's use.

There was peace, provisionally so. Undoubtedly, Moor Hall agreed with him, yes, and in spite of poetry and a certain romantic restlessness. For a week he had not opened the door of his medicine cupboard. He was moved to rise early in the morning after a night of sweet sleep and go forth to meet the new day. One morning he caught himself whistling in his bath.

His London furniture, his lacquer cabinets, and Louis Quinze chairs and sofas, and his walnut and oak and mahogany, his cases of miniatures, his china and his pictures, appeared to be settling down very docilely in Moor Hall. The house showed them off. They accepted the bright colours. Mr. Jekyll had been very careful about his curtains. Actually, he had dared to use black velvet in the drawing-room.

He had engaged two gardeners named Spray and Twig. Mr. Jekyll gave them to understand gently and immediately that the garden was to be treated with respect. Spray had shown a desire to dig things up and to hack things down.

"I don't want the place too tidy."

It was not easy for literal men to understand Mr. Jekyll's eccentricities.

"Don't you want the grass cut, sir?"

"Of course. But don't dig up anything, or plant anything, or cut anything without asking me."

"So—I bain't to cut the yew hedge?"

Mr. Jekyll looked whimsical.

"Yes, trim the yew hedge, Spray. Cut the grass. Remove the weeds. Grow plenty of vegetables. But I want everything left just as it is."

"Them there—figgers—could do with a coat o' whitewash, sir."

"What figures, Spray?"

"Why, the figgers. The lady with the bird's gone quite green."

"Oh, the statues! Don't interfere with them. I like the lady a little mossy."

Spray said to Twig: "'E's one o' they funny fools who likes things crooked. No beddin' out. Won't 'ave begonias. I could 'ave done a nice little bit of business with begonias."

Twig twiddled a whisker. "Well, y'see, 'e be—what y'call—arty. And if y'ask me, we be lucky. There bain't no lady to bother about. It bain't difficult to please a gent, but a woman fussin' about the place. Well, give me rat poison."

(Please turn to page 122)

New Double Offer

(See Article on page 111)

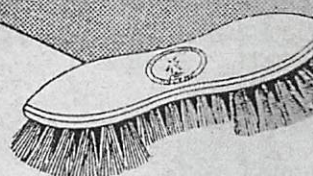
For a reading of your hand and an answer to one problem, please send an imprint or outline of your right hand and the date of your birth to MR. NOEL JAQUIN, c/o Weldon's Ladies' Journal, 30-32 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a Shilling Postal Order, the coupon below, and a stamped (1d.) addressed envelope.

To make an imprint, lightly smear the hand with water colour paint (tube costs 2d.), press firmly on to white paper.



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You can now make at home a better hair remedy than you can buy by this simple recipe: To half pint of wa one ounce of bay rum, a small box o Compound and 1 ounce of glycerine chemist can make this up or you can yourself at very little cost. Apply to twice a week until the desired sh obtained. Orlex imparts colour to faded or grey hair, making it soft and It will not colour the scalp, is not st greasy and does not rub off.

Bluewater

(Continued from page 120)

All this was very humorous and human, but it did not occur to Richard Jekyll that the little community down by the sea looked up to the distant whiteness of Moor Hall with eyes of expectancy. Might not a few crumbs fall from the rich man's table? Or, at least, he was a beacon set upon a hill, or the harbinger of a returning prosperity.

Archie Stout came up to call. Jekyll had asked him to come up and see his miniatures and his furniture. He took Stout round the garden, and Stout saw that nothing had been altered.

"Wise man, sir. Do you know, I think I'd like a couple of little figures in those recesses!"

"Yes, that's an idea."

"There is a man down at Bluewater who could make them for you. Besides, you would be doing a kindness."

"Oh, you mean the local Bolshie, Stout? By the way, I may want one or two little decorative panels for the hall. That chap, Jettison—"

"Just the man."

Mr. Jekyll appeared to be in a tranquil and dreamy mood, and Archie Stout attempted to hint to him that Bluewater would welcome small favours.

"You'll excuse me, sir, but any money you could spend in Bluewater would be well spent."

"Hard hit?"

"Damnably so—and damned plucky about it. One does what one can."

Jekyll looked kindly at Archie Stout. "I'll bear it in mind. I wonder if Mr. Jettison would come up and see me."

"Of course."

"Could you tell him, or shall I drop him a line?"

"I think he would like a letter, or a visit."

"I take you. And Mr. Trotsky—too?"

Stout looked grave. "Paul's rather temperamental."

"Well, so am I."

STOUT went away realizing that Bluewater and Moor Hall were little worlds of different dimensions. Mr. Jekyll was a cultured and likeable gentleman, but in the very nature of things he could not understand that if Bluewater suffered pangs, those pangs were pangs of hunger. The qualms of the rich can be so different from the qualms of the poor. Mr. Jekyll could diet himself and employ a good cook, and consult his physician. He had leisure. Life did not snap at his heels, or at a shirt that was in danger of hanging out. Occasionally, he might write a cheque, and feel gently warm and satisfied. He subscribed to a number of charities and institutions, and then forgot them. Possibly he had never loved and hated like a savage, or dared to dash his fist in some insolent face. He was a protected creature. Even his fits of irritation were the peevishnesses of a rather spoiled child. Mr. Jekyll had never taken a knock.

Stout dropped in to see Jettison. "Oh, Jimmie, I think a small commission is coming your way. Yes, Mr. Jekyll. He's writing. I suppose you'll meet him?"

Jimmie Jettison was excited. "Ra-ther! I owe it to you, Archie."

"Fudge. Jekyll's not a bad sort. Rather opulently short-sighted."

He called to see Paul the Potter, but Hattersley was not so tractable. "What! The fellow wants me to do something for him? What's he want from me?"

"Two little figures and—if you can manage it—sardonic silence."

"I'll ask him twenty guineas each for the figures. He'll kick. And so shall I."

"Perhaps not. He's not quite one of the rich because he's mean. My staff liked him. They ran about and did things for him."

"Bribed."

(Please turn to opposite page)



First thing in the morning look along the surface of your wardrobe or table. That mistiness you see is "Blue Bloom"—a dangerous film of condensation that will "put years on your furniture," if you let it. Stephenson's Furniture Cream is the protection against "Blue Bloom." It gives a beautiful glass-like finish that defies damp and cannot finger-mark. No stickiness. No smears. Just a flick with the duster keeps the finish bright. Keep your furniture young with Stephenson's Furniture Cream.

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"SHE had five bald patches" writes Miss Longley's mother from Conisborough, near Rotherham. "She has now a splendid head of hair. I was troubled with dandruff and my hair was turning grey, but my head is now clear of dandruff and my hair is its natural colour again."

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Amazing evidence of the remarkable speed with which 'Bisurated' Magnesia stops indigestion and other stomach pains, has been revealed by experiments and X-ray photographs of actual cases. These prove the ingredients of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to be the quickest-acting and most effective known to medical science. Within 5 minutes a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a little water produced complete relief in cases where numberless other remedies had failed entirely. Here is a letter from Mr. Tom Grist, of Worsboro' Dale, Yorkshire, reporting his own remarkable experience--from violent digestive pain to perfect ease within two minutes!

"I was nearly mad with stomach pain; took a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and it was wonderful how quickly the pain left me. Now I am not afraid to eat anything, because a dose puts me right in a minute or two."

If you ever suffer indigestion, acidity, wind or heartburn, or other stomach pains, get a 1/3d. bottle of 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA and prove for yourself the amazing speed and certainty with which this remedy ends stomach suffering.

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All shades... various qualities
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GOING GREY?

Don't let greyness in your youthful locks. Outwit Time--restore your greying hair to its natural colour and gloss, and transform your appearance and look years younger. Cannot harm hair and an occasional application suffices. Shade required. Light Brown, Dark Brown, Black. Price 2/6 per bottle. Of Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores.

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WILL RESTORE NATURAL COLOUR



Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)

"No. When my people like a guest—I know he's not just gilded tripe. Jekyll's rather explosive, but he is a gentleman."

"The complete sahib! I know the sort. Well, he can come and see me, and if he can put up with my patronage I'll confer a favour."

Stout smiled. "You are a difficult devil."

Ann Jerrard, in a car that was doing duty for the damaged van, called at Moor Hall twice a week. She parked her car in the stable yard, and carried her egg-boxes to the back door, partly because direct delivery to the kitchen quarter was more expeditious, partly because she was just a little shy of meeting Mr. Jekyll. But—why shyness? She who was so candid in confronting most situations drove quickly in and quickly out. She had no time to waste—upon what? The man Jekyll somehow provoked her, and made her feel quarrelsome and contrary.

And Mr. Jekyll was almost equally shy. He was paying for the hire of the temporary car; he was paying for the repairs to the van; he was paying Miss Jerrard for her eggs. His assumption was that they would meet again very soon, and yet somehow the coincidence was delayed.

"Very good eggs, Santer."

"Yes, sir, real new laid."

"Tell cook I'd like to try some scrambled. By the way, how often do we get them?"

"The young woman calls twice a week, sir."

"Cook was asking for a kitchen-maid, wasn't she?"

"Yes, sir. We've engaged one, a young lady from Westling."

"Oh, a young lady. Satisfactory?"

"Quite, sir."

What was the subtle distinction? Why was Miss Jerrard a young woman, and the kitchen help a young lady?

"Miss Jerrard hasn't got her van back yet?"

"No, sir."

"What time does she call, Santer? I want to ask her about the car."

"Generally about half-past nine, sir."

MR. JEKYLL accused himself of being absurdly circuitous. Was he afraid that Santer should suspect that he was interested in Miss Jerrard? Was he interested in Miss Jerrard? Had not something rather poetical arrived upon paper about The Girl in the Red Cap? Mr. Jekyll breakfasted at nine, and at nine-thirty he was still breakfasting or smoking a cigarette and reading the morning paper. Meanwhile, the egg maiden had come and gone.

Was he sufficiently interested to alter his

(Please turn to page 124)

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Overseas Readers, July 15, 1935



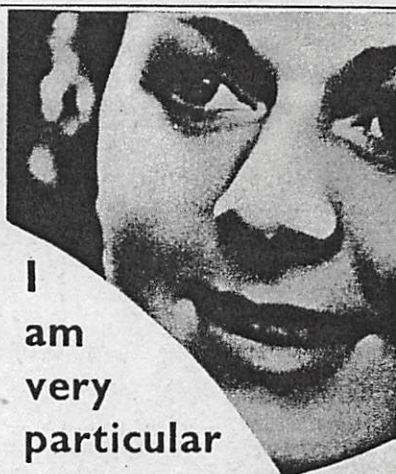
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Double Chin Disappeared: Took 6 in. off Bust, 7 in. off Waist, 6 in. off Hips: Can Now Walk Without Losing Breath:

"Puff... puff... ph—ew!"

Like an overloaded motor-car, the stout woman must be pardoned her puffs; she is carrying more than she is built for, and her "mechanism" is straining to drag the dead weight along.

What a highly satisfactory experience it must be for the over-weight woman to watch her fat disappear... to see a massive, ungainly figure gradually melting into charming, youthful curves. "I can now walk without losing breath," writes Mrs. J. W. She lost 33 lb. in four months. Would that suit you? Read her letter:—

"A little over four months ago, out of sheer curiosity, I started to take Kruschen Salts. I had not much faith in anything, as previously I had taken another fat-reducing treatment for 12 months and was 4 lb. heavier at the finish. After the first bottle of Kruschen Salts I felt different, so I continued to take them, and still feel better in every way. While taking Kruschen for reducing purposes the only thing I altered in my usual diet was that I did not eat fancy stuff. I watched myself losing fat every week and now I am very pleased with the results, as I have lost 33 lb. in just over four months. I give below my measurements:—

BEFORE		AFTER	
Bust ...	43 in.	Bust ...	37 in.
Waist ...	38 in.	Waist ...	31 in.
Hips ...	44 in.	Hips ...	38 in.
Weight	11 st. 4 lb.	Weight	8 st. 13 lb.

Also before taking Kruschen Salts I had a very noticeable double chin. This has now disappeared. I can now walk without losing breath."

Mrs. J. W., Kent.

You are SAFE when reducing weight with Kruschen. Kruschen is not in any sense a drug. Kruschen is a saline—an ideally balanced blend of six natural mineral salts, which doctors have approved for many years as a thoroughly safe and rational treatment for obesity.

Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks) and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

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30 days' treatment 1/6. Get it from Boots, Lewis's, Timothy White's or any other good chemist or hairdresser.



Also use Nestol medicated toilet powder 1/3 large tin.

Bluewater

(Continued from page 123)

rhythm? To alter one's rhythm at the age of forty-two is a serious matter. A bricklayer and his mate from Westling were repairing the gap in the park wall in the shade of the beeches. Should not the work be inspected and perhaps unexpectedly so? Richard Jekyll hurried that particular breakfast, and renouncing the half hour's grace for digestion to develop satisfactorily, he took his cigarette out into the park.

Ann was a little late that morning, and Jekyll had nearly reached the park gates when her temporary car appeared. He stood on the grass beside the drive, expecting her to stop, but she drove past him with a nod and a smile, and straight on to Moor Hall.

Mr. Jekyll was piqued. Well, hang it, she might have had the courtesy to stop. Surely, he was of sufficient significance—? He forgot about the men at work on the gap in the park wall. He turned, and began to walk back to the house. He walked some fifty yards, and then paused. Would she career coolly past him on the return journey? No, he was darned if she should. He would stand in the middle of the road. He did.

She had to pull up. She confronted him with an air of brittle and dispassionate brightness, and he was even more attracted by the contrasts of her colours, red cap, black hair, white overall.

"Good morning."

He stood by the near-side door. "Car deputising properly?"

"Oh, quite."

"I just wanted to know."

She played with the gear lever as though the occasion was completely ephemeral.

"Did you notify your insurance people?"

"No."

"Why on earth not?"

"Well, really, I think I forgot. Besides, it was my fault. One ought to pay for the privilege."

He was challenged by her sudden glance. Almost it seemed to say: "Well, you are a silly ass. What do you pay a premium for?" She made him feel self-conscious, and not at all the cool autocrat, philosopher, and man about town.

He said: "I think one ought to pay for being a silly ass. Don't you?"

She nodded and put the car in gear. "Certainly, if you feel like that."

Confound her! He blurted out something even more fatuous.

"I like your eggs. Real fresh eggs."

She accelerated. "Do you like them brown or white?"

"Oh, either. Both are equally—"

"Most people prefer them brown. Good morning."

And she drove off.

Is Ann as indifferent to Mr. Jekyll as she seems? Look out for another fascinating instalment of this delightful novel next month.

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A VITAL novel of a man whom wealth had cheated of happiness . . . until he found it unexpectedly in the simple, satisfying rhythm of life at . . .

BLUEWATER

by

WARWICK DEEPING

Author of "Sorrel and Son," "Old Pybus," "Doomsday," etc.



THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

THE little community of Bluewater are cheerful, gallant-hearted folk, keeping a brave front and pathetically hoping for better times next year. . . . Things might have been so different if Siegfried Mallison, who had owned, created, in fact, the tiny, struggling township which was to have become a gem of beauty on the East Sussex coast, had not died, and if the world depression had not cast a blight upon it.

As it is, the little band of pioneers carry on bravely. ARCHIE STOUT, for instance, humanist and genial manager of the Golden Anchor Inn; large and florid and cheerful. FRED A NUTHALL, of the Blue Squirrel craft shop, herself rather like a squirrel. PAUL HATTERSLEY . . . Paul the Potter, a moody, difficult, physical wreck of a man embittered with life. ANN JERRARD, young and downright, who runs the poultry farm at Four Firs and sells eggs in the neighbourhood. GILDA MERRIMAN of Ye Olde Shoppe, jocund and strong and utterly without humbug, and her delightful helpers, GWEN and MAISIE WILMER. DERREK FIELDEN, manager of the struggling "Sunflower" Café. Not forgetting JIMMIE JETTISON, a dreamy idealist of a painter who frequently has writs served on him, and his wife, JUNE.

To this community comes RICHARD JEKYLL, wealthy philosopher . . . and dyspeptic, in search of peace and quiet in which to write. He purchases Moor Hall, Mallison's lovely, if now neglected, home.

After staying at the Golden Anchor Inn while Moor Hall is being put in order, Jekyll moves in, and is delighted to find his new surroundings and his new life generally very much to his liking. On Archie Stout's tactful suggestion that money spent on Bluewater would be money well spent, he promises commissions for both Paul the Potter and Jettison. While out driving one day, he has a collision with Ann Jerrard's egg van. She is scathing in her comments and Jekyll, all contrition, arranges to pay for the necessary repairs and the hire of a temporary car; at the same time providing the day's sensation in Bluewater by transferring the eggs which are undamaged to his own car and driving Ann round to her various customers. She, who is usually so candid in confronting most situations, feels shy of encountering him again . . . he somehow provokes her and makes her quarrelsome and contrary. Jekyll, almost equally shy, is undeniably interested in Ann but will hardly admit the fact, even to himself.

NOW READ ON.

JIMMIE JETTISON had received Mr. Richard Jekyll's letter. It was a courteous and a gentlemanly letter, and it produced in Edmund Jettison sudden optimism. He could be both the most sanguine and sorrowful of creatures, and when he was pathetic people were moved to stroke his head, and when he swaggered, no one felt tempted to kick him. His wife had to read Mr. Jekyll's letter, and when it had been read in the studio, Jimmie toddled off to show it to Selma Dewhurst. He dropped in on Gilda and the Squirrel.

"Things are looking up. I've got Mr. Jekyll interested."

All Bluewater knew that Jimmie had been living or starving on pot-boilers and occasional casual portraits, and that even the feeding of Slump the dog had been so problematical that Slump had become an experienced sampler of other people's dustbins.

"Splendid, my dear. Don't let him off too easily."

Everybody had great faith in Gilda's advice.

"Do you think I ought to charge him private view prices?"

"Certainly."

"But supposing—he won't pay—"

"One can always compromise. We arty people, Jimmie, are wretched at a bargain."

"Yes, a chap's so diffident about the market value of his own work."

"Rub it in, my dear."

"I'll try to. But the man's a gentleman."

"Gentlemen pay."

Jekyll had suggested to Jettison that the artist should come and have tea with him, and see for himself the panels into which some decorative subjects were to be inserted, and Jettison in a sky-blue singlet and a pair of old white flannel trousers, might be Bluewater, but he was not quite Moor Hall. He appealed to his wife.

"Think I ought to tog up?"

June gave him one of her mother glances.

"Just a little. Put on a shirt and collar and your linen coat. And—socks, dear."

"Have I some socks?"

"I have mended the grey pair."

"Splendid."

His wife kissed him and sent him off.

Mr. Jekyll was reclining on a long chair in the belvedere under the ilexes. He heard the crisp and formal rhythm of Santer's boots on the flagstones, but not the crepe-soled shoes of Mr. Jettison. "Gentleman—to see you, sir," Jekyll was up instantly. He smiled at the artist.

"Mr. Jettison?"

"Yes."

"Very good of you to come up. Santer, we'll have tea here."

He held out a hand to Jimmie. He looked down upon Jimmie and his rotundities which somehow had survived short commons. Life had not conceived Jettison according to the conventions of modern art. He was curved. He had a roundness of head, face, torso, calves. His eyes were round; so was his smile, and his voice.

"Thanks for your letter, sir."

Jekyll liked Jettison, and Jettison liked Jekyll. They were complete contrasts, the long and the short of it.

"I suppose you knew this place in the Mallison days?"

There was a cigarette box on the table, and Jekyll's long fingers lifted the lid.

"Have one."

He lit a match for the little man.

"Wonderful spot, sir. You can look down on us—quite serenely. Mallison used to keep a telescope here."

"Stars or ships?"

Jimmie's baby face crinkled.

"Not quite either. From here, you can see most of the Bluewater beach, our main thoroughfare, and the car park."

Tea arrived, and Mr. Jekyll sent Santer away.

Jettison made a very excellent tea, cucumber sandwiches, three sweet cakes and a piece of jam sandwich. He had not disposed of such a tea since the deluge. He noticed that Mr. Jekyll added hot water to half a cup of tea, and ate two small slices of brown bread and butter. They talked. Mr. Jettison's face seemed to grow rounder. He was like a schoolboy enjoying the occasion.

"More tea?"

"Really—no."

Jimmie had drunk two cups. Mr. Jekyll pushed the cigarette box towards him.

"Do you feel inclined to go and look at the place where I fancy a couple of decorative panels?"

Mr. Jettison was ready. He tried to keep step with Mr. Jekyll as they walked along the terrace, but in spite of his striding he had to put in an occasional quick step. Jekyll, with a hand on the little man's shoulder, introduced him through the Georgian doorway. He felt protective towards Jimmie.

"My idea is to have two colour pieces to break up that wall. Yes, those two panels. What do you think?"

ANN danced with Derrek. She enjoyed it, for dancing with him was about as good as dancing could be. She knew that Gwen and Maisie were watching them. Why couldn't Derrek fall in love with one of those two?

Jimmie stood with his hands in his pockets.

"Something—blue and white."

"Yes, that's the idea."

"Sky and sea and cloud, as though you were looking through a window."

"Exactly. We seem to see eye to eye."

Jettison looked strangely happy.

"May I say—that it's a pleasure—"

"Well, you will give me something pleasant to look at."





"*My* dear Miss Jerrard, I insist on letting you have the cheque." She smiled, and the quality of her smile provoked him. It was as though they belonged to different worlds.

I should like to ask you to sign the pictures."

"May I?"

"Of course. And please charge me——"

"Oh—I'll leave that to you, sir. I'm really rather an idiot——"

"Would fifty guineas be too little?"

Mr. Jettison looked breathless. He had thought of asking ten.

"You're too generous, sir."

"Not for a Jettison picture, surely."

Jimmie Jettison ran most of the way home, though certainly the hill was downwards and in his favour. June hugged him when she heard the marvellous news. "Jimmie, it's too good to be true!"

By the evening everybody in Bluewater knew that Mr. Jekyll was going to pay Jimmie Jettison fifty guineas for a pair of pictures and quite small pictures at that. In fact, Jimmie was so up in the air about it that he floated round Bluewater on his little, busy legs, asking all his good friends to turn up at the studio that evening and celebrate the occasion. That was Jimmie all over, proposing to give people some of his money before he had put a brush to canvas, but Bluewater was kind to Jimmie. Bluewater did not sponge. It could wink and say, "Family hold back."

To Stout, Mr. Jettison said: "Most awfully kind of you, old man. I shall be able to pay you what I owe you. Come round to-night. We're going to have a mild binge."

To Gilda he said: "Bring the nymphs along with you. I'm going to get hold of Derrek. We might cut across to the sunflower and dance."

Paul Hattersley did not come to the party. He, too, had received a letter from Mr. Jekyll, and he wrote a reply and sent out and posted it at the pillar-box near the estate office.

"Mr. Hattersley presents his compliments to Mr. Jekyll and regrets that he is too busy at the moment to visit Moor Hall. If Mr. Jekyll happens to be in Bluewater, perhaps he will do Mr. Hattersley the honour of calling on him and of inspecting figures that he has in stock."

Paul's tongue was very much in his cheek. The world was for Hattersley and Jekyll a place of pride and prejudice.

Derrek Fielden rushed across to the Anchor. He saw Mr. tout.

"We are getting up a show to-night. Do you think you could send a few people along? Tell them it's only a gramophone show but it's a good gramophone, and we have all the latest records."

Archie was helpful. "I'll come along and bring two or three couples. Yes, I can raise 'em."

Derrek rang up the Four Firs, and spoke to Ann.

"We are having a little dance. Do come. Will you? Oh, marvellous! Quite—informal. Yes, about nine. You'll drive own? Thanks—most awfully."

WHEN Ann arrived at the "Sunflower," the gramophone was at full blast. She sat down in one of the loggias and changed her shoes. Through the glass doors she could see the dancers, Archie Stout and Gilda, Derrek and Gwen, Jimmie and Selma Newhurst, and two or three couples from the Anchor. June Jettison and Maisie were dancing together. Jimmie Jettison's dancing always amused her. His little legs appeared to be mere busy appendages; he floated round attached to the bosom of his partner, seraphically smiling.

She went in. She was wearing a green frock. Derrek saw her at once. He abandoned Gwen in mid-ocean, and sailed across. She always smiled at Derrek, because Derrek's wanting her was like Paul's, too serious.

"I say, so sporting of you to come."

As the manager of the "Sunflower" he was also host.

"Go back and finish, my lad. I'll sit."

"May I have the next?"

"You may. I'll look after the gramophone."

It was quite a merry party. Someone might have placarded a dance room with the cheerful text: "Things are looking up. A fellow is paying Jimmie fifty guineas for two pictures." The people from the Anchor, not having expected such a show, were enjoying the unexpected. June Jettison, leaving Maisie, came

across to her. "Oh, my dear, have you heard?"

"What?"

"Mr. Jekyll is paying Jimmie fifty guineas for two pictures." Good for Mr. Jekyll! Ann looked, but not obviously so, at June's poor frock.

"I'm so glad."

"My dear—we can settle up with you."

Ann was touched.

"Rot, my dear, we're not here on business."

She danced with Derrek. She enjoyed it, for dancing with Derrek was about as good as dancing could be.

She knew that Gwen and Maisie were watching them. Why couldn't Derrek fall in love with one of the Wilmer kids? They were such pretty kids, and, in spite of superficialities, so essentially kind and affectionate. Perhaps blondness bored Derrek.

"Sorry. Can't talk when I dance, Ann."

"Don't. Talking's a sort of superstition. I suppose primitive man only made a noise when he had something to say."

"I'm a bit—primitive."

She looked him straight in the eyes.

"I'm not, my dear. Sorry. Not in that way."

He flushed up.

A short interlude followed. Then a fox-trot with Jimmie.

The dancing was still going on merrily when she left. The Anchor people were thoroughly warmed and calling for encores. Laughingly, she refused to stay longer. "Got to be up early. Carry on." She sat down in the loggia to change her shoes, and while she was buttoning a strap she became conscious of a presence.

"Hallo there! You?"

Paul was sitting on the loggia wall, close to one of the white pillars, and he sat rather like a half-filled sack, all crumpled gloom and irony.

"Been enjoying yourself?"

"I have."

"Flirting with that young fool, Derrek."

She stood up. Oh, damn men and their passions and jealousies! Silly, chaotic creatures. She was angry. She might suffer Paul's insolence to a point, but there were certain limits.

"Playing at Peeping Tom, what? Nose to the window pane. Much better have come in and danced."

She heard him make a noise that was almost a snarl. She walked down the steps. He followed her.

"Sorry, my dear."

"You're a savage. Because Jimmie has a piece of luck, and we behave like a few kids——"

"Yes, I heard all about the fifty pieces of gold."

"And—fifty pieces of silver—to be correct."

"Other men's hands and brains."

She walked fast and straight, and her words flicked back at him.

"Think so? If he offered you——"

"He did. Told him—politely—to go to the devil."

She was angry.

"Idiot! You're always talking Shaw, and Shaw lives on the people who do things and pay him."

"This swine does nothing."

"He has manners, anyway. Take a commission, my lad, and pay me for eggs. I'm not always feeling the pulse of my secret and silly soul."

She had put the car away in the farm coach-house, and bolted and locked the green doors, one of which had to be lifted slightly to clear the bricks of the wash-down. The moon floated above the tops of the Four Firs, and the shadows of the trees made an island of blackness in the middle of the pond. She paused for a moment at the gate. Everything was black and silver, save one white rose and the light in Sarah's window. Sarah's curtains were red, and between them she saw a triangle of yellow light and an opaque object that was a head.

Song of the Still Night

Heartache, heartbreak,
And the pale, sad stars in
the sky.
Lonely and longing and
waiting,
Here am I.

Glad joy, sad joy,
I found it once in your
kiss.
But your kiss faded, and left
me only
A night like this.

D.S.



"That you, Miss?"

"Yes."

Why was Sarah at the window? Had she—Ann—forgotten the front door key, or had there been trouble of some sort? Sarah's rhythm was as regular as a clock.

"A gentleman called, Miss."

"Oh?"

"Mr. Jekyll."

"What time?"

"About half-past nine."

"What for?"

"He didn't say, Miss."

"Leave any message?"

"No."

Yes, she had the key all right, in her bag. She unlocked the door.

"I've left you a glass of milk out and a piece of cake."

"Thanks, Sarah. Good night."

She closed the door, locked it, and shot the bolts. Mr. Jekyll calling on her unencouraged at half-past nine! She wondered why she had not met him in Stone Stile Lane on her way to Bluewater, and then she remembered that there was a field path, and that it crossed two of the Moor Hall fields. He must have come up that path.

What had been the urge? Had her book of desire become a trilogy of Derrek, Paul, Richard? But Moor Hall wandering to the Four Firs across the fields by moonlight on a summer evening! Cheek!

Summer weather, a dubious and drenched July that appeared to tire of wickedness and cyclonic disturbances, and settled itself to sit serenely in the sun.

Mr. Jekyll was getting up at pre-

posterous hours to go and bathe. Since he owned half a mile of cliff and foreshore, and a private path that led down to the sea over the green bluffs, Mr. Jekyll could bathe how and as he pleased. Almost, he had become Bluewater in the conscious unselfconsciousness of costume and colour. He sauntered out in pyjamas and a dark green and gold silk dressing-gown, with a towel over his shoulders. His piece of beach, screened by two small headlands, was so much his, that he bathed in a state of nature.

Santer was surprised. Adapting his attitude to service on the assumption that it was good for him to know all that was to be known about his master, he observed and reflected. Mr. Jekyll's medicine bottle stood untouched in one of the little side cupboards of the Hepplewhite sideboard. Mr. Jekyll's medicine cupboard in the bathroom appeared to have gone out of fashion. Mr. Jekyll was eating bacon and eggs for breakfast.

Sussex was calling on Moor Hall and leaving cards.

Mr. Jekyll was returning cards of his own.

He had given orders to Spray and Twig for the Moor Hall grass court to be recovered from a state of nature.

Mr. Jekyll was being elected a vice-president of half a dozen cricket and football clubs by enterprising committees who had never seen his face. The Westling Boy Scouts, the Conservative Club, the Young People's League, the Saxbourne General Hospital, and the incumbents of three different churches were all inviting financial assistance. Mr. Jekyll was careless about these letters.



You Ought to Know About—

Leslie HOWARD

which were produced by an amateur society in his home suburb. And life was more endurable with interesting evenings ahead of each dreary day. Then came the war, and the war drums sounded a song of adventure and release from routine to young Howard. While training in Canterbury, he met and married Ruth Martin, who, after the war was over, encouraged him to rebel against returning to the bank. She urged him to go on the stage; and, after months of weary failure, he was given a role in a touring company with Ruth in the capacity of "general understudy" to the whole company. Success in London followed within a few years. And fame in films was not long in coming.

His outstanding stage successes were in *Outward Bound* and *Berkeley Square*. The talkie version of the latter added laurels to his fame; and this has since been followed by *Of Human Bondage* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. (You see him here as Sir Percy Blakeney in the latter.) *Secrets*, *Smilin' Through*, and *Captured* are other successful films.

Slim and of medium height, Leslie has fair hair and deep brown eyes. His real name is Leslie Stainer. And his hobbies include his wonderful really genuine Tudor home in Surrey, with its fifteen acres of gardens; polo, swimming, riding, writing plays and novels, and photography. He is an actor-manager and producer. And he hopes to retire from acting before long to concentrate on writing and on producing his own plays.

D. O. B.

LESLIE HOWARD is not the Great Lover type. Yet he is rapidly putting all the true Great Lovers of the screen in the shade. He is the most-sought-after leading man by the biggest stars. But, off the screen, he is shy, terribly modest, dreamy, short-sighted, fun-loving, and a hard-headed business man. Romantic? Yes! Very! But romance for him is spelt in the words "family life." He simply lives for his two children, Ronald, a strapping fifteen-year-old, and Leslie—a daughter—nearly ten.

Educated at Dulwich College, Howard became a bank clerk, but loathed the work. To make the deadly routine of office life more bearable, he wrote one-act plays,

Santer could recover and read them from the waste-paper basket. Mr. Jekyll even left his cheque book loose in a drawer, and Santer was able to satisfy himself from the counterfoils that Mr. Jekyll was subscribing generously to all these social shows.

"Well," thought Santer, "that isn't any credit to him. He can jolly well afford it."

Gilda Merriman would have said that Mr. Richard Jekyll was still very much a cave-dweller. It might be a highly cultured and aesthetic cave, supplied with every modern convenience, but it was still a cave. With the exception of Hattersley, Bluewater had ceased from cave-dwelling. As a community it had escaped from false modesty and snobbery and a sense of shame. The conditions were too intimate. Everybody knew just how much or how little everybody else was worth. No one swanked, for no one had anything singular to swank about. It was a little world of improvisations and secret sufferings, but Bluewater did much laughing. It found laughter inevitable. It ran about on the sands, and wore any old clothes, and bathed, and occasionally played very bad tennis with very old balls on one of the Bluewater hard courts. It cherished a compassion and courtesy of its own, and its scheme of make-believe included a refreshing candour.

It still whispered the mystic word "August"—but less confidently so. July had been so disappointing.

Gilda, carefully dusting some of the old china in one of her bottle-glass windows, saw Mr. Jekyll pass by. To the world he was so much Mr. Jekyll. Would he ever be Jekyll? He was wearing a tailor-made grey flannel suit, a Leander tie, and a Panama hat. He had a cheque for twenty-five guineas in his pocket. Santer had seen the counterfoil of that cheque.

"Jettison. £26.5.0."

Mrs. Merriman stood in her doorway and saw Mr. Jekyll enter the studio. She was sufficiently large-hearted to hope that Mr. Jekyll would approve of the Jettison pictures. That which was cultured play to Mr. Jekyll was bread and meat to Bluewater.

Jimmie was at work on one of the panels. The studio table was a mess of colour tubes, brushes, bits of rag and sundries, but Jimmie loved it like that. He got up hurriedly from his stool, and with his palette held rather like a shield, smiled disarmingly at his visitor.

"Delighted, sir. I had thought of asking you to come and criticize."

He watched Mr. Jekyll's face as he examined the picture.

"Still very much in the rough, you know."

Jekyll wanted to be pleased. He was pleased. He said so.

"You have got the idea—exactly."

Jettison's smile was pathetic in its relief.

"I'm so—pleased. You see—"

"Your contrasts of colour are so bold—and yet—so right."

Jimmie blushed. He saw Mr. Jekyll's hand go into a pocket and produce something white. Mr. Jekyll tucked the folded cheque under an old lacquer box

(Please turn to page 94)

NEXT TIME YOU MAKE TABLE JELLY

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Can you smell fresh fruit juices?



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Bluewater

(Continued from page 24)

that contained just three cigarettes. "You'll excuse me. A foible of mine. Half your fee—on account. You don't mind?"

As if James Jettison would object! Had he not been compelled to pawn his watch in order to procure paints for these particular pictures? He became very animated.

"We're just going to have tea. Do stay and have tea."

"I'd love to."

June was in the small kitchen washing out one of her three glass cloths. Her husband tiptoed in and closed the door.

"Mr. Jekyll. Going to have tea. Brought a cheque on account."

Mrs. Jettison had to live in a world of surprises and inventions, but the occasion was critical.

"Did you ask him?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Jimmie! No butter, no cakes."

"I'll run across to Selma. She'll lend us some."

"No, you can't go—I'll go. And I look an absolute slut."

"Never."

"I'll change and be as quick as I can. Do go and talk to him."

Jimmie slid to the door.

"He seems quite taken with the daub, darling."

"It isn't a daub. Do go."

Mr. Jekyll enjoyed his tea. It was very good tea. He ate a piece of plum cake and smoked the last of the three cigarettes. Oh, yes, there were plenty more.

"Where did you put the box, darling?"

June got up and hunted in a cupboard.

"How silly! Aubrey must have borrowed the box."

Mr. Jekyll was tactful. "Please don't bother—I never smoke more than one at a time. Yes, absolutely."

He liked the Jettisons, and if his liking for them contained a protective kindness, his psychology told him that he liked the Jettisons because he could patronize them. They made him feel a great gentleman and a distinguished patron of the arts. But was there nothing more than that in his goodwill, and were they nice to him because of that cheque and of possible favours to come?

LEAVING them, he took the path to Paul the Potter's.

He pushed upon the derelict gate. The place had an air of dishevelled aloofness. Mr. Jekyll saw an old dinner-bell on a box in the loggia. Did one ring that bell?

He rang it and waited.

He heard footsteps. Hattersley, in a filthy garment that could be described as a blouse, stood dourly in the doorway.

"Yes?"

"My name's Jekyll."

Hattersley was uncouthly and wilfully silent. His face was ironic.

"I thought I might drop in and look at any figures you have."

"Oh, quite. Any idea of what you want?"

"Presumably so."

"Most people haven't. All right. Have a look round. As a matter of fact—I'm busy."

He turned and walked through the cottage to his workshop, and Mr. Jekyll, a little less Mr. Jekyll and more man, followed him. He was nettled. Confound the fellow! But he would take his dignity into the "potting-shed," and let it function there.

Hattersley was at work on one of Archie Stout's vases. He sat down on an upturned box at his bench and went on with his work. He was applying decorative details to a pot. Jekyll watched him for a moment.

"What's that you are using? Clay?"

"No. Faked stone."

"Is it frost-proof?"

(Please turn to opposite page)

Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)

"I shouldn't use it if it weren't." This was helpful. Surly brute! Jekyll moved round the workshop, looking at the exhibits on the shelves. There were a few figures, Pans, a satyr, a naked girl poised as though about to dive, a dog scratching itself. The things were clever, devilish clever, but unpleasant. To Mr. Jekyll they were almost as unpleasant as Hattersley.

He said: "I don't think there is anything here that would quite suit me."

"Then, why the dickens don't you go and make it—yourself, instead of wasting my time? If you don't like my stuff, get out!"

IN the forecourt of Ye Olde Shoppe, Archie was talking to Mrs. Merriman.

"Oh, here's Jekyll coming along. May I introduce him?"

She laughed. "As a possible patron or a social person?"

"Both. Has anyone ever patronized you, Gilda?"

"I have never felt like it."

"Exactly."

Mr. Jekyll, still hot and fresh from the potter's furnace, felt the need of cooling himself in the rightness of some social occasion. He was like a man whose silk hat had been knocked off by some rude urchin. His sensitive self-regard needed dusting and polishing. Hattersley had rubbed the knap of Jekyll very much the wrong way. So, when Stout hailed him: "Oh, Mr. Jekyll, may I introduce you to Mrs. Merriman?" Mr. Jekyll behaved like a polished man of the world. He was ready to be charming to the lady.

"Delighted."

Stout, strolling on to order cakes from Selma Dewhurst, left them talking. Mr. Jekyll was being easy and debonair. He had to contradict to his own satisfaction Hattersley's assertion that he was a useless and somewhat offensive person.

He asked to be taken into the shop. "May I look round?" He entered, removing his hat. He was aware of two fair-haired young things seated at tables; Gwen was decorating a box with lacquer, Maisie mending a laddered stocking. He was introduced.

"Miss Gwen Wilmer, Miss Maisie Wilmer. Maisie keeps my accounts; Gwen is a lacquer expert."

She did not tell Mr. Jekyll that she kept both these children out of the smallness of her income and the largeness of her heart. Jekyll examined Gwen's lacquer work. It was quite exquisitely done, and he said so.

"Miss Wilmer ought to be a lacquer doctor. I have one or two pieces of old lacquer that need—help. Of course one is rather loth to colour the lily."

The girls were shy. Mr. Jekyll, when on

(Please turn to page 97)

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Bluewater

(Continued from page 95)

his day, was quite a princely person. He was aware of Mrs. Merriman smiling at Gwen. She smiled at him. Certainly, she was a very charming person. She was unusual. She suggested a woman standing in the sunlight, and with a mysterious and jocund smile in her eyes, inviting you to abandon your cave and come out into the sunlight. La Giaconda? Oh, but much more kind.

He looked round the shop. Most certainly he must buy something. He had the urge of a connoisseur, and in one corner he saw a little old Chinese green lacquer cabinet. The thing was rather battered and faded and chipped, but its shabby patina made it all the more attractive.

"Hullo, where did you get that?"

"Oh, I have had it for years."

He was aware of her standing by the cabinet, and touching it with a stroking movement of the fingers. It had been one of her own treasures.

"Is it—for sale?"

She hesitated. Her smile was whimsical.

"Oh, yes. But it is rather—expensive, too expensive for most of the people—who—"

Mr. Jekyll nodded. He trod softly, delicately.

"May I know how much?"

"Sixty guineas."

"Will you sell it to me?"

The girls were watching them. Mrs. Merriman was smiling.

"Of course. It's for sale."

Mr. Jekyll examined the interior.

"Exquisite. Yes, I'll write you a cheque. I'll send down my car. Save you trouble."

"Thank you so much."

When he had gone, Gwen jumped up, ran to Gilda and kissed her.

"You dear, why did you let the beast have it?"

"He isn't a beast, poppet. Just a rich man."

"But I know you love that. . . ."

Mrs. Merriman laughed.

"I used to keep my love letters in the thing. Dust and rose-leaves."

Said Maisie: "Life's so jolly easy for rich loafers like Jekyll."

"Perhaps not quite so easy as you think, my dear."

Mr. Jekyll in his mail next morning found a short letter and a receipted bill in the envelope.

He read:

"Dear Sir,"—Confound it—why dear sir?—"Weymans sent me the bill for the hire of the temporary car. I have paid it. You may like to have the receipt."

"Yours faithfully,

"A. JERRARD."

Mr. Jekyll was intensely annoyed.

"Idiots! Miss Jerrard still here, Santer?"

"No, sir."

"Tell Smith to bring the Bentley round at once. No, I shan't want him."

"Yes, sir."

"And ring up Weymans of Westling. Tell them I want to speak to them."

Mr. Jekyll walked up and down the hall while Santer was ringing up Weyman's Garage. The telephone lived in the cloak-room off the hall.

"Through, sir."

Mr. Jekyll went to the telephone, and Santer slid away.

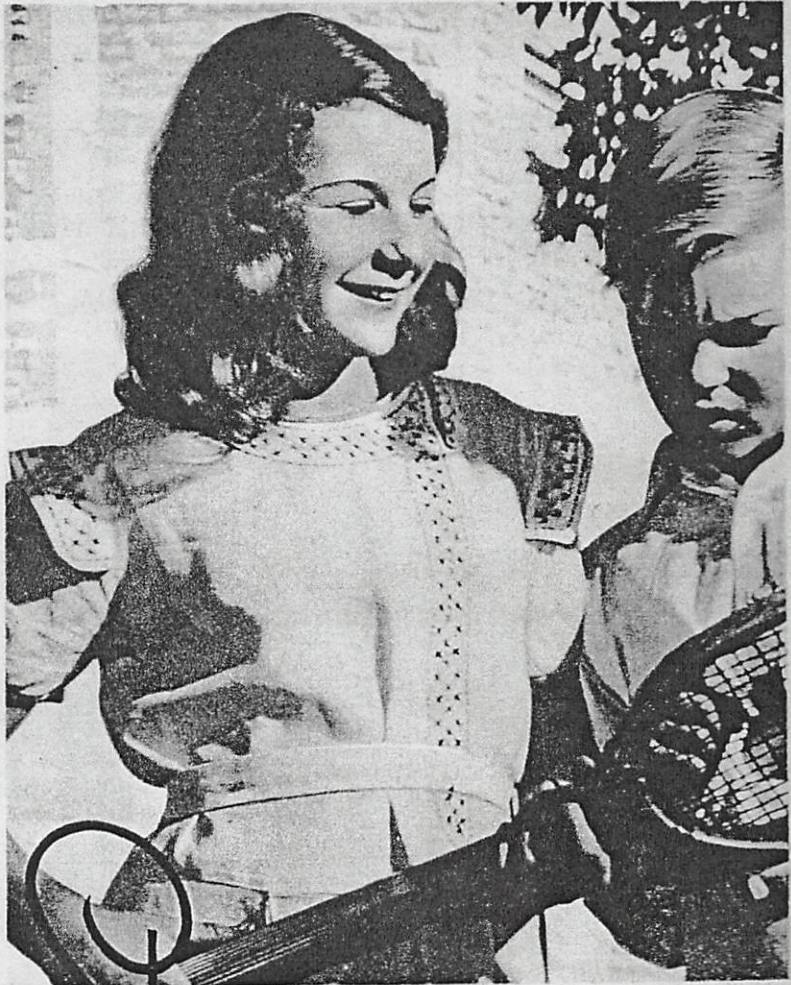
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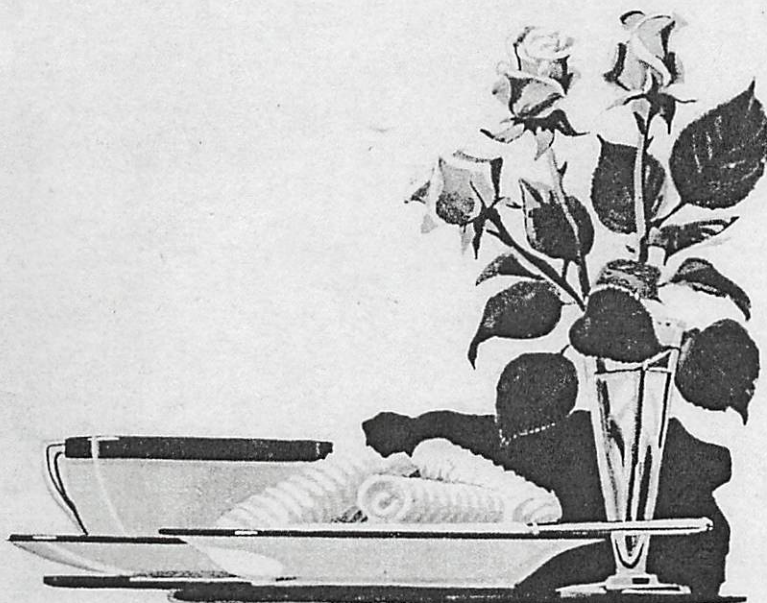
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Bluewater

(Continued from page 97)

"Who's that? Mr. Weyman. Good. This is Mr. Jekyll of Moor Hall. Why the blazes don't you attend to business and carry out the instructions that are given you? What? You sent a bill in to Miss Jerrard! Yes, I've seen the receipt. What? Office error. Don't try to fob me off. Understand that I am withdrawing my custom. Yes, good morning."

Mr. Jekyll drove to the Four Firs Farm. He left the Bentley in the lane outside the white farm gate, and walked up the path of Ann's garden to the green door under the white porch. He stood a moment looking at this farmstead garden with its phloxes and bergamot and helenium. He saw its colour against the stone wall with the summer sky above it.

He rang the bell.

The plain, red, work-worn and sunny face of Sarah confronted him.

"Is Miss Jerrard in?"

"She's on the farm, sir."

"My name's Jekyll, Mr. Jekyll of Moor Hall. Perhaps you remember. Will you ask—"

"You'll find Miss Jerrard out at the back, sir."

He was expected to find Miss Jerrard for himself.

"Through the yard?"

"Yes, turn to the left, sir, outside the gate."

Mr. Jekyll crossed the yard. He saw a cartway and a field gate between a barn and a stone building. He passed through the gate into the field and saw the wire runs and the brown houses. A youth was cutting the rough grass and weeds in one of the runs with a sickle.

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"Miss Jerrard anywhere about?"

The youth straightened and stared at him.

"She's in one of the houses."

"Which one?"

"That big one."

Mr. Jekyll was almost jocular.

"Which particular cage do I enter?"

The youth pointed with the swap-hook.

"That one—there."

He entered the wire enclosure and, forgetting to close the gate, walked towards the chicken-house. The turf had a worn and sour look. A flutter of white birds fled from him in quite unnecessary alarm, and suddenly he saw Miss Jerrard's white coat in the doorway of the house.

He raised his hat. "Good morning, I hope you won't—"

She cut his salutation short.

"Do you mind shutting the gate? Quick. If those birds get out, it will take me hours—"

Her abruptness jarred him.

"I'm so sorry—"

But his contrition was deliberate and dignified. It did not rush instantly to cut off the escape of the run's inmates, and with an air almost of casual scorn she swept past him and reached the gate before the little agitated mob of hens could escape from it. She came back.

"I should have had them half over Sussex."

She was head in air, unfriendly. This was a futile idiot who left gates open, and whose dignity was dressed in the products of other people's labour. Mr. Jekyll looked slightly flushed. This curt, handsome, casual young

(Please turn to opposite page)

Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)

woman roused in him a most peculiar turbulence. She was like wind and flame and ice, hot sunlight and snow, queer, elemental urges.

He put on his hat. "I came up to apologize—"

"Oh, about that bill. I paid the thing. That's finished."

"Absolutely—no. Those fools at the garage ought never to have sent you that bill. I have given them a dressing down."

"I thought you or your secretary had forgotten—"

"I don't keep a secretary."

"I thought all rich men kept secretaries, mental valets to help dress."

Really, she was being excessively rude to him.

"I—had—not forgotten. I will let you have a cheque."

"Oh, don't bother."

"But, my dear Miss Jerrard—I insist."

SHE looked at him. She smiled, and the quality of her smile provoked him. It was as though he and she belonged to different worlds, and his world roused in her a combative contempt. And perhaps he exasperated her all the more because she was attracted by certain physical qualities in him.

She said: "I shouldn't if I were you."

Now, what exactly did she mean? That she was a better man than he was, and that if he tried to cut capers on his wooden horse—?

"Very well. But I am excessively—"

"Distressed?"

Was she mocking him? He said: "May I suggest that I did not come up here to—"

She seemed to be watching him.

"Oh, that's all right."

"It isn't all right. There is something I want to take up with you. I can be frank on occasions. At my age—"

She laughed, and he was furious.

"You're not—really—so very old, are you?"

"That's neither here nor there, Miss Jerrard. You seem to think that a man of my—"

"Standing?"

He went white.

"Why not say—sitting, Miss Jerrard?"

"Yes, it might be more—applicable."

He regained control. He became exceedingly dignified.

"Is—your—prejudice personal or social?"

"Isn't that rather personal?"

"I shall be very glad if you will answer my question."

She looked him in the face and smiled.

"Is it necessary? Why are we brawling?"

"I wish you would let me settle that bill."

"Supposing you pay me—in kind?"

"How—do you suggest—?"

She laughed.

"I might put you to work, Mr. Jekyll, but then—you'd get your hands blistered. I'm rather short of fruit. I believe the Moor Hall orchard—"

"What sort of fruit?"

(Please turn to page 100)

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Bluewater

(Continued from page 99)

"Plums. Apples. Have you any?"

He felt foolish.

"I—really—don't know. I'll see. If there is any fruit—"

"Oh, you can't pick apples just yet. Plums, yes. Sarah wants to bottle and make jam."

He answered her quite meekly. "I'll see about the fruit. I expect you are busy."

She looked him in the face. "Yes—but I like it, you know."

Jekyll returned to his car. He drove at a steady pace back to Moor Hall.

Someone had laughed at the idea of his blistering a useless pair of hands, and he was most uncomfortably and turbulently attracted by that someone. The cool, casual insolence of her youth! But had she been insolent, and was she so very young? Thirty, perhaps, and he was forty-two. He was not accustomed to the candour of a young woman who somehow—what was the word? Despised him? But that was not quite credible. A young woman who ran a chicken-farm!

He was conscious of exercising inward self-restraint.

He thought: "She's so very new. These young women are so full of their newness. Rather crude. When she is ten years older— She doesn't understand that without some leisure there is no beauty; that without some leisure there is no creation."

Mr. Jekyll went in to lunch. The anger had gone from him. He spoke gently to Santer.

"Tell cook this—steak—is excellent."

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"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Santer would have said that Mr. Jekyll appeared unusually deflated.

After lunch he sat in the sun, drank his coffee, and smoked a cigarette. He was going to explore his own orchard. What was a plum tree like? He really wasn't quite sure. He found Spray watering some cuttings in a frame, and he asked the man a question.

"Any plums this year. Spray?"

The man stared at him. "Bad plum year, sir. Them late frosts."

"No plums?"

"One o' they old Pershore Purples has some fruit."

"Show me."

Spray went with him into the orchard and showed him the tree.

"Not dead ripe, sir."

"Do for jam or bottling?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see there is going to be plenty of apples."

"Not a bad apple year, sir."

Mr. Jekyll went back to the house and searched for a basket, but such articles were unknown in the Jekyll half of Moor Hall. He had to ring for Santer.

"Sorry, Santer, but I want a basket."

"A basket, sir? What sort of basket?"

"Something for fruit."

Santer went in search of a basket, but there was nothing to be found in the staff quarters of a size that appeared suitable to Santer. There were two clothes-baskets, and a greengrocer's "round," but Mr. Jekyll had asked for a basket, and a basket there would have to be. Cook was persuaded to lend Mr. Jekyll the basket which went shopping in the second-hand saloon car.

Mr. Jekyll went forth with the basket, only to discover that in order to rob the Purple

(Please turn to page 102)



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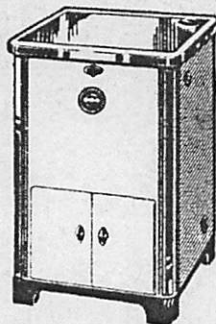
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W.J.J.

Bluewater

(Continued from page 100)

Pershire of all its fruit he would need something to stand on. The branches of the tree were too flimsy to support a ladder. What he needed was a step-ladder. He would have to send Spray or Twig for the article.

But why send Spray or Twig? Wasn't he capable of carrying a step-ladder? Returning to the house to explore, he was discovered in the housemaid's pantry in the act of purloining her private set of steps.

"Oh, dear, sir, you—did—startle me! I thought it was Smith. He's always pinching something of mine."

"That's all right, Thomson. I just want to borrow your steps."

"Shall I call Mr. Santer, sir?"

"Quite unnecessary."

HE walked off with his step-ladder, and planting it under the Purple Pershire, he set about picking the fruit, but the ladder was none too secure a perch, its legs dug unequally into the turf. Mr. Jekyll went to the toolshed and found four pieces of box wood. He inserted these under the step-ladder, and once more reached up for the purple fruit. It took him three-quarters of an hour to clear the tree, for the step-ladder needed constant readjustments. Moreover, the basket proved to be utterly inadequate, and Spray, who happened to appear upon the scene, was sent off to the house for a clothes-basket.

Spray passed Twig, who was sticking a row of late peas.

"E's stripped all the fruit off the Purple Pershire. What d'you make of that?"

Twig looked cynical. "Afraid we'd pinch it, I suppose."

After tea Mr. Jekyll got out the car while Smith was away at his own tea, and placing the clothes-basket on the back seat of the coupe, he drove to the Four Firs. Ann was away up the field, and Sarah, answering the bell, found Mr. Jekyll and the basket of plums on the doorstep.

"Will you please tell Miss Jerrard I left these."

"Miss Jerrard's up the field, sir."

"Oh, don't worry her. I know she's busy."

"Do you want the basket, sir?"

"Yes, perhaps I had better take it back."

The plums were transferred to the Four Firs clothes-basket, and Mr. Jekyll went his way, but when Ann was shown that mass of purple fruit, she smiled.

She thought: "I bet he didn't pick them himself."

But she was wrong. There were undivined possibilities in Mr. Jekyll.

(To be continued)

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ANN was aware of Gibbs looking at her rather queerly. "Paul's not there . . . We are all most honest and about it. He committed suicide last night," Ann's face seemed to grow fierce as though somebody had been

OK to read

BLUEWATER

Quaint and lovable, this place of enchantment by the sea has cast a spell on Jekyll and changed his outlook and ... who knows? ... his whole life's destiny.

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

THE little community of Bluewater are cheerful, fallow-hearted folk, hoping a better time next year. Things might have been so different if Siegfried Mallison, who had owned, created, in fact, the tiny, struggling township which was to have become a gem of beauty on the East Sussex coast, had not died, and if the world depression had not cast a blight upon it.

It is, in the little band of pioneers carrying heavily, ARCHIE STOUT, for instance, the humanist and genial manager of the olden Anchor Inn; large and florid and cheerful, FRED NUTHALL, of the Blue Square craft shop; herself rather like a squirrel, PAUL HATTERSLEY. Paid the Potter, a moody, difficult, physical wreck of a man embittered with life, ANN LEXARD, young and downright, who runs the poultry farm at Four Firs and sells the poultry in the neighbourhood, GILDA MERRITT, in the neighbourhood, JOCELYN and strong mix of Ye Olde Shoppe, jocund and strong and utterly without humbug, and her delightful helpers, GWEN and MAISTE WILKIN. DEREK FIELDEN, manager of the struggling "Sunflower" Cafe. Not forgetting JIMMY JETLISON, an artist who frequently has artists served on him, and his wife, JUNE. The community comes RICHARD

To this community comes RICHARD JENYLL, wealthy philosopher and seeker, in search of peace and quiet in which to write. He purchases Moor Hall, Middleton's lovely, if now neglected, home.

After staying at the Golden Anchor Inn while his residence is being put in order, Jekyll moves into Moor Hall, and finds his new surroundings and his new life generally very much to his liking. On Archie Stoull's useful suggestion that money spent on Bluewater would be money well spent, he promises commissions for both Paul the Polter and Jettison. While out driving one day, he has a collision with Ann Jerrard's egg van. She is seething in her comments and Jekyll, all contrition, arranges to pay for the necessary repairs and the hire of a temporary car; at the same time providing the day's sensation in Bluewater by transferring the eggs which are undamaged to his own car and driving Ann round to her various customers. She, who is usually so careful in confronting most situations, feels shy of encountering him again . . . he somehow provokes her and makes her quarrelsome and contrary. Jekyll, almost equally shy, is undeniably interested in Ann but will hardly admit the fact, even to himself.

Mr. Jekyill commissions Jettison to paint two decorative panels in his garden for the princely sum of fifty guineas. Jimmie works all his friends to an impracticable party that night at the "Sunflower." Hattersley, by the way, to Jekyill's overtures towards giving him work, replies perversely that he is too busy to visit Moor Hall, but perhaps Mr. Jekyill will do Mr. Hattersley

by
WARWICK DEEPING

Author of *Sorrell and Son*, *Old Pybus*, *Doomsday*, etc.

the honour of calling on him . . . Paul does not join in the party . . . except to sit on the loggia wall jealously watching Ann dance with Derek, who is deeply in love with her. On reaching home Ann is surprised to learn that Mr. Jehyll has called on her during the evening.

Meanwhile Jekyll is changing, subtly, gradually. Becoming less Jekyll-ish, more attuned to Bluewater and its ways. Sussex is calling on Moor Hall and leaving cards. His services are being requested on all sorts of committees. He extends his goodwill and custom — or is it patronage? — to Mrs. Merriman, and to Gwen Wilmes, who is an expert at repairing lacquer work. Hattersley, however, still rebuffs him.

Ann, having settled the bill for her damaged car . . . sent to her by mistake . . . suggests to Mr. Jekyll, who is annoyed at the mistake, that he can pay her in kind . . . in fruit, for instance. "I might put you to work, but you'd get your hands blistered." Piqued by the insinuation, he brings a large basket of plums . . . picked by himself! For there are undivined possibilities in Richard Jekyll!

NOW READ ON.

ATTERSLEY was in one of his bitter moods.

He was recovering from one of his headaches, and these periodic attacks of pain, instead of chastening him, made the soul of him like a raw wound.

He was in the middle of dressing when he heard someone ringing the old dinner-bell in the loggia.

As Hattersley entered the front room from the back, another man entered it by the front door. They stood and looked at each other. The visitor smiled. He was a huge, blue-eyed, rosy faced ex-inspector of police. He held something white in his right fist.

Hattersley went on buttoning his braces.
"You, Kane, is it?"

His red fist placed the document on a table.

"That's served, sir."

Hattersley emitted a little savage laugh.
"O.K., Kane. Who is it this time?"

"Mr. Rogers."

"The baker. Don't blame him. Go
say the devil if I could. He's been pretty

"You couldn't let me have the money

"You couldn't let me have the money for it. It would save a lot of trouble."

"Absolutely. I've got twopeeco. If I could lose no sand, Kane, I would."

He heard laughter, and seeing the
 Wenden girls and Felden running across
 the water, he got up and walked away in
 the direction of Colvinton Cove. He was
 not fit to meet women in these flimsy
 clothes of his.

His bitterness took to itself anger and anger that craved to vent itself violently upon some hated thing. What did it matter what the thing was provided that it typified society's sinfulness, the frustrations, and deprivations that the social scheme had compelled men to suffer?

Beyond Spauldard's Point lay the Moor Hall estate with its turreted buildings dipping to the sea. Mr. Jeayll's property. And suddenly his anger blazed.

and focused itself upon the figure of Jekyll. Blessed parasite, a fellow who lived on an inheritance, a chap who had never put his hands to his work.

He got up and walked towards the Moor Hall boundary. He came suddenly upon a fence, a barbed wire fence very new and glittering in the evening sunlight. Yes, that was the proper touch, putting barbed wire round things, fencing other fellows off.

Trespass? Yes, he was going to trespass. He was going to trample all over the Jekyll estate. He proceeded to insinuate himself between two of the wire strands, and in the process a barb caught his deplorable trousers and held them. He cursed and pushed through. The barb ripped the flannel so thoroughly that the skin was exposed. Another grievance, another prick of the barb to the temper of a man who was a little used.

Santer, going out to carry on Mr. Jockyll's deck-chair, two books and copies of the *Nineteenth Century* and *Country Life*, was confronted by this scarecrow. It came coolly up the terrace steps and paused there, its hands in the pockets of its deplorable trousers.

"Hallo! What do you want here?"

"Mr. Tekvliin?"

"No, he's not. What do you want here?"

"A little politeness, my lad. When does your master dine?"

Santer had not been in service for nothing. He became subtly and insolently polite.

"I beg your pardon, sir—I did not know anyone was expected to dinner."

"I'm not. I'm just looking round."

He strolled westwards along the terrace, last looking round, was he? A pretty

cool customer. If he happened to meet Mr. Jekyll he might hear something to his advantage. Mr. Jekyll was not in one of his good moods.

Santer entered the house and knocked at Mr. Jekyll's door.

"Excuse me, Sir."

EXCUSE ME, SIR.
THERE WAS NO ANSWER

There was no answer.
"Are you there, Sir?"

"Are you there, Sir?"
He told him was not.

Mr. Jekyll was not more taken himself and his secret qualities, physical and spiritual—out into the park. These old Sussex trees seemed so much more surely rooted in the soil of things than he was. He, too, was the creature of strange passions and discontents. Life

was revised and signed and
Jokell had the revised and signed form



as he came back across the park.
He was passing through a grove
of beech trees with the grass
beyond a pale gold under the sun
after a four-weeks' drought. He
Hattersley before Hattersley saw him
and he paused in his stride under the
shadows of the beeches.
What on earth was the fellow doing
here?

Hattersley came on, straight toward
the beech trees as though he knew Jekyll
to be there, but it was plain to Jekyll
that Hattersley had not sighted him. He
had the air of a man who was not con-
scious of any other human presence.
Hattersley's figure had reached the
shadows of the trees before Jekyll moved
forward to meet it, and then it was that
Hattersley became aware of Jekyll. He
paused for a moment, head in air, a look
of challenging and dark smirk on his face.
His hands remained in his trouser pockets.

The clash was inevitable. It became
inevitable when Hattersley moved forward
again, and, diverging slightly, made as
though to pass on Jekyll's left. His pose
was insolent and ironic. He nodded at
Jekyll. He was taking the air at his
pleasure in Mr. Jekyll's park, and
Mr. Jekyll had anything to say about it
... Jekyll had.

He walked forward and to the left, so
that their paths converged.

"Good evening. You were looking
for me?"

THE opening of the white
garden gate disturbed
her ... Jekyll was in the
full sunlight, carrying a fruit
basket with a handle.
"Brought you a few apples."
He had brought her much
else. That was as obvious
to her as his basket ...

Hattersley's eyes seemed to smoulder. He did not stop.

"No, just taking a little exercise. Not evening."

"One moment—please. I suppose you know—"

"Private property."

"Yes, so. I am aware that there are people who—"

Hattersley had paused.

"Yes, I'm one of those people and, as the law stands, Mr. Hattersley, I am allowed to request you to go elsewhere."

"You can. It won't make any difference."

"And if you refuse to go—I am permitted to use such force as may be necessary to persuade you—gently—off my land."

"Try it."

"I give you—warning—"

He was aware of Hattersley trembling as though some wind was blowing through his flimsy clothes.

"You—superfine swine. Do you think I would let you touch me? Look at that toe. Do you see the fungus at the root?"

"Yes, I said fungus. You. You and your property, you who belong to the legion of swine."

His face was like an evil, howling mask.

And Jekyll's face was almost as ugly.

"Thank you. But I haven't abdicated yet. If you people preach violence, you may find—"

"Are you—going?"

"No."

"I rather think you are."

In its way it was quite as savage a dog-fight as any rough and ready combat could have produced.

Hattersley did not wait to be attacked. The wild beast was loose in him, and he charged.

But he was not helped by his wildness. As he came on Jekyll hit him hard and straight, and Hattersley went down.

They struggled for a moment like a couple of boys on a classroom floor.

They rolled over twice, but Jekyll was too strong for the other man. He was on top, and mercilessly so. He got Hattersley by the throat. He pinned Hattersley's legs, and with his left hand fastened on Hattersley's throat, he heaved himself up. Hattersley's hands clawed at those choking fingers.

Jekyll struck savagely, and almost like a man who would go on striking for ever, Hattersley's face seemed to fall away from him, slip back. And suddenly Jekyll seemed to realize that the body under him was limp; it had ceased to struggle.

The rage of the fighter went from him. He stood up, hands hanging, suddenly aware of the violent animal in himself. He looked at the object that was Hattersley, mauled and panting. He was conscious of suddenly a little whimper of shame.

Hattersley, in a kind of anguish, twisted over and lay prone. His shoulders heaved. The movement of his ribs showed beneath the stretched shirt.

Jekyll spoke.

"I say, I'm afraid I've hurt you. I'm sorry I lost my temper like—"

There was a kind of sobbing sound from the man on the grass.

"Look here, you'd better come in and let me—"

Hattersley writhed round and up. He supported himself on one arm. His bruised and bloody face was distorted. His breath came in jerks.

"I don't want any con-founded charity."

He struggled up and stood swaying.

"If I hadn't been half starved I'd have licked you. No, don't touch me, con-found you!"

"I'm not going to touch you, man."

Hattersley's head gave a kind of jerk. He steadied himself.

"You'd better not. Go in and have your bath and your dinner, and so—good-day—to you."

Jekyll watched him waver off among the birch trees. He thought: "Better let him alone, I suppose."

But he stood watching until Hattersley had disappeared beyond the trees. The clash of their contrasts had been final.

HATTERSLEY lay down in the bracken and was sick.

His throat hurt him, his head ached, his face felt stiff and bruised, but this physical anguish was mere skin-pain in comparison with the inward smart. He had been thrashed, and thrashed by the very man whom he so furiously wished to despise. And he had been the aggressor.

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WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL

He had drawn at the throat of his enemy and been smashed, humbled. He stood up. He knew that he did not wish to be seen in Bluewater with that battered face and torn clothes. Making shame of it smouldered in him, reaching his way through a plantation, he reached the stone wall of the park and scrambled over the wall into the lane. It was screened here by undergrowth, hazel, and elm scrub, and the lane itself was hidden from him till he pushed through the foliage. He put an arm over his face and pushed through. He had not expected to see anyone in the lane, or perhaps he was too much alone with his own sore self to care.

But if the unexpectedness of his emergence from that green thicket surprised the other person, her presence was even more disastrous to him. She was less than ten yards away, and walking towards him. He saw her pause and stand still as he broke through into the open. It was too late for him to turn back. She had seen him, recognized him, and that which was Hattersley could not be hidden.

He was conscious of a chill in his vitals, a kind of cold shame. He was aware of himself walking towards her. He did not want to look into her face, but something within him made him look. He was a handsome object. She was shocked, repelled. And then her eyes avoided him.

"What on earth have you been doing?" He did not answer her. He was conscious of jerking his head up and walking past her with the last of the sunlight on his face. The lane dipped down into

darkness. He seemed to be walking into that darkness, shadows from which he would never emerge. His anguish was like a flame in his throat.

Ann Jerrard stood looking after him. She saw his ragged shirt. She had been alive to his sullen shame. How had he got into that state? What had he been doing in Moor Hall, if he had been in Moor Hall? She saw him disappear into the dark hollow of the lane.

She thought: "He looked like a man who had been fighting and taken a bad thrashing. How beastly!"

If there was any pity in her, repugnance qualified it. She was not touched emotionally by dirt and defeat. She had even known moments when she herself could have laid a lash across Hattersley. She disliked a man who snarled.

Jekyll was shaving himself in the bathroom when Santer hurried up the stairs. The manservant knocked at the door.

"Excuse me, sir."

Mr. Jekyll did not like being interrupted when he was shaving, but the occasion was privileged. Two of the women were in hysterics. Smith had been a fool to come rushing in blurring the news.

"What is it, Santer?"

"A man's hanged himself, sir."

"What?"

"A man's hanged himself on one of the cedar trees at the end of the drive."

Jekyll was washing the remains of the soap from his face. He appeared in the bathroom doorway, dabbing his chin with a towel.

You Ought to Know About Anna STEN

was on her shoulders that fell the responsibility of supporting her mother and younger sister by working in a cheap restaurant to be paid in black bread, dried onions and any other eatables available.

After some work in pantomimes and amateur theatricals, Anna was given work in the Soviet State Theatre and in touring companies, afterwards being sent to Berlin to make the famous film, *The Brothers Karamazov*, which made her a star.

Her first marriage proved an unhappy failure, but in 1930, she met, romantically, Dr. Eugene Frenke, in Moscow. The doctor's car nearly ran her down when she stooped in the road to pick up some books she had dropped. Before many months had passed, they were married in Berlin where they met a second time, by a curious coincidence. Dr. Frenke later gave up his own work to manage Anna's business affairs for her.

Her work, travel, and her home-life with her husband and little step-daughter are Anna's chief interests. She likes swimming, when the water is cold and deserted by other people! She loves cooking. And she adores animals—nine dogs of various breeds, chickens, a tamed wild rabbit, and some ducks form the menagerie she keeps at her Hollywood home. She loves sunshine and fresh air, long walks, and playing patience with her husband, and simple clothes. She smokes a little and dances a lot, but never goes to parties. Her real name is Anjuschka Stenski. D.O.B.

ANNA STEN is small, very blonde, with the wide cheekbones of the Russian peasant, a full mouth and short nose. Her eyes are deep cornflower blue, fringed by heavy, long, golden-brown lashes. And her brows are dark, thick, straight and unplucked. She is patient and plodding, with a vast love for work, and a complete disregard for all the social trimmings that usually go to make up the life of a great star.

Born in Kiev, Russia, in 1910, of a Russian father and a Swedish mother, she inherited her mother's passionate love of acting. Her father, too, was a dancer, from the Ukraine. But he died when Anna was only twelve years old; and it

"A man hanged? Here?" "You can see it from the window, sir. South, over the hill." Jekyll was in his light blue silk dressing-gown, and looked out of the window. He had followed him, a slender man, seen the dead man's face. Jekyll stared. Perhaps from a corner of one of the cedars opposite the house was grey, the upper half a dirty white. Hattersley!

"Good god! Haven't you told me anything? Run—get a ladder!" Jekyll was sweeping down the stairs in blue and gold, still grasping the banister after him. "The man's dead, sir. He was aware of Santer's voice, can see he is dead." What a finale! The fellow had hanged himself in view of his vanquisher's front door.

Jekyll found himself in the space between the grass and the white house. He crossed it with eyes fixed on the hanging figure behind him.

"It's the same person, sir. I saw him." "Yes, the same." "Nice sort of thing to do—in a man's garden. What could have

Jekyll turned abruptly, and his face was rather terrifying.

"Shut up. Don't stand talking a ladder."

Mr. Jekyll telephoned personally to the Westling police-station. He had orders to Santer.

"I'm going down to Bluewater for the Bentley round."

"Your breakfast, sir?" "Just bring in some coffee."

Archie Stout was lighting a pipe on the "Anchor" terrace above the sea wall when Jekyll's car drew in. Most of the "Anchor" was still breakfasting, and the porter was polishing the glass of the loggia screens.

"Mr. Stout in?" "Yes, sir. I think he's out on the sea wall, sir. I'll tell him."

"Don't bother. I'll go out."

He saw Stout's white-sweatered figure flexed over the wall. Stout was in conversation with someone below, Tim Swaine, his handy-man, who was both boatman and garage-attendant. The voice of the fair-haired Swaine seemed to come up from the sea.

"Someone's had the rope out of Vg and Bert, sir."

"What!"

"Someone's pinched the rope."

"The dirty dogs."

"Been scrounged to tie up one of those week-end chassis. Lot of sneak-thieves. Mr. Fielden says they've pinched some of his chairs."

"Cut end left, Swainie?"

"No, sir; unlashed from ring."

"Well, the fellow can't have been in a hurry."

Jekyll had heard this conversation as he came down the steps of the loggia to the sea wall.

"I think I know where your rope went, Mr. Stout."

(Please turn to page 103)

Blauwater

(Continued from page 20)

stared. Evidently to Mr. Jekyll there was nothing facetious or funny in the incident. Stout concentrated his expression as Hattersley hanged himself last night.

What?

Yes, on one of my toes. Hot—why—? I'll tell you. Let's walk to the end of the

They were away from the world at the end of the sea wall, and had they looked down from it they might have seen Hattersley's footprints in the sand. Wind and rain had the best high tide would efface them. Jekyll brought out a cigarette and lit it; it was the day's first cigarette. He threw the match over the wall, and, looking seawards, began with a question:

Were things—pretty bad with Hattersley?

Stout, his round and jolly face looking all the more shocked and serious because of its roundness, bit hard at his pipe. He shifted

He was at the end of his tether.

But why was Mr. Jekyll looking so fierce? He had the air of a man whom some clash had

He had too suddenly from sleep, and who had come out from a pleasantly darkened room

into the glare of reality.

I wish I had understood. Hattersley

must have been desperate, and I gave him the last push.

You, sir?

It happened like this. He was seen wandering outside my house. I met him in the park. Frankly, Stout, Hattersley and I

scrambled one another the wrong way.

He was a difficult creature.

I asked him what he was doing on my

him on. And without any warning he

attacked me. Yes, we had a pretty savage

scuffle. I was stronger than he was. I'm

stupid. I knocked him about rather badly.

Stout tapped his teeth with the mouth-

piece of his pipe. He was considerably

astonished.

But—really, sir—just because—

I was coming down this morning to

apologise. The idea seems rather futile after

the event. I knocked the poor devil about—

just when he must have been blind and

breaking with bitterness. He hanged himself

just outside my house. His last protest.

If he had realized . . .

Stout shrugged.

"One can't always tell what's going on

inside some other fellow. Poor Paul was a

bit of a fanatic. But, what—?"

He's lying in my garage. I have notified

the police. I came down here, Stout—

because—somehow—I felt like coming to

tell you. Oughtn't we to go to Hattersley's

place before the official world starts rum-

ormonging? I want to do anything that can

be done.

Stout looked at him kindly.

"I think I'm with you, sir. When the

official world starts messing about—pawing

everything . . .

Exactly."

"What about walking over to the place?"

"Yes, I want to get back to meet the

(Please turn to page 104)

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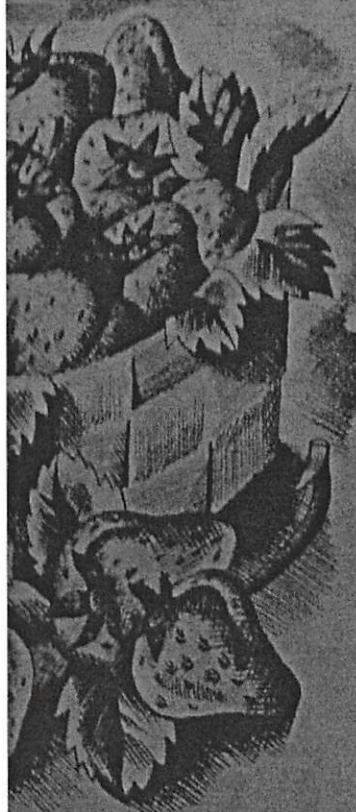
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Bluewater

(Continued from page 10)

police. The inspector is coming from Westling.

The first thing that attracted Stout's attention in Hattersley's cottage was the writ left lying on the table. He glanced at it, and passed it to Jekyll. "Last straw, I suppose."

Jekyll had never seen such a document before. Writ did not run in his world. "What is it?"

"A writ. May I look at it again? There's patience had failed. I don't blame him."

To Jekyll the idea was almost fantastic. A man should be driven to despair by a bull for bread. He looked round the room. It contained one chair and a table, and two or three empty boxes. Stout had replaced the writ on the table.

"Better leave it there—to stimulate the official mind. Yes, two years ago—this room—Hattersley had a nice taste in Persian pottery."

"Sold?"

"Yes, bit by bit. Mallison let these people help getting killed."

They explored the miserable bedroom and small kitchen. It contained a dirty oil stove, a few plates, cups, etc., and a small metal safe. Stout opened the door of a safe and saw two onions and a quarter of a loaf of very dry bread.

"Explicit?"

"Hattersley was—starving?"

Stout nodded.

"Down to bedrock and stale bread?"

Jekyll's face had lost its fierceness.

"Rather terrible, Stout. It's almost impossible to realize—that—in a place like this—"

"Yes, I didn't know it was quite as bad. Poor devil."

Said Jekyll: "No wonder he called me a fat swine."

ANN JERRARD'S first call that morning was at Bluewater. She free-wheeled down the lower half of Bluewater hill, knowing by experience that the impetus would take her van past the estate office and Miss Nuttall's shop, and just as far as Gilda Merriman's. She and Bluewater were in accord, in that they were thinking of Paul Hattersley, but Ann was thinking of him as a live man, Bluewater as a dead one. The tragedy had done more than cast a gloom over the place, it had frightened Bluewater; it was like the first death after the coming of a pestilence.

Ann got down, opened the doors of her van, and took out an egg-box. As she turned towards Ye Olde Shoppe she saw Gilda coming out, a Gilda who was unexpectedly without a smile.

"Your usual dozen, Mrs. Merriman?"

"Please."

"May I leave the box here? I'm just going across to Paul's."

She was aware of Gilda looking at her rather queerly. Everybody knew that poor Hattersley had been—in his own morose and inverted fashion—rather fiercely attracted by Miss Jerrard. So, she hadn't heard?

"Paul's not there."

"Oh."

"We are all most frightfully shocked about it. He—committed suicide—last night."

Ann stood holding the egg-box. Like Jekyll's her face seemed to grow nerve, as though someone had hit her and hurt her.

"Good lord!"

She glanced towards Hattersley's place, and Gilda saw that she did not care as Hattersley might have hoped she would have cared.

"How—?"

"He hanged himself. No, not in there. On a tree outside Moor Hall."

(Please turn to opposite page)

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Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)

Ann's eyes came sharply back to Gilda's face.

"Outside Moor Hall. But——"

"He and Jekyll had had a row. Poor Paul must have been more or less mad. Someone left a writ on him. He was found wandering in Moor Hall."

"By Mr. Jekyll?"

"Yes. Apparently, Jekyll asked him what he was doing there, and he just flew at Jekyll."

"Was Mr. Jekyll hurt?"

"Not a bit. He appears to have thrashed the poor creature."

The fierceness had gone from Ann's face, just as it had melted from Jekyll's. She looked shocked, distressed.

"That explains it. You see—I saw Paul last night. It must have been just after. Yes, in Stone Stile Lane. He came bursting out of some undergrowth. My dear, I might have——"

"You——?"

"Oh, yes, I spoke to him. He looked rather—horrible. I said: 'What on earth have you been doing?' Yes, just that. The sort of silly, callous thing one does say. He bolted past me. I suppose I must have looked rather—callous. You see——"

Mrs. Merriman seemed to breathe deeply.

"Reactions—one can't help. He came down and got a rope from one of Archie's boats. Well, that's enough, I think. Archie tells me that Jekyll is badly cut up about it."

"Really?"

"Well, wouldn't he be?"

"I rather thought he was so well padded. But how beastly of me! In a way I'm more responsible than he was."

"My dear, who could have foreseen?"

"If I had been even a little decent to him, the thing——"

Mrs. Merriman shook her head.

"I don't think—anything—would have stopped Paul. Unless, of course, but that—wasn't humanly possible."

Ann looked at her.

"No. I couldn't help it. I didn't like him."

Well, what was the use of make-believe?

(Please turn to page 106)

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Bluewater

(Continued from page 105)

She was not a young woman who indulged in personal confessions, but to Gilda you said things that you would not have said to other people. She left Mrs. Merriman her eggs, closed the doors of the van and drove on. She pulled up again outside the Studio, and with a sudden veering of impulse she got out, and turned back and across the rough grass in the direction of Hatterley's cottage. She could not define her impulse; she did not attempt to define it. She walked up the garden path and across the little loggia, and straight in through the open doorway.

Two men were examining the contents of Hatterley's bureau. She had not expected this. She stood hesitant. The men looked at her. One of them, the elder of the two, had a beard of hair in a big hand.

"Yes, Miss?"

She understood what was happening. The official work was turning over the dead man's effects, searching for elucidations of the tragedy.

She felt embarrassed, but she did not look it.

"Excuse me, are you the police?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Perhaps I ought to tell you that I must have been the last person to see—Mr. Hatterley alive. He passed me in Stone Style Lane last night."

"About what time, Miss?"

"Oh, about quarter to eight."

"Did anything—on his appearance . . . ?"

She nodded. "I spoke to him, but he did not speak to me. He rushed past me."

"Did you say anything to him?"

"Yes. I asked him what he had been doing. He looked at me as though he had been fighting."

"And he just belted past you, Miss?"

"Yes."

"Did he look queer?"

She frowned, and stood looking at those papers in the inspector's hand.

"Yes, what else would call desperate, I suppose."

It was the day after Hatterley's funeral. All Bluewater had attended it, but Jekyll had refrained. He was paying for the elm coffin and the hearse and the gentlemen in black, and for that oblong slab in the clay of Westing cemetery, and for the officiating priest, but he had felt that his presence might have appeared a little incongruous.

About three o'clock on that early September afternoon, Archie Stout was tinkering at the engine of a motor-boat moored to the jetty, when he heard a voice.

"Hallo, Stout, tuning up?"

"Putting her in commission, sir. She is being chartered by a gentleman for the week-end."

"Silent?"

"A hotel keeper never asks questions, sir. And that is just what I am going to do to you, Stout. I wanted to ask you whether there are any more potential Hatterleys in Bluewater."

"Not quite in the same way, sir. But we have had two rotten seasons."

"That little Miss Northall, for instance? I'm not moved by blatant curiosity."

"Freda? Freda never says much about herself. She lives like a church mouse."

"And the Jettisons?"

"Very much jetted. As a matter of fact, that commission of yours, sir—"

Jekyll looked embarrassed.

"Oh, that's nothing. But if there have been two bad seasons, how is the winter going to affect—I mean, people must eat and have fires?"

Stout no longer hesitated as to what he furnished with the cottage water.

"Absolutely, sir. It's a power. It's a worry."

"What does one do?"

"I leave that to the experts, sir."

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Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)

with a bankrupt community? I'm fond of them all. They don't whimper. They do quite a lot of laughing. Yes, what the devil is one to do about it?"

He looked up at the figure of Jekyll, and was not conscious of the black smudge on his forehead.

"Something ought to be done about it," said Jekyll. "If anything occurs to you— Yes, I'll do some thinking. Of course, one would have to tread delicately. Yes, if anything occurs to you—"

Stout nodded up at him.

"Yes, I'll let you know, sir."

Jekyll strolled back to the gravelled space in front of the "Anchor" where he had left the Bentley. He reached it at the moment when another car pulled in. It was a very large car, bright blue in colour, and it contained a chauffeur and a gentleman. The gentleman was driving. Jekyll might not have paid much attention to the stranger had he not heard him shout at the porter of the "Anchor," who was carefully watering the pink geraniums in the pots on the loggia wall.

"Hi, you there, pay attention!"

The porter stared, holding the can so that it dribbled and made a pool of water on the loggia floor.

"Come 'ere. Luggage."

Obviously a new "aristocrat" with one of those large red faces left by Nature in a state of brutal incompleteness. The gentleman's jaw jutted out; so did his lower lip, so did his tummy. He was the person for whom Archie Stout was preparing the motorboat.

Jekyll got into his car.

"Ye gods—behold your god."

And then it occurred to him to wonder whether all rich men used their magnificence so richly and rampantly. Had he never shouted? But surely—with a difference?

But it did not occur to him that he and the gentleman in the blue car could possess any significance for each other.

(Please turn to page 108)



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Bluewater

(Continued from page 197)

JIMMIE JETTISON might have entitled the picture: “A Summer Sunset.” He had a fondness for painting wood pictures; he kept a note-book in which he jotted down his impressions, swift scribbles in pencil that were like strokes of the brush.

A grass path. An old apple tree glowing in green and gold. Michaelmas Daisies in disorder, shining like amethysts and rubies. Green hills, an opalescent sea, one of those mountainous skies. Splash horizontal sunlight over everything.

So Jettison, who was too photographic and yet too mystical to please the ultra-moderns. To some considerable extent he painted what he saw and rendered it remarkably well. Landscape? Wasn't every provincial window full of landscape? Middle-class stuff! Jettison had not indulged himself in what Jekyll described as “The Papuan Pose.”

Ann lay back in her deck chair in the garden. Jimmie would have excluded her from his study of the Four Firs garden on an evening in September, and she would not have quarrelled with Jimmie. She was pleasantly tired. She still had to shut up her chicken houses, but the last job of the day could wait.

A sound disturbed her, the opening and closing of the white garden gate. She looked to the left along the grass path and saw Jekyll there. He was in the full sunlight

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and carrying a fruit basket shaped like a large flower-pot with a handle. He came deliberately and almost ominously towards her along the grass path. She did not stir in her chair.

“Brought you a few apples.”

He had brought her much else. That was as obvious to her as his basket.

“Did you pick them yourself?”

“I did.”

“Good for you.”

He set the basket on the grass and since there was no other chair and he did not wish to stand and be dismissed, he sat down on the grass beside his basket.

“Mustn't do that. Dew falling.”

“Didn't primitive man ever sit on the ground?”

“Probably. He was. Go and get a chair. You'll find one in the porch.”

He went. He came back with a second deck chair and set it up beside hers, but with the basket of apples between them. His gravity was not the gravity of Mr. Jekyll. He stood for a moment looking at the sunset.

“I suppose the Hesperides are still over there. Do you ever indulge in phantasy?”

“Why not?”

His downward glance met her upward one. They seemed to feel each other like the blades of two foils.

“Well, to be frank, whenever I have ventured an opinion, someone has snubbed me. That sort of thing makes one's curiosity rather tentative.”

He sat down and she picked an apple out of the basket and turned it over. It was a Keswick Coddling and its skin was almost as warm as the skin of a peach.

“Do you know the name of it?”

“No. Instruct me.”

“I'm no wiser than you are.”

He too took an apple from the basket.

(Please turn to opposite page)

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Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)

Each was gazing at an apple as though it were the crystal globe of a clairvoyant. Jekyll was thinking: "She hasn't snubbed me to-night. Why?" And she was thinking of him as the man who had bought Hattersley and thrashed him; and it counted with her more than he knew.

"I want to talk to you about something. No, not about myself. As a matter of fact, I'm feeling rather responsible. Just this detail—for the last two years I have been writing a history of modern philosophy. Rather silly, don't you think?"

"Why silly?"

"Well, shall we say—superfluous? I have come to the conclusion that I am not a philosopher."

"And the alternative? But isn't this rather personal?"

HE threw up the apple and caught it.

"Just a confession of failure, that's all. After I had knocked that poor soul about—the other night. Yes, next morning I had to go up a ladder and cut him down. Cutting that rope was a sort of symbolical act. Understand? Yes, you do. Well, it's better to live than to scribble. I'm going back into socks and knickers."

"Isn't that going back rather far?"

"Oh, one speeds up the childishness. In fact, I may re-mature quite quickly. Second youth. But the pith of the matter is—I want to do things."

She smiled at his purposeful profile a mysterious, provocative smile.

"Still rather personal?"

"Tolerate me a moment. I'm not thinking of Jekyll according to Jekyll, but of Jekyll in relation to other people, especially the people down yonder. Do you get me?"

"Oh, yes, much more clearly. Love comes down from Olympus."

He turned on her almost fiercely.

"Nothing of the kind. Don't make me swear! Look here, young woman—"

"I'd rather not be called that."

"All right. Look here, Mistress Ann, there are occasions when I should like to smack you."

She sat forward in her chair with the apple between her hands.

"I shouldn't do that—either—if I were you. By the way, I have to shut up the chicken houses."

"Can I help?"

"If you care to."

"Where shall I put these apples? In the porch?"

"Yes. We can collect them when we come back."

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MR. BERRYMAN explored Bluewater. He would appear on other people's premises and ask questions and sniff. He appeared in Gilda's shop and, standing with his hat on, peered at the post

R. 16, P. 18, P. 94 (last page)

ANN was standing on a ladder that sloped upwards into the heart of an apple tree. "Come and catch hold of this basket." Her downward smile was elfish.

"What?"
"We don't want motor-coaches at
"Why not?"
"This isn't exactly a
coach place, sir."
Mr. Berryman, eating
cigar in a corner of his
brutal mouth, gave Stout a
upward glance.
"Select?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Mallow, who
Bluewater, had ideas of his own
atmosphere."
"What?"

"Atmosphere, sir."
"Feels a bit dry to me."
"Does it indeed, sir?"
"Yes, high and dry."

That was a touch of the funk in
Stout's ribs, but Stout remained
ignorance of Mr. Berryman's
significance. Berryman's change
not gossip; he had been warned
gossiping. Motor-coaches were not
mentioned, and being a stout
illusioned little man with a family
keep, he held his tongue. Mallow
his master explored Bluewater.
Mr. Berryman wished to go to
He would appear upon other
premises with an air of cert and
complacency, and ask questions
sniff. He was laconic, most
so. He appeared in Gilda's shop
standing with his hat on, in
place.

"Got any old glass?"
She showed him some, and he
frank with her. He felt the glass
his stubby fingers.

"Repro."
"No, it's genuine Bristol."
"What?"
"Bristol."

He smirked at her truculently.
"I said repro. Wasn't born yet."
Gilda's urge was to say that the

was obvious. He tramped about the place, surveying the
"Don't sell much of this junk, do you?"

"Oh, occasionally."
"What?"
"Occasionally."

"I should say so. No buyers in a place like this."
He would have suggested to her that had Bluewater
its business it would have set out to attract the modern crowd
and that instead of artistic junk Gilda would have had to
advised to obtain a tobacconist's licence and deal in pipe
postcards and chocolates, and bathing tugs and cheap
He waddled out of the shop, and the voice of Gilda was lost
to say: "Tig-tig."

Mr. Berryman heard something, and swung round, looking
"What?"

Gilda stood serenely in his way.
"I beg your pardon?"
"Didn't one of your young wenches—?"
"I have not got any young wenches here, sir."
"What?"

Gilda smiled and turned her back.
Mr. Berryman had tea at Nankin. He was waiting for
Selma Dewhurst in person.
"Got any home-made cakes?"

Puff! Puff! Puff! Turn to page 92 for a very Special Offer

"All our cakes are home-made."
"Well, they're very Mondayish. I suppose in a half-starved place like this things get a bit stale."

"Thankly, sir, like some people's manners."

"What?"

"I said—like some people's manners."

Mr. Berryman laughed. "Most refined place, this. I'd expect you arrived to business, and don't get saucy."

"Smile the intensely dignified Selma waxy."

Smiling later into the Studio he appraised the Jettison art and June in attendance. June was up at Moor Hall fixing out of the panel pictures.

"Is you do this?"

"Do what, sir?"

"Paint this stuff?"

"No, it's my husband's work."

Mr. Berryman poked a finger at a heavy oil. He even scratched at it with a finger nail.

"Told on pretty thick. Make a living at it?"

Mrs. Jettison had never been confronted with quite such a person.

"My husband has just sold four pictures to Mr. Jekyll."

"What?"

"My husband has just sold four pictures to Mr. Jekyll."

"Who's he?"

"Mr. Jekyll of Moor Hall."

"Never heard of the fellow," and Mr. Berryman walked out.

BLUEWATER'S nakedness could not be concealed. It might attempt to drape art fabrics over those portions of its side that were not supposed to be exhibited in public, and it was financial big-leaves, but to Mr. Berryman the ex-butcher, Bluewater's throat was ripe for cutting. He explored the place very thoroughly from the Gorse Hills to Spaniard's foot and coming up against the Jekyll wire he was not offended by it. He too believed in barbed wire. His chauffeur, Titmus—an absurd name—took Mr. Berryman out in the "Anchor" motorboat, and cruising east and west Mr. B. savoured Bluewater from the sea. Titmus may have been warned against gossip, but only in the positive sense. He had been told to collect any information that might be useful.

"They had a suicide here three weeks ago, sir. One of the droppers."

"On the rocks, what?"

"Wrote out against him. Hall starved. Hanged himself."

Titmus gazing with his flat blue eyes at the little white

Mr. Berryman granted. "What a trouble. I might consider building a work and hangover there here. I might—and I might not. Let's have all the details—what the things. What about light and water and drains?"

Mr. Maggs became eager and explanatory.

All on the estate, sir. Mr. Maggs—where he developed the property.

"Light, water, drainage—everything."

"If you build a hangover, sir, all the arrangements will be to hand. We have some very good stone here, sir."

Mr. Maggs had spread the map on the table. With a pencil he indicated the grounds in the valley. He was very keen to sell one of those valley plots.

"The land, sir."

Mr. Berryman snapped at him.

"Where's your road?"

"That particular road has only been marked like roads, sir, but the sewer—and the water main—and the electric cables are there."

"What sized plots?"

"A quarter of an acre—or more—or—of you decide it."

"How much?"

"One hundred and fifty pounds per plot, sir."

"What?"

"One hundred and fifty."

Mr. Berryman looked fierce.

"Not! Six hundred an acre! Don't talk nonsense. I'd give you a hundred an acre of the outside. The outside grows as your grass, my lad."

Mr. Maggs looked pained.

"You have to take into account, sir, the capital work in developing."

"What's that to me? Well, let's get on to other things. Any restrictions?"

"Nothing under five hundred, sir."

"Private road?"

"Yes, sir. We contemplate putting up a toll-gate to restrict greenhouse traffic."

"What?"

"A toll-gate to—presumably—the greenhouse."

Mr. Berryman raised his brows.

"Select. How much ground have you got altogether?"

"About two hundred acres, sir."

"How much undeveloped?"

"Most of it, sir."

Mr. Berryman pretended to study the map.

"Now, look here, a fellow comes at the pub and the the whole

timbers strong along the side of the sea, was moved to rest that at a distance the place looked prosperous and gay. Titmus had come of biblical stock, and Sunday-school phrases still lingered with him.

"Regular whitened sepulchre, sir."

Mr. Berryman appeared in the estate office where a depressed Mr. Maggs was sitting with his long legs stuck under a desk that was doing no business.

"You the chap in charge?"

"Yes, sir. Anything I can do, sir?"

"Then might be."

"Please take a chair, sir."

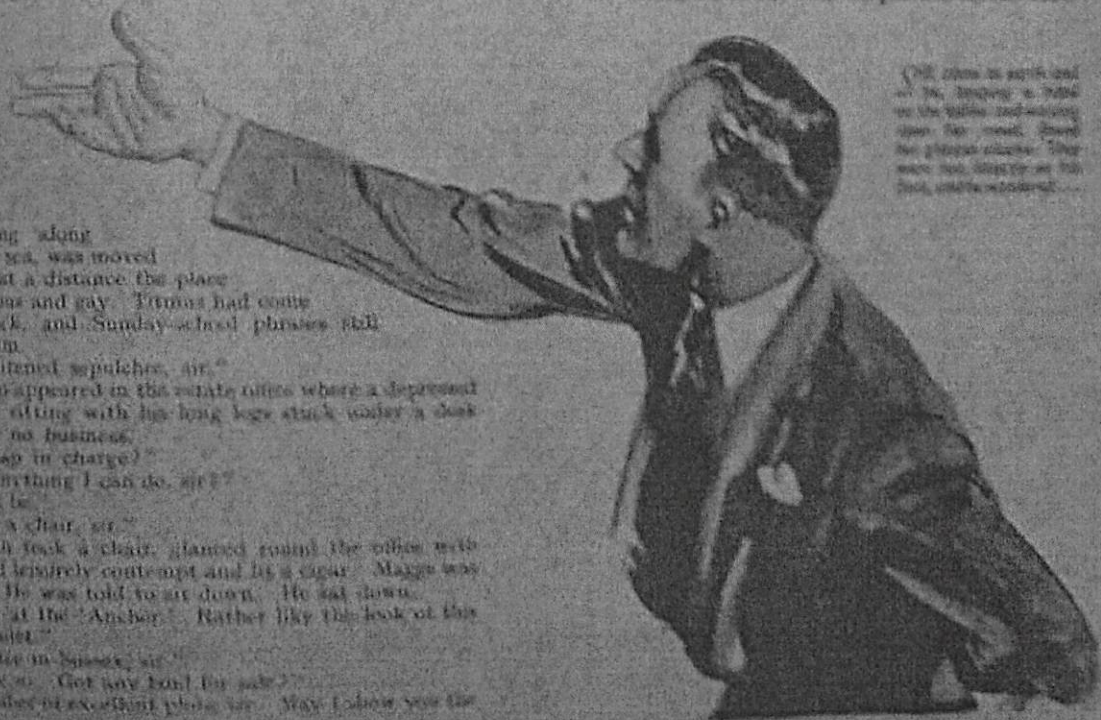
Mr. Berryman took a chair, glanced round the office with an expression of leisurely contempt and lit a cigar. Maggs was still standing. He was told to sit down. He sat down.

"In staying at the 'Anchor'. Rather like the look of the place. Seems quiet."

"Quietest place in Sussex, sir."

"I would say so. Got any bond for sale?"

"It's a number of excellent plots, sir. May I show you the model plan?"



(The scene is set in a room with a table and chairs. The man is standing and pointing towards the left. The background is dark and indistinct.)

WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL

estate was up for sale. If I were to put up a bungalow, how should I know that the place would not be sold to people who might—play the dickens with it?"

He glared at Maggie. "You need Tin Shanties, and all that."

"If the estate were sold, sir, the restrictions would still apply. We come under the Town Planning Act."

"What about the foreshore?"

"Only tents and beach huts would be in order."

"Supposing a fellow wanted to shove in a dirt track?"

"I'm really not quite sure, sir, about such details."

Mr. Berryman rose. "I'll think it over, and have a look round."

"May I have your card, sir?"

"No need for cards. If I mean business you'll hear about it."

JEKYLL'S second meeting with Mr. Berryman was fortuitous, and somewhat unpleasantly so. He was driving into Saxborough in the Bentley, and about a mile beyond Westling, in a straight section of the road by Windmill Farm, a horseless waggon stood drawn up on the off-side under the bank. The two cars were equidistant from the gap, and the road was Jekyll's. He held on at forty, only to realize that the driver of the blue car was crowding him for precedence, counting upon bluffing the Bentley into braking. On several recent occasions, Jekyll had been the victim of this form of caddishness. He drove straight for the space between the waggon

and the left-hand verge, determined that the other fellow should not flout him.

But the confrontation became so inevitable that both drivers had to brake. Jekyll, with his front near wheel on the grass, found himself jammed up against the blue car. Mr. Berryman had crumpled a wing against the hub of a waggon wheel. His front near mudguard had buckled, its lower third against the Bentley's running-board.

The drivers sat within five feet of each other, and Jekyll did not let the opportunity escape him.

"What the devil do you mean by crowding down on me like that?"

"I had plenty of time to get through."

"So you expected me to hold back for you, did you?"

"What?"

"I said—you expected me to stop and let you hog it. Now, wait a moment, I have one or two things to say. You had better go home and get someone to teach you to drive, and also—if possible—to teach you the elements of decency. Yes, I said—decency. Now, back out."

Mr. Berryman belittled at him.

"Back out yourself—"

Jekyll opened the off door three inches. "Look here, you said, either you back out, or I'll pull you out. This car stays where it is. Back out, and be quick about it."

He got out of the Bentley and stood in front of Mr. Berryman's radiator. Mr. Berryman glared at him, put his gear lever into the reverse, and with some complaining of metal, extracted his car from the jam, and as the blue car moved backwards Jekyll followed it. He fol-

lowed it until Berryman had turned over to its right wheel, and then he returned, immediately to the door with an easy grace, and he fully a minute pulling at a piece of leather glove. He looked at his watch as it glided past Mr. Berryman's car, he saluted him.

"Remember — manners — Good day to you."

ON the seaward slope of the hill, a young man sat and looked at the sea. It was very blue at that day, and if its colour reflected the man's mood, he was more contented. The coming greyness of November, however, his head was red, his cheeks without, and his readiness to the sea were edged with red. That the sea should be all mud, and all the opportunities for the expression which youth knows as had no money, and hardly any love, and in a month or two he would have no job.

What was he to do about that? He had sent his previous novel to a publisher, and after two months' silence it had been returned to him in polite silence. A word gave that printed slip was a formal regrets. But the return of a prodigal had not angered him as much as the state in which the typescript had come back to him. It had gone into as clean and trim as a new dress, but it had returned as a very drab, brown, in a series of clothes hatched, the page missing, corners dog-eared, and adrift, soiled, crumpled. It had taken him a month to type the book, and the cost what was to him a fortune in paper.

He did not hear the other man's name for Jekyll was wearing crepe-soled shoes and young Fielden's absorption in a social sorrow was somewhat absorbing. He heard a voice behind him. "Excuse me, you are Mr. Fielden?"

He should have stood up. He did not. It was Jekyll who sat down before him on the brick step, and who said, "I'm sorry at the knees and produce a cigarette case."

He held the case out to Fielden. "Smoke?"

The cigarette case was of gold. The was a flick of Fielden's head.

"No—thanks."

Jekyll, sinking faintly at first, unfriendliness, in himself a gesture.

"Bad habit—I know. I'm taking a pipe. I may as well smoke and have come here to ask you for a favour."

My name's Jekyll. He made the suggestion. He said you'd be able to help me.

"What's the idea?" He was sitting on-hand.

"May I explain?" Of course, I think I rather a check of me, I'm scribbled little I have the manuscript that wants putting into type. That suggested—"

He glanced at the young man. It was sudden and most nervous.

"Stout might hurt his eye, I think."

(The story is in the April 15)



You Ought to Know About Franchot TONE

and ancient art and music. Not acting, and anything to do with the screen and stage, is his chief interest in life.

Actually, he has two other Christian names which come before the Franchot given to him because it was his French mother's maiden name. But he will not disclose these names. His mother likes Franchot and he has always been called that. Even when the studio wished him to change his name to something easier to say, he refused point blank. Franchot, of course, is pronounced with a silent "f" at the end, in real French fashion.

Six feet tall, Tone has light brown hair and hazel eyes; a thin, intelligent, determined mouth, and slightly hollowed cheeks. He appears indifferent and unconcerned, but is a bundle of nervous energy when working.

He lives very quietly with a college friend from New York in a house on the beach at Malibu, with a Korean houseboy to run the home. He spends his spare time reading, dancing, swimming, listening to the wireless, and sleeping. He reads a great deal of modern fiction and many plays. His home is furnished in the modern mid-century style, with wall paintings of flowers, trees, and food-stuffs.

Born at Niagara Falls, on February 27, 1905, he is thus twenty-nine years old. His latest film successes are *Sally McKee* with Joan Crawford, *Reckless* with Jean Harlow and William Powell, *The Far Off Girl*, and *Face of a Fugitive*.

By Ann

THE story of Franchot Tone's rise to fame disproves the cynical theory that the greatest successes are achieved only by those who have to battle with difficulties. Franchot, the son of a wealthy business man, had a cultured, luxurious home, an excellent education, a happy childhood and a care-free adolescence. After graduating from Cornell University, where he had had success in the dramatic society, he announced his wish to go on the stage, and, before long, the young Franchot was a leading man on Broadway. Extremely intellectual, Franchot Tone knows several foreign languages. He studies politics and every science and biology, and is an authority on modern

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Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)

"I said nothing," My offer's seven."
"It is quite impossible for us to consider,
sir, an offer—"
"I'm not offering it to you. I'm making it
to the trustees. You put it to them."
Mr. Beeby became extremely dignified.
"Most certainly I shall, sir, but not as an
offer that I can seriously—"
"What I said is—put it to 'em. The whole
estate, lock, stock and barrel. Seven thou-
sand, if my lawyers are satisfied with the title
and all that."
"Perhaps you will give me the name of
your solicitors, Mr.—Harryman."
"Harryman. Write that down. My people
are Fagg, Grimsdale & Smart of Lincoln's Inn.
Write that down."
Mr. Beeby flushed slightly as though a
pneumatic drill had commenced operations
under his window. He wrote on a pad.
"Your offer shall be conveyed to the
trustees. I cannot promise you—"
Mr. Harryman got up.
"Put it to 'em, Mr. Beeby."
"I beg your pardon, sir, Beeby."

So the game was opened between Messrs.
Beeby & Co. and Messrs. Fagg, Grimsdale and
Smart. Mr. Beeby attempted to reduce it to
the form of pat-ball which appealed to his
dilatory dignity. He was ready to place
every possible obstruction in the path of that
very offensive person, Harryman.

Mr. Studland, the active trustee, when the
offer had been submitted to him, had turned
it down with scorn. The paltriness of the
offer had annoyed him, because it suggested
that other people had guessed how eager
the trustees were to dispose of Bluewater.

"Tell them it's a preposterous offer,
Beeby."

Mr. Beeby told them so at great length and
in politely pompous language.

Messrs. Fagg, Grimsdale & Smart replied.
Grimsdale, who had the business in hand, was
the kind of brutal realist suited to the
Harryman technique. He pointed out:

- (1) That properties were selling at knock-
down prices.
- (2) That Bluewater was a white elephant.
- (3) That it possessed certain serious dis-
advantages from their client's point of
view, and that these disadvantages made

Mr. Harryman loth to sink too much
capital in the venture.

Mr. Beeby retorted. He ignored all Mr.
Grimsdale's contentions. He stated that the
sum suggested was not reasonable, and that
the trustees would not consider the offer.

No correspondence passed for three days.

Messrs. Fagg, Grimsdale & Smart then
wrote to say that their client had agreed to
raise his offer to eight thousand.

Mr. Studland was contemptuous.

"Tell them our price is sixteen thousand.
Not a penny less."

Mr. Grimsdale replied. Their client con-
sidered the sum mentioned not worth con-
sidering. The estate was a rook or less
derelict property. He was willing—while
reserving to himself the right of investigation
of title, etc., to raise the offer to nine thousand.
This was final.

Mr. Beeby smiled his dry smile. He had
had much experience of such finality. He
knew that both sides would go on haggling.
He was enjoying himself. He was authorized
by the trustees to refuse the latest offer, but
to intimate to Messrs. Fagg, Grimsdale and
Smart that they—the trustees—were still
ready to consider a more equitable figure.

For Mr. Studland was eager to get Blue-
water off his shoulders.

"Keep them in play, Beeby. If we can get
them up to fourteen thousand, we'll sell."

There was more haggling. Mr. Harryman
told Grimsdale to stress awkward points.

What about the leases?

(Please turn to page 94)

Always
invited



MEN enjoy taking
Diana. She's always there
knows she always looks
learned the secret of com-
—learned that Snowflake
and fine, not only makes
like a peach, but keeps
all evening long.

Diana uses Peach Snowflake
Facelift, Deep Cleanser and the
other skin-care items in the
SNOWFLAKE CLEANSING

SNOW
Face Pe

"I buy this sort
and don't risk spoil-
day." So do I. Come
happy with any other



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Please send me the sample
Name
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Post on the order form

Gardener—

IST

N.D. Hort.

DING, pruning, nipping
buds, planning for next
—this is a specially busy
th in the garden.

ages and dicentra flower on one
shoots. Long before the flowers
ing shoots appear. These will
at year if—and it is an important
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panose gem wistaria arvensis, with
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during recent years, this climber
lanted in hundreds of new garden
ers who do not quite understand
"As soon as the flowers fade, the
arising on the main branches
cut back half way, and the tip
ding shoot on these same main
should be nipped off. By thus
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ing this month that faults in the
der scheme become apparent.
dul notes of the insects, and
replant in autumn. If you would
prepare you a planting scheme,
a sketch of the border, giving
and I will do so, with the greatest
st as I shall be pleased to help
any problem arising out of the
of fruit, flowers, or vegetables.

ery is now ready for the first
As a preliminary, remove the
leaves and side shoots, and
remaining stems loosely in an
e of moist raffia to prevent soil
its way into the heart. Then
y around the base of the plants
but moist soil, and follow with
layers at intervals of a fortnight
stems are covered.

er beans weekly with dilute
re, remove side shoots from
each. Brussels sprout plant
ful of superphosphate of lime,
en foot to 6 inches apart, hoe
d on warm evenings, spray all
n with clear water. The humid
thus treated is a great aid to a
old.

wing points out of young shoots
its and gooseberries to assist
in of next season's fruit buds.
he number of raspberry suckers
root or plant, which is quite as
possibly bear fruit.

ho would like advice or sug-
their gardens are invited to
George H. Copley, N.D. Hort.,
's Service Department, 30-33
m Street, London, W.C.2.
ne Service Coupon from page
with stamped (14d) addressed
envelope for reply.

Bluewater

(Continued from page 24)

What about the restrictions imposed by the estate contracts?

Mr. Berryman's answer was simple. The present water supply was inadequate. The estate had no public garage, about a purchaser's entrance to the garage.

What about title? What about the fenced Acres of the property was not enough.

The hotel on the estate would not be under the control of a purchaser.

The Westling-Blewwater road was only fifteen feet wide, and would need widening.

Mr. Grimade rubbed it all these points. He insisted that they were of very little import to his client.

Mr. Beeby remained dry and calm.

Meanwhile, Bluewater evaluated the importance of all that was impending. Berryman had insisted upon the house being kept out of the way, and Mr. Grimade no reason why any business should be put to Bluewater. His last word—"let us get out."

He was quite sceptical as to the importance of any other purchaser. He did not see any of the Bluewater people making it adding to the legal chatter.

For both Mr. Berryman and Mr. Grimade were practical men with a contempt for trifles.

Finally Mr. Studland said impetuously to Beeby, "I'm tired of all this paper. Tell 'em they can have the house for fifteen thousand."

Mr. Berryman chorried.

"They're coming down. Push 'em harder, Grimade."

MEANWHILE Bluewater was in the golden October, and getting it done and the warmth it could before it fell. winter and the world depression made the philosophy difficult. Young Fisher was sitting up late and bravely resisting temptation. The Jettisons were calculating how Mr. Jekyll's fifty guineas would be in Stout was contemplating adding a bedroom to his hotel. Asbury Jones sold twelve first editions, and was fastening on porridge. Mrs. Merriam was wondering just how she was going to Owen and Oliver.

And up at Moxe Hall Richard Jekyll added. Or, rather, he examined Bluewater rather like an intricate puzzle. He was working out the schemes on paper. He wanted to see young Fisher, and the Jettisons on the sunny bank. Bluewater was a trophy that might be presented to a young person. Jekyll was almost tired of slipping back into the Mr. Jekyll. He needed a dose of Berryman.

What happens to Bluewater? In the next month's thrilling instalment.

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A gripping Novel of Love and Intrigue. Start it To-day.



THEY stood and looked down at the lights of Bluewater. "I certainly have no intention of moving the Jettisons and Mrs. Merriman," Jekyll said. Ann's eyes were on his face. "You?" "Yes, I own Bluewater . . . on paper."

BLUEWATER

When the Peace of this lovable little community is threatened, Jekyll finds a profound new joy in the Power of his Money . . . and a rich Reward in Ann's changed Attitude towards him.

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY
RICHARD JEKYLL, wealthy philosopher . . . and dyspeptic, comes to the little community of Bluewater to seek peace. He finds it among the cheerful, gallant-hearted folk who can barely eke out an existence in this struggling township which has suffered first from the death of its originator and then from the world slump. As it is, the little band of pioneers carry on bravely. ARCHIE STOUT, for instance, humanist and genial manager of the Golden Anchor Inn. FRED NUTHALL, of the Blue Squirrel craft shop, herself rather like a squirrel. ANN JERRARD, young and downright, who runs the poultry farm at Four Firs and sells eggs in the neighbourhood. GILDA MERRIMAN, of Ye Olde Shoppe, jocund and strong and utterly without humbug, and her delightful helpers, GWEN and MAISIE WILMER. Young DERREK FIELDS, manager of the "Sunflower" Café. Not forgetting JIMMIE JETTISON, a dreamy idealist of a painter who frequently has writs served on him, and his wife, JUNE.

Settling down as owner of Moor Hall, Jekyll changes subtly, gradually, as he becomes attuned to Bluewater and its ways. On Stout's tactful suggestion that money spent in Bluewater would be money well spent, he commissions Jettison to paint decorative panels in his garden, and extends his goodwill and custom . . . or is it patronage? . . . to Mrs. Merriman and to Gwen Wilmer who is an expert at repairing lacquer work.

Perhaps the most vital influence of all in Jekyll's new life is Ann, who definitely attracts him, although he will hardly admit the fact even to himself. As for Ann, for all her off-hand attitude towards him, she is not as indifferent to him as she would appear.

Presently a menace comes to Bluewater in the person of MR. BERRYMAN, proprietor of the Blue Bee Coaches. Mr. Berryman has long cherished a dream . . . which looks like coming true at last. Bluewater is for sale. Why not buy it and develop it as an up-to-date, go-ahead seaside resort of his own? He takes steps towards securing it . . . at a bargain price.

NOW READ ON

OF the imminence of the Assyrian invasion there was no word.

Archie Stout was even preparing to take up with the trustees the erection of the toll-gate to prevent the flooding of the place by unprofitable visitors. He had accepted a builder's estimate for the adding of six bedrooms to the Anchor Inn, and the work was to be completed during the coming winter. The flood that was Berryman, and moving to engulf the Mallison Bluewater and its population, had not yet lifted its head above the Sussex hills.

by WARWICK DEEPING

Author of *Sorrell and Son*, *Old Pybus*, *Doomsday*, etc.

Mr. Berryman had raised his offer to eleven thousand pounds. Mr. Studland adhered to fourteen. But the margin was narrowing, and one morning early in October, Mr. Grimside rang up Mr. Berryman.

"We've got 'em! They're wobbling. They're down to thirteen thousand five hundred."

Mr. Berryman said, "Good egg! I'll go up to twelve. But tell 'em that's the limit."

He had lost his bet to Mr. MacArthur, but he had expected to lose it. He was enjoying this game of bluff. He was beginning to feel sure that Bluewater would be his. If necessary he would rise to thirteen thousand five hundred. Not only did he mean to have Bluewater, but he knew that he would be buying it dirt cheap.

But Mr. Studland was becoming annoyed. He understood that the other people were beating the bushes of an opportunity, and exploiting a bottomless market. He refused to budge. In fact he threatened to end negotiations.

Again, Mr. Grimside rang up Mr. Berryman.

"We've worried them till they're getting nasty. I think you'll have to go up to thirteen."

"Right. Ram it in. But tell 'em there will be no deposit and no contract till we've gone into everything. Thirteen thousand on—conditions."

Mr. Grimside called upon Mr. Beeby, and returning to Lincoln's Inn after the interview, he rang up the Blue Bee.

"Just seen Beeby. I think the thing's going through. Taking three days to consider. You know what that means. Saving their faces."

"Good egg! I'm going to have that place, Grimside. Understand?"

"Absolutely. We shall have knocked three thousand off. Beeby told me they spent thirty thousand on the estate."

Mr. Berryman chuckled. "I'll make it hum. You wait and see."

SO sure was he of his spoil that he was driven down to Saxbourn by Titmus. He put up at the Queen's Hotel, and next day he was seen at Bluewater. He appeared suddenly in the estate office, and with an air of authority.

Mr. Maggs met him with bright and engaging vivacity.

"Good morning, sir. You've come about the bungalow site?"

Mr. Berryman wanted to have his joke, though it might be a rather brutal joke.

"No."

"I'm sorry, sir. I'm sure you wouldn't regret—"

"What?"

"I'm sure you wouldn't regret purchasing a site here."

Mr. Berryman lit a cigar.

"Got an estate map?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"Hand it over. I'm taking a look round."

"Would you like me to accompany you? There are one or two plots on the old cliff, sir."

Mr. Berryman

exploded his bomb.

"Not interested in postage stamps. I'm buying the whole album."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I said—I'm buying the whole album."

"Buying Bluewater?"

"Yep."

"But—I haven't received any—"

"No need, was there? Confidential business between principals. Got that map?"

Mr. Maggs looked rather white. He was wondering how the transfer would affect him personally.

"Excuse me, sir, but are you going to develop—?"

"What?"

"Develop—it—as a building venture?"

"No business of yours, is it?"

"No, sir; of course not, sir. But if I could be of any use."

Mr. Berryman looked contemptuously round the untidy office.

"This—your idea of business? Not much good to me. I'm Berryman of the Blue Bee Coaches. Going to put some guts into this place. Make it hum—yep. A thousand visitors a day—by coach. Won't be quite so arty, but more hearty. Get me? But don't gossip."

Mr. Maggs looked like a dog about to whimper.

"No, sir, of course not, sir. But what about—the other people here?"

"What people?"

"The tenants of the—"

"You mind your business, my lad, and don't ask silly questions."

"But, really, sir, it's a rather serious matter. The leases—"

"There won't be any leases. You'd better tidy up this office. I'm not taking over a wastepaper basket. And keep your mouth shut."

He left poor Maggs bleached and trembling.

The Berryman car was parked outside the estate office, and Mr. Berryman had only to cross the road and diverge slightly to the right to find himself outside the Sign of the Squirrel. He stood outside Miss Nuthall's shop, and considered its fate. Situated as it was at the beginnings of Bluewater it would form an admirable nucleus for a garage and depot and ticket office. He walked into the shop, and at his leisure took stock of it. Freda, busy with her knitting needles, jumped up to attend to the gentleman.

"Can I help you to choose something?"
Mr. Berryman, without looking at her, asked her a most unexpected question.
"How many rooms here?"
"I beg your pardon?"
"How many rooms have you got?"
Freda looked scared. Birds on insecure perches are so easily fluttered. What was the person, an official of some sort threatening to revise her assessment and raise her rates? She conceived politeness to be the crown of discretion.
"The shop, one living-room, one bedroom. kitchen, etc. Are you from the County Council?"
"What?"
"Is it a new survey—or something?"
Mr. Berryman appeared amused.
"No. I'm buying the place. I shall want this building. Your lease runs out at the end of the year."
Miss Nuthall's knitting needles trembled.
"You're not turning me out?"
"You'll have proper notice. Sorry. Going to alter this place—considerably. Better make arrangements."

His next visit was to Ye Olde Shoppe. He strolled round the building, appraising it, and in Mrs. Merriman's back-yard was confronted by Gwen who appeared with a dust-pan on her way to the rubbish-bin. She stared at him; she remembered him. What on earth was Tig-Tig doing in Gilda's back-yard. Was he prospecting for swill?

She challenged Mr. Berryman.
"What's the idea?"
"Nosing around, my dear. Want a job?"

STOUT hurried across to Ye Old Shoppe, to find Gilda sitting in the forecourt enjoying the sunshine of St. Luke's summer. "I say, Gilda, that fellow who was staying with me." "Yes, I've seen him."

Gwen became haughty. She lifted the lid of the dustbin, emptied her rubbish, and banged the lid back.

"Better go round to the front if you are touting for orders."

Mr. Berryman chuckled. You had to allow a bit of fluff like that her lipstick.

"No, sweetie, I'm going to give orders. Your old woman in?"

Gwen opened the back door.

"I don't get you. There's nothing in the dust-bin that's worth while."

She disappeared. She hurried to Gilda. She was in the midst of describing to Gilda the invasion by Tig-Tig of their back yard when Mr. Berryman entered the shop. He kept his hat on, and the stump of a cigar was tucked in one corner of his mouth. He spoke without removing the foreign object.

"My name's Berryman. Be kinder to tell you, perhaps, that I'm buying this place. It's just possible we might do business."

The stump of the cigar stood out like some horrid, broken tusk. His expression was ironical, appreciative. Fine, strapping creature, this Mrs. Merriman.

Mrs. Merriman's smile was both delaying and defensive.

"You mean—you are buying my shop?"

"The whole estate. Going to brighten it up. You won't mind me saying that this sort of thing won't be in the picture."

He removed the cigar stump and included it in a fat gesture.

"Snappy and up-to-date. We might arrange — something. Adaptation. That's the idea. Get me?"

Gilda observed him carefully.

"You are suggesting — that an antique shop—?"

"Yep. You're not exactly that—yourself—are you? Now I'm going to run Bluewater for the snappy crowd. I don't want to turn people out — unnecessarily. Supposing you agreed to scrap—all this arty stuff—"

"And the alternative?"

"Chocolates, my dear lady, sweets, cigs., picture postcards, live stuff. That's the idea."

Let's talk it over. Got an office? Dare say we could see eye to eye. You and the two sweeties would be quite in the picture. Don't mind my fun. I'm a straight shooter."

Mrs. Gilda smiled at him.

"Your suggestion is that I should stay on and run a sweet and tobacco shop?"

"Eggs-actly."

"Very good of you, Mr. Berryman. I don't think we need go into the office. Of course—this—is news to me. Will—the—transfiguration—be universal?"

"What's that?"

"Will everybody in Bluewater be expected to become cigs. and sweeties?"

"That's the idea."

"I'm sorry, but I don't think I could cope with it."

Mr. Berryman grinned at her.

"Bit sudden—what? Well, you think it over. A woman like you could deliver the goods. I'd renew the lease—on the understanding—yes, and I might stock you. Think it over."

She turned aside, and picked up a feather-duster that was lying on a table.

"I think my decision is final. Good morning, Mr. Berryman."

He winked at her.

"I don't mind a woman changing her mind."

He waddled out, and Gilda stood silent and still. Gwen was biting her lips, Maisie scribbling hard on a piece of paper.

"The old—swine."

"My dear!"

"But can he turn you out?"

"Of course he can—I have only another two or three months left."

SUCH had been the Berryman effect upon Gerald Maggs that actually he did tidy up the estate office and remain in it—ostensibly attending to business, until the Berryman car had disappeared up the hill on the road to Westling. Then he ran out like a torch-bearer, crying the dreadful news—"The barbarian is at the gates." He went first to the Anchor Inn, and found Archie Stout serving cocktails and drinks in the Ward Room.

"Excuse me, Mr. Stout, but have you heard?"

"Heard what, my lad?"

"The estate's being sold. I've had the buyer in. Can you spare a moment?"

Judging by Gerald's face the crisis was catastrophic. Stout went out with him on to the sea wall.

"Who's the buyer?"

"That fellow who was staying at your place, Mr. Stout. Man named Berryman."

"That!"

"Yes."

"What's the—"

"Apparently he controls the Blue Bee Coaches. He's going to turn this place into a miniature Blackpool. Everybody is going to get the push—except you, of course."

"Do you mean he is going to make this place a terminus for his coaches, and dump trippers by the thousand?"

"That's the idea."

"This is serious. Weren't you told anything?"

"Not a word."

"It means putting the kybosh on the whole show. I wonder if he has been to Mrs. Merriman's and Jimmie's."

"Believe so."

"I'd better see."

Stout hurried across to Ye Olde Shoppe, to find Gilda sitting in the forecourt enjoying the sunshine of St. Luke's summer.

"I say, Gilda, Maggs has just been telling me. That fellow who was staying with me—"

"Yes, I've seen him."

Her face was both whimsical and kind.

"He suggested that I might sell up the junk, and carry on as cigarettes and sweets. I'm afraid it really is serious, Archie. Pigs in clover."

He sat down beside her. "The trustees might have warned us. This means blue ruin to my show. And you? Are you going to convert?"

"No."

"Which means—he won't renew your lease?"

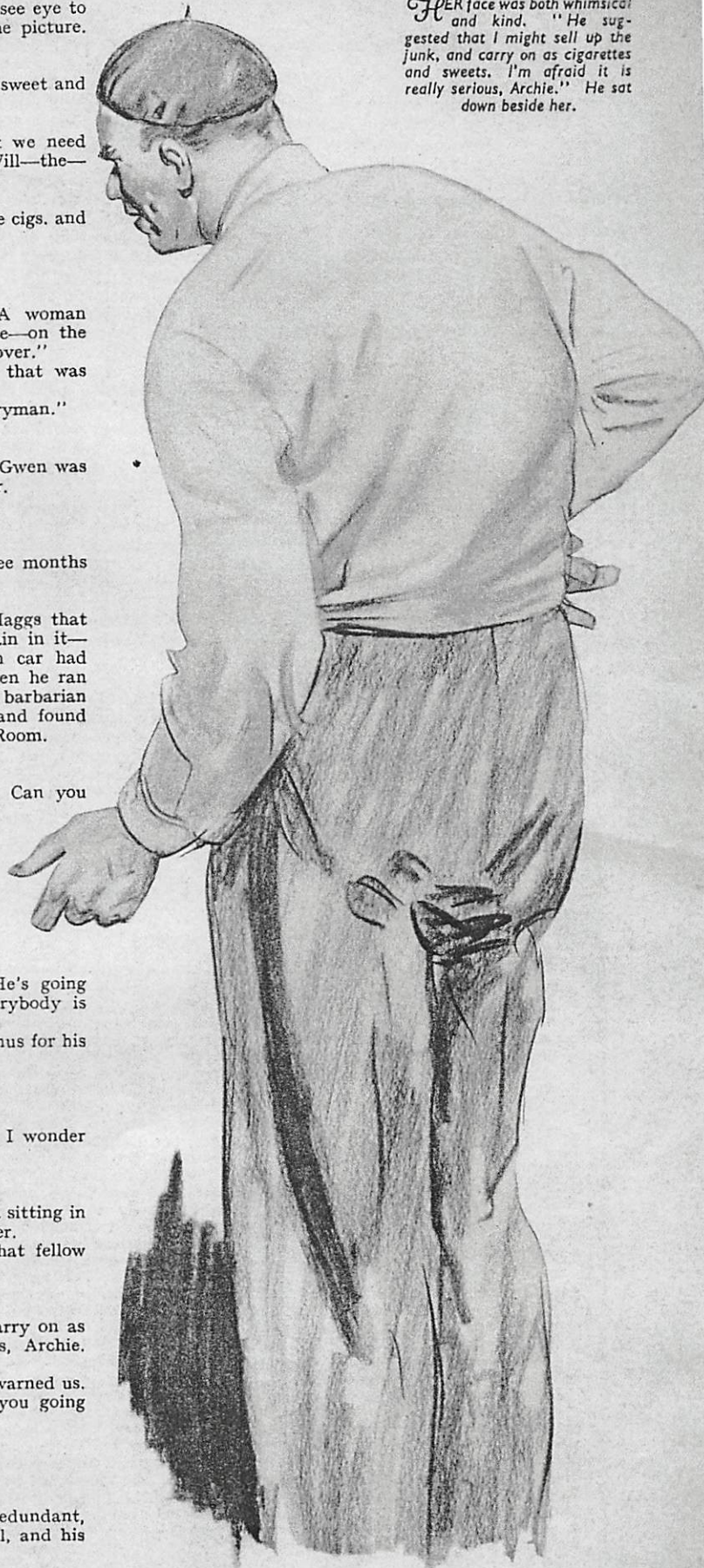
"That's it."

"And the Jettisons and Freda, and all the rest?"

She nodded. "Not in the picture, Archie. We're redundant, obsolete. The Berryman world . . . He's rather awful, and his bright new, motor-coach world—"

Stout got up and stamped to and fro.

HER face was both whimsical and kind. "He suggested that I might sell up the junk, and carry on as cigarettes and sweets. I'm afraid it is really serious, Archie." He sat down beside her.



WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL

"Perfectly swinish! We must try and do something about it."

"What can we do?"

"Has he actually bought the place?"

"I don't know. But he is behaving as though he has. It must be pretty certain."

Stout was looking up the valley to Moor Hall. A corner of the white house was visible.

"By George, nice for Mr. Jekyll! Southend-on-Sea concentrated under his nose. Wonder if he has heard?"

And suddenly Stout's blue eyes lit up.

"Wonder if he could do anything? I don't suppose he'd be sufficiently piqued. But—there's a chance."

He caught sight of Gerald returning to the estate office, and he hailed him.

"Gerald, come over here."

They waited for Maggs' long, thin legs to bring him within conversation range.

"Gerald, has the deal actually gone through?"

"I'm not sure, Mr. Stout. My impression is—that he is buying, but that nothing is signed."

"I'm going up to see Mr. Jekyll. He's about the only person who could do anything. There's just a chance."

STOUT'S two-seater pulled up outside Moor Hall just as Jekyll was sitting down to lunch, and Santer, answering the bell, explained the situation.

"Mr. Jekyll's just lunching, sir."

"Say—I have something very important to tell him, and if he'll excuse—the intrusion——"

Santer left Mr. Stout in the hall. He came back with a welcome.

"Mr. Jekyll will be very pleased, sir, if you will join him at lunch."

Stout brought with him into the chaste serenity of Jekyll's dining-room a suggestion of worried heat. The big man was apologetic; he apologized for his sweater, and Archie Stout was not an apologetic person.

"Sit down, Stout. What is our pot-luck like, Santer?"

"Quite—adequate, sir."

"What will you drink, Stout, beer?"

"Please."

"You can leave us, Santer, when you have served things."

Stout's beer was given him in a silver tankard, and he hid a portion of his big round face in it. Santer had gone out, softly closing the door.

"What's the trouble, Stout?"

The tankard went down on the table.

"You may not be interested, sir, but Bluewater is being sold. We have only just heard."

"Oh! Who's buying?"

"A fellow who came down and put up at my place two or three weeks ago. Rather a swine of a fellow named Berryman. Responsible for the Blue Bee Coaches."

Jekyll glanced up sharply.

"Didn't drive a big blue car, by any chance?"

"That's the fellow."

"Indeed. Well, I am rather interested. What's the situation?"

"It's pretty—serious, sir. He is going to push everybody out, and turn Bluewater into a sort of joy-garden for the common herd. He has been going round

telling poor Freda, and Mrs. Merriman, and the Jettisons that they will have to quit."

"Nice person. Not very pleasant for your show, Stout."

"Absolutely—deadly, sir."

"Not very pleasant for me."

"No, sir. I think the trustees ought to have——"

"I agree. Has the purchase been completed?"

"We don't know. There might be just a chance. I wondered whether you would be sufficiently—interested."

Jekyll got up and rang the bell.

"I am most distinctly interested. I know one of the trustees—Studland. He is a member of my club."

Santer appeared at the door.

"Yes, sir?"

"Tell Smith to have the Bentley outside in half an hour. London. I shall want him."

"Yes, sir."

Stout's face was half hidden for a moment by the tankard. He drank long and deep.

"It's most awfully good of you, sir."

"Not a bit. I'll get hold of Studland and see how things stand. I don't know that I want a fellow like Berryman under my nose. He——"

Stout nodded emphatically.

"Absolutely so, sir. . . . I found poor little Freda shaking like a leaf."

Jekyll looked at his watch.

"We'll see what can be done about it."

Jekyll's Bentley pulled up outside the Wilton Club in Pall Mall, at about a quarter to four.

"Wait here, Smith. I am going in to get an address."

The page on duty at the swing door was thinking of other things, and Jekyll let the wind of his sudden entry play upon youth.

"Wake up, my lad."

Chiffinch, the head-porter, was taking a telephone message in his office, and Jekyll saw his pink, bespectacled face through the glass partition. Chiffinch was a pessimist, the most efficient club-porter in London, and the most gloomy.

"I want you, Chiffinch."

"In a moment, sir. Yes, all right, I've got that. Repeat? Quite unnecessary. Yes, sir?"

"I want Mr. Studland's address, Chiffinch."

"Mr. Studland's in the club, sir. Came in ten minutes ago."

"Excellent. Tell the page to tell my chauffeur to go and park, have tea, and come back in an hour."

"Very good, sir."

Jekyll left his coat and hat in the cloakroom and went in search of Studland. He found him in the smoking-room in a corner by himself, reading Huxley's "Bright New World," and chuckling over it. It was the most provocative book that Mr. Studland had read for the last ten years.

"Hallo, Studland."

The man with the book glanced up sharply, and Jekyll got the impression that he was not particularly pleased to see him.

"Hallo. What's brought you up here? Thought you were rusticated."

"You have——"

(Please turn to page 90)



THE "Gay Gal of the Films" and "Little Dynamite" are two popular nicknames in Hollywood for Ginger Rogers. And she is, indeed, quite the gayest, most vivacious, most joyous song-and-dance star of the talkie-screen.

Always ambitious and, above all, willing to work for success, Ginger began by practising dance steps in an old barn with a former circus clown who taught her the then-new Charleston. Her perseverance won for her the Texas Charleston Contest. This led to a vaudeville tour with her own company in an act called "Ginger Rogers and Her Red-Heads." Leading roles on Broadway followed; and then Ginger was

You Ought to Know About Ginger ROGERS

snapped up by the films. Her life since then has been a succession of films with stage engagements in between.

She had an up-hill fight for success, and though now a big star, still works terribly hard, and plays as hard as she works.

She plays tennis better than most men. At ping-pong she has no equal in filmland. And she can run faster, jump higher, and ride a horse better than any other girl athlete of the screen.

She declares that the most important thing her struggles for success have taught her is to "get the most out of life." One of her pet maxims is: "Why do things you don't want to do, unless refusal will hurt anybody else?"

Ginger is a contradictory girl. She looks like an "expensive luxury," but is never extravagant over clothes or any other personal matter. She looks—and is—gay, but dislikes parties. She looks frivolous, but is serious and thoughtful and a brilliant business woman.

Small and slim—five feet four inches tall—with hair of burnished copper, she has gay green-brown eyes, a million-dollar smile, and "electric" feet that have won her top dancing honours in Hollywood. She is twenty-four years old, having a birthday on July 16.

Ginger's real name is Virginia McMath Rogers. Her friends call her Gee. She is now married to Lew Ayres, in spite of receiving over two thousand five hundred proposals of marriage in 1934!

D. O. B.

Sports Girls— be careful!



Frankly, cycling kit did suit my figure. Thought Don would approve! But he talked to Mary—didn't seem to notice me at all.



Mary was a good sport! Summed up the situation. Told me she used Glymiel Jelly on knees and elbows as well as hands. Now I'm all for Glymiel Jelly. No more "sports hands" or rough, schoolboy knees for me!

No other preparation can do what Glymiel Jelly does, for it is made by a private process and contains very special softening and beautifying ingredients. Glymiel Jelly is vital to your hands in summer as in winter.

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TUBES 3/6 1/2 JARS 2/6
Just as Glymiel Jelly gives your hands charm and beauty, so Glymiel Face Cream gives charm and beauty to your complexion. 6d. a Tube.

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Undiwash

It's worth speculating 4½d. to buy a packet of UNDIWASH TO PROVE ALL WE SAY. Get UNDIWASH from your grocer or household stores TO-DAY, or send 4½d. in stamps, with name and address of your dealer, to sole manufacturers, Plimsoline Products Co., Ltd., (Dept. 1) 44/48 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

Bluewater

(Continued from page 18)

"I?"

"Yes. I hear Bluewater's sold."

He diverged towards a bell, rang it, and when the waiter appeared, he ordered tea for two.

"Buttered toast, Studland?"

"All right."

Mr. Studland had put down his book. He had felt the breeze in the air, a breath from the sea, the polite friendliness of a man who might be prepared to be politely quarrelsome. Jekyll sat down. He looked very lean and brown and fit.

"Rumour correct?"

"Not completely so."

"I must say, Studland, I think you might have warned some of us."

"I didn't think you would be interested."

"One did not buy Moor Hall with the idea of having a sort of seaside fair active under one's windows. Besides, your purchaser appears to be—well, I won't be libellous. I understand—that trustees—"

Studland was one of those sandy men with a troublesome temper; humorous, thin-lipped, laconic.

"Just so. We have to do the best we can."

No use interfering, Jekyll, unless—"

"Anything signed?"

"We expect the deposit to-morrow."

"Then—the business is still open?"

"I can't be sure."

"But if it is open, what is your price?"

The tea arrived, and there was a pause.

Jekyll poured out.

"Sugar?"

"Two lumps."

"Well, what's your price?"

Studland helped himself to toast.

"I can't discuss the affair, unless—"

"But—I'm a buyer."

"You are?"

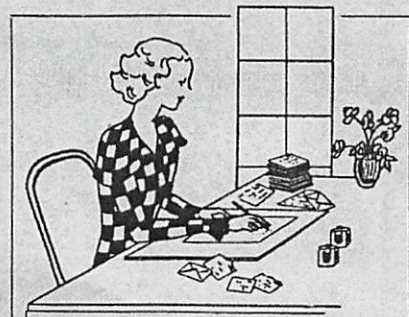
"Certainly. What have I to beat?"

"We were ready to accept £13,500."

A disgraceful price, but as things are—"

"I'll give you fourteen thousand. Have it in writing?"

(Please turn to opposite page)



Please Let Us Help!

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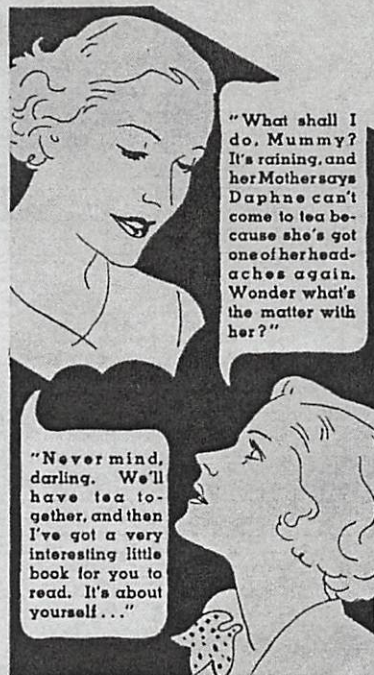
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Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)

"I don't think that's necessary. Besides, I'm not sure whether we are still at liberty."

"Can you find out?"

"I can ring up the lawyers."

"Well, ring them up, Studland. I suppose you won't object to having two dogs after the same bone? Good for the trusteeship. I'm in this—seriously."

Studland finished a mouthful of buttered toast.

"I'm sorry I didn't let you know before. As a matter of fact—I don't want to sell the estate to this other fellow. He's—"

"Yes—I know. Already preparing to push all those poor people into the sea."

"Sure?"

"Quite."

Mr. Studland rose. "I'll go and ring up my lawyer. If the deal's not closed, shall I tell him—?"

"Yes. He can book my offer. Then, of course, the fun will begin."

"If he raises his offer?"

"I shall also—ascend. Good for the trustees, Studland; good for everyone but Berryman."

Mr. Studland smiled.

"My lawyer will want it on paper."

"He can have it in an hour, if the contract hasn't been closed."

"Supposing I go and ring up at once?"

"I wish you would, Studland. We'll order a fresh pot and more toast when you come back."

Mr. Studland was away at the telephone less than ten minutes. When he returned he had a pleased and pawky look.

"Nothing signed. No deposit in. My chap is one of those fellows who, when you put anything to him, always sees the difficulties. I settled that."

Jekyll got up and rang the bell.

"Lawyers are people—who—"

And then he glanced whimsically round the smoking-room. He had forgotten that he was not at home. Legal ears might be listening. He was quite absurdly excited over this battle for Bluewater.

"Fresh tea and toast, waiter. I have a cheque book here, Studland. Give me your lawyer's address, and I'll go straight on and deposit the cheque. Ten per cent. of the offer."

Studland smiled at him.

"No cheque yet. The bidding is still open."

"Of course. What an ass! Well, I'll deposit my offer in writing. Your man understands, I suppose, that if Berryman goes up, I'm to be notified."

"Don't worry, Jekyll. We shall get as much as we can from one of you."

And Jekyll laughed.

WHAT Mr. Beeby had said to Mr. Studland was that if Mr. Berryman's cheque for the deposit had reached Messrs. Fagg, Grimside & Smart, then the other side might claim that the deal was closed. Mr. Berryman would have paid his ten per cent. on an agreed price to his legal representatives, and if the trustees reopened the sale to another buyer they might be accused of bad faith.

Mr. Beeby rang up Mr. Grimside.

"Ah, good afternoon, Grimside. My clients are asking whether you have received Mr. Berryman's cheque."

"No. We wrote yesterday."

"That alters the position—somewhat. Another purchaser has appeared. He offers fourteen thousand."

Mr. Grimside's voice reacted sharply.

"Look here, you can't put up another buyer when—to all intents and purposes—the terms were agreed upon—and the business settled."

Mr. Beeby was dry and polite.

"But we can. The trustees are justified (Please turn to page 92)



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Bluewater (Continued from page 91)

in getting the best price they can."

"If Berryman's cheque's in the post—we shall hold you to the contract."

"That would be a point to be argued."

"Not a bit of it."

"Please understand that we have an offer of fourteen thousand."

Before being driven to Bluewater that morning, Mr. Berryman had made inquiries at the porter's office.

"Any letters for me?"

The "Queen's" head porter had extracted the correspondence from pigeon-hole B, and handed three letters to Mr. Berryman. One was a wine circular, the other a bill, the third a business communication from his own office. There was no letter from Messrs. Fagg, Grimsdale & Smart.

Mr. Berryman lunched at the Queen's Hotel, and was again driven over to Bluewater. He spent part of the afternoon inspecting The Sunflower, and putting a hostile Derrek through his catechism. Mr. Berryman had tea at "Nankin." There was no need for him to warn Selma that "Nankin" would cease to be choice china. She had heard of the coming invasion; she had to serve Mr. Berryman, nor could she put poison in the teapot. She refused to be provoked into any conversation with the gentleman.

"I shall be wanting this place of yours."

"So—I have heard."

A haughty female! Well, let her sulk. Mr. Berryman went to inspect the beach huts and Culverin Cove. Culverin Cove had many possibilities. Why not build a water-chute here? He returned to his car about six o'clock, and reached the Queen's Hotel soon after six-thirty.

A PORTER met him.

"You're wanted on the telephone, sir. A gentleman's been ringing up from London. He says it's very urgent."

"Who?"

"A Mr. Grimsdale, sir. His number's on the pad. Shall I get him for you?"

The porter made contact with Mr. Grimsdale. He summoned Mr. Berryman from a chair in the lounge.

"Gentleman's holding the line, sir. Box No. 2."

Mr. Berryman entered Box No. 2, closed the glass door, put the receiver to his ear and spoke.

"Hallo, hallo—that you, Grimsdale? What's the wheeze?"

"Have you posted us your cheque for the deposit?"

"No."

"What! You haven't?"

"Well, you hadn't asked for it."

"Didn't you get a letter from us this morning?"

"No."

Mr. Grimsdale appeared to be making impatient noises.

"But we wrote yesterday asking for the cheque. Beeby & Co. have sprung another buyer on us."

"What?"

"They have had another offer. If your cheque had been in the post . . . Our letter must have reached the 'Queen's.'"

Mr. Berryman swore. "Hold on a moment. I'll raise Cain if—"

He came out of the box and shouted for a porter.

"Here, you, most important letter gone astray. Wasn't given me this morning. Look."

The porter went to search the pigeon-holes, and in compartment C he found a letter addressed to Mr. Berryman. He brought it to Mr. Berryman.

"Been put in the wrong pigeon-hole, sir."

Mr. Berryman glanced at the back of the envelope, and saw the familiar initials of Fagg, Grimsdale & Smart on the flap.

"Someone's going to get it in the neck for this."

He returned to the telephone. He omitted to close the door, and his tone was so fierce that the porter closed the door for him.

"That you, Grimsdale? Some fool shoved the letter in the wrong box. It has been sitting there all day. Yes, I'll raise Cain. But, look here, that fellow Beeby is trying to do the dirty on us. It's mere bluff. What? You say it's a firm offer? We've got to face it? Who is the bidder? You don't know? Fourteen thousand? Make my offer fourteen-two. Yes, two hundred up. Want a cheque?"

He understood Mr. Grimsdale to say that no cheque would be needed until either Mr. Berryman or the unknown enemy had crowed the last crow.

"I'll over-bid him till he's blue. Go ahead. We'll bust the fellow. Wire me if he goes up, and I'll wire you a figure. Try and find out who the blighter is. I bet you it's a put-up job. A decent man can't do business—without being—What? Yes, I know you're a pusher. All right. I'll go and raise the devil about that letter."

Mr. Berryman went to the office. He shouted at the young woman who confronted him.

"Send the manager to me at once."

"I'm sorry, sir, but—"

"I said—send the manager to me at once."

"I can't, sir."

"What? Why—"

"Because—he's out, sir."

Mr. Berryman's mouth seemed to writhe and to chew.

"Send him to me—when he comes in. At once. Understand? I'll wait in the lounge."

Twenty minutes later the manager of the Queen's was being harangued by Mr. Berryman. The manager happened to be (Please turn to opposite page)

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- Daintier Tissues—the new VENIDA Cleansing Tissues (Lace edge) Box of 100 sent for 6d. in stamps. page 72

Weldon's Service Offer

If you wish you may write on a Post Card the names of any of our Advertisers whose offers you wish to accept, send it to us, and we will gladly make application for you. One post card—one penny stamp—that's all, and the samples, books, etc., will come to you without any further postage cost. You will save all the time and trouble, and shillings in postage alone. Of course, if Advertisers ask you to enclose stamps to cover postage of samples, you will send them to us in an envelope under 1½d. postage. Please address:—Service Dept., Weldon's Ltd., 30 Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)

an ex-officer and a gentleman. He expostulated with Mr. Berryman.

"You really mustn't speak to me like this, sir, here. I'll make inquiries—"

"I want to find out who misplaced that letter."

"Very good, sir."

"He or she has got to be sacked."

"That is my affair, sir."

"It is. I may have a case against you and your company. Most important business letter mislaid. Cost me seven hundred pounds already. I'll sue you—unless you sack the fool who—"

The manager looked at him over a departing shoulder.

"I think—you—are just a little overheated, sir. Try a stroll by the sea."

It was an evening which remained in his memory for the vividness of its contrasts and the sweet tang of a mood. Jekyll came over that last Sussex hill just about dusk, and he saw the world as all gold and blue, autumn leaves, the sea, the sky. The greenness was there, but somehow mute in the presence of those royal blues and golds. A flutter of beech leaves over grass, chrysanthemums in a cottage garden, wine in the air.

IF YOU WOULD BE SMART this autumn, you MUST knit or crochet yourself a jaunty cap and scarf and wear them with an air. For the best and newest designs, spend 4d. on WELDON'S CAP and SCARF SETS in Knitting and Crochet, Practical Needlework New Series, No. 97. By post 5d.

Almost, the car seemed to glide like a plane as it swept down to the darkening sea. He was aware of Stout running out from the yellow doors of the Anchor Inn. He was speaking to Stout.

"I was just in time."

Stout's face seemed to grow more round and real.

"Not sold?"

"I got in an offer. Nothing's settled yet, of course. The battle is just beginning."

Stout was blurring out words. "That's—great. And great of you, sir. The whole place has been sitting on the fence, waiting. Have you had any dinner, sir?"

"No, I thought you would like the news."

"Dinner is just on here, sir. I can give you some oysters. I mean—as my guest, of course."

How easy it was to win a man's goodwill! But the more enduring faith was not picked up in the open market.

A little later Stout was seen running like a ghost in a ghostly sweater, an apparition that knocked at doors and uttered words of exultation.

"Gilda, reprieve. Jekyll's in the market. Got in just before the door shut."

His message became a little more breathless as he proceeded from house to house.

"Jimmie, we've got a gentleman on the job. He may save our throats for us."

He met young Fielden wandering in the half-darkness.

"Jekyll's out to buy Bluewater."

Young Fielden stood and stared. "For keeps?"

"It's his—for a night, anyhow. He has come into the market against Berryman."

"Good for Mr. Jekyll. But can he hold up the rhinoceros, and all the Blue Bee chariots?"

"He's a rich man, my lad."

"Thank God, anyhow, for some rich men."

THE lights of Bluewater and the stars.

He walked up and down the dark terrace, and in the east there was a spreading

(Please turn to page 94)

Every drop spreads brilliance

IT is really astonishing what a wonderfully brilliant finish "Min" gives to all highly polished furniture. Almost instantly this smooth white cream imparts a lasting lustre that will not finger-mark. Get a tin to-day. And after polishing the furniture, try it for cleaning your White Enamel Paint, and see how quickly it removes the dirt and restores the natural brilliance.



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A woman doctor throws a new light on an intimate question.

"Hygienic methods of sanitary protection are necessary to maintain good health. Most intelligent women admit that. But many women do not realise that these modern hygienic habits are essential to the preservation of good looks, mental poise and business efficiency," say this woman doctor who is attached to one of London's great hospitals. "I could tell you of countless instances where women have grumbled to me, when an important interview or even a 'date' has coincided with one of their 'inconvenient' days. 'I'll just be looking a wreck,' they've sighed. And it was true—physical discomfort and mental apprehension are naturally destroyers of confidence, charm and beauty. But these off days are not inevitable to normal women of average health. They are almost always the outcome of old-fashioned habits of sanitary protection. We cannot alter natural functions but we can do a great deal to alleviate the unnatural discomforts and embarrassments which cause a woman to look and feel at her very worst."

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The Woman Gardener— in SEPTEMBER



ENSURE that your garden is full of beauty in the early months of next year by planting bulbs NOW—Snowdrops, Grape Hyacinths, Crocuses like these.

by George H.
Copley, N.D. Hort.

THERE are many charming bulbs which if they were better known would be planted in every garden. One is the Byzantine Snowdrop, which grows several inches tall. Colonies of it beneath trees or between shrubs—positions often inadequately furnished—are lovely in early February.

I also visualize a sunny March day with that wistful misty blue Muscari Azure Fairy nestling beneath a boulder of weathered mountain limestone in the rockery. Then there is the tiny Iris Stylosa, which greets the snows of January with its bright blue orchid-like blossoms.

Of course these bulbs in no way compete in our affections with the modest common snowdrop—the Fair Maid of February—nor with crocuses. Concerning crocuses, I am always sorry to see such a crowd of inferior varieties about, when there are so many glorious kinds that cost little, if any, more, such as Sir Walter Scott (white veined with purple), Harbinger (dark blue), White Giant, Yellow Queen, and Distinction (soft pink).

All the above bulbs can be planted any time between the beginning of September and the end of November. The results that follow September planting are, however, infinitely superior because roots are encouraged to form before winter. You get larger, longer-lived flowers. Do not use manure, which rots the roots. Mix an abundance of leaf mould with the soil, and if this is heavy, a little sand to open it. Plant the bulbs 3 inches apart and 2 inches deep. That is to say, the crown or top of each should be covered with 2 inches of soil.

Sometime during this month rambler rose flowers will fade. This is the signal for the season's pruning, which consists of cutting out the flowered shoots. These if allowed to remain never bloom again, and are a source of weakness to the young prospective flowering shoots. Cut out the old ones, therefore, right down to the ground unless young ones arise near their base. In that event cut to immediately above the young shoot.

No more gorgeous flowers are grown than paeonies, but many people have difficulty with them. This is because two vital needs are not borne in mind. One is September planting, the other to set the roots in a partially shaded situation or in some way to provide shade for them. Paeonies are very

active underground at this season, therefore in a short time after planting they are firmly and permanently established. They like rich soil, and it is important not to squeeze the wiry roots. Stretch them as straight down as possible. If you haven't a shady border, plant near a spreading subject such as an oriental poppy, spirea, or anchusa. Then the leaves of the latter will screen the roots of the paeonies from hot sun. In a large family of glorious varieties, these are exquisite: Lady Derby (pink), Louis van Houtte (red), and Faust (blush white).

Perfect lawns can be established quickly by sowing seed at this season, which in many ways is better than spring. Even though the weather may be dry, the seedlings benefit so much by dewy nights and mornings that before winter quite a thick sward is established. The site should be well prepared by digging one foot deep and dressing liberally with stable manure. Remove stones bigger than a golf ball, break up the soil finely, and make the surface perfectly even. Then firm it with a light roller, sow the seed at the rate of 1½ ounces per square yard, and cover it with ¼ inch of riddled soil. There is one more important point. Describe to your seedsman your type of soil, and he will supply you with the right kind of mixture for it.

Sow autumn onions in moderately rich soil in one inch deep drills drawn a foot apart. The variety Giant Rocca is the most reliable. Dust peas with flowers of sulphur if they develop white mildew spots, and feed autumn cauliflowers weekly with dilute soot water to encourage them to develop large heads.

Readers who would like advice or suggestions for their gardens are invited to write to: George H. Copley, N.D. Hort., c/o Weldon's Service Department, 30-32 Southampton Street, London, W.C.2. Please enclose Service Coupon from page 73 together with stamped (1d.) addressed envelope for reply.

Bluewater

(Continued from page 93)

radiance, the emergence of a moon. Moor Hall was Olympus, and he Zeus, and again he was moved to laughter, but the laughter was against himself. Had Zeus suffered from dyspepsia as well as from the pangs of love? Strange how your indigestion vanished when you began to recover a healthy appetite for life. Interested? Ye gods, yes. But if Bluewater remained his in the battle against Berryman, what was he going to do with it? Make it a rich man's toy? That would be pretty rotten.

A shadowy Santer appeared in the white Georgian doorway.

"Mr. Jekyll, sir?"

"Hallo."

"A lady to see you."

"Who?"

"Miss Jerrard, sir."

"Please ask her to come out here."

He waited by the white doorway. He did not explain to her why the night should be his parlour. Sussex and the Sussex sea were to be flood-lit by the moon.

He said, "It's rather pleasant here. In a week or two we shall have our toes by the fire. What are my lady's wishes?"

They stood by the stone steps, and looked down at the lights of Bluewater.

"I wondered whether you could help. I don't suppose you have heard? Beastly impertinence, of course."

"Nothing could be impertinent on a night like this. But, perhaps—I have heard."

"All that is being bought—by a rather foul person. It means—"

"A commercial cad."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm afraid Bluewater has been sold to the rich man. At least, it is his—for the moment."

He glanced at her dim face. "How—ghastly! He's turning out all those poor people—"

"I think that is a slight exaggeration."

"No."

"Well, at the moment, I certainly have no intention of removing the Jettisons and Mrs. Merriman."

Her eyes were on his face.

"You?"

"Yes, I own Bluewater—on paper. Yes, I rushed up to town and managed to get in just before the doors closed. Of course, the other gentleman will put up the price, and I shall—of course—go one better."

The illusion of her coldness vanished.

"How—frightfully—great of you! Oh, do try to keep the brute out."

"I most certainly shall. Vizor down, spear in rest, what? In these days one does not expect—garlands."

He slipped a hand under her arm.

She said, "There are better things than garlands."

He answered, "Yes. I rather believe so, too."

There are exciting days ahead in Bluewater so be sure not to miss next month's delightful instalment

WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL

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BLUEWATER

A lovable Village-by-the-Sea with a magic spell all its own. Start reading about it now in a Novel that will Stir your Heart and Hound your Memory!

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY
RICHARD JEKYLL, wealthy philosopher and dyspeptic, comes to the little community of Bluewater to seek peace. He finds it among the cheerful, gallant-hearted folk who can barely eke out an existence in this struggling township which has suffered first from the death of its originator and then from the world slump. At it is, the little band of pioneers carry on bravely. **ARCHIE STOUT**, for instance, humanist and genial manager of the Golden Anchor Inn. **FREDA NUTHALL**, of the Blue Squirrel craft shop, herself rather like a squirrel. **ANN JEDERARD**, young and downright, who runs the poultry farm at Four Firs and sells eggs in the neighbourhood. **GILDA MERRIMAN**, of Ye Olde Shoppe, sound and strong and utterly without humbug, and her delightful helpers, **GWEN** and **MAISIE WILMER**. **YOUNG DERRICK FIELDMAN**, manager of the "Sunflower" Café. Not forgetting **JIMMIE JETTISON**, a dreamy idealist of a painter who frequently has writs served on him, and his wife, **JUNE**.

Sitting down as owner of Moor Hall, Jekyll changes subtly, gradually, as he becomes attuned to Bluewater and its ways. On Stout's tactful suggestion he starts giving the struggling artistic community commissions for work.

Perhaps the most vital influence of all in Jekyll's new life is Ann, who definitely attracts him, although he will hardly admit the fact even to himself. As for Ann, for all her off-hand attitude towards him, she is not as indifferent to him as she would appear.

Presently a menace comes to Bluewater in the person of Mr. BERRYMAN, proprietor of the Blue Bee Coaches. Mr. Berryman has long cherished a dream which looks like coming true at last. Bluewater is for sale. Why not buy it and develop it as an up-to-date, go-ahead seaside resort of his own? He takes steps to secure it at a bargain price and, rather prematurely, goes around upsetting Freda Nuthall, Mrs. Merriman and the Jettisons, saying that they will have to quit their various properties. He has reckoned without Jekyll, however, who enters the field as a rival buyer. Ann, in particular, is grateful for his efforts on behalf of Bluewater, and the illusion of her coldness vanishes.

NOW READ ON

MR. BEEBY was in his element. For a week he sat and dictated letters alternately to the solicitors who were acting for Mr. Jekyll and to Messrs. Fagg, Grimsdale & Smart.

Mr. Berryman had raised his offer to £14,500.

Mr. Jekyll countered it with an offer of £15,000.

by WARWICK DEEPING

Author of *Sorrell and Son*,
Old Pybus, *Doomsday*, etc.

Mr. Berryman, who had returned to town, when advised of the fact, shouted telephonically at Mr. Grimsdale.

"Look here, we've got to choke the fellow off. I'll go bang at £17,000."

Messrs. Fagg, Grimsdale and Smart were duly informed that the other gentleman had raised his figure to £17,100.

Mr. Berryman chortled. He was not sensible to the wicked subtlety of that odd hundred pounds.

"Got him, I think! He's drying up. Make it seventeen two."

Then Mr. Jekyll did the same unkind thing to Mr. Berryman. He raised the figure to £18,000.

Mr. Berryman fumed and chewed. He might be a rich man, but nine-tenths of his capital was tied up in the Blue Bee Company. He had £3,000 on deposit at his bank, and a current balance of £1,733 5s. 7d. He had arranged with his bank for a loan of ten thousand pounds. He held 55 per cent of the ordinary shares in the Blue Bee Company, but were he to dispose of too many of those shares his margin of control would vanish.

He was in a most unpleasant temper.

He went to interview the manager of his bank. He demanded a loan of £20,000, and offered to deposit as security twenty-five thousand £1 Blue Bee Ordinary Shares. The manager was polite and evasive. He said that the matter was rather too weighty for his decision, and that he would be compelled to consult headquarters.

"But, I tell you, man, I want the money."

"I will take the matter up at once, Mr. Berryman."

Meanwhile, Bluewater stood and listened to the faint and distant reverberations of an invisible battle. Would the barbarian vanquish the Roman? Gerald Maggs was gloomy as to the issue. Blue Bee coaches balked so big in the new world. Mr. Jekyll might be a well-to-do man, but could he fob off Juggernaut? Archie Stout went about with a



face of quiet but
 focused con-
 sideration. A man
 who could afford
 to run a better car than
 match for five the house
 had bought recently. He
 not very smart as he
 Anchor to business as
 The rockets looked
 He and in fact, it
 place. I wonder what
 She laughed pretty
 "He seemed to be a

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WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL



Mr. Jekyll was notified, he indulged once more in a whimsical and mischievous flick of the finger. He raised the purchase price to £20,000. How ironical and exasperating that last hundred was to be he did not know at the moment.

Mr. Beeby communicated with Mr. Studland by phone, and Mr. Studland delivered an unexpected decision.

"That's final, Beeby. Mr. Jekyll takes the estate for twenty thousand, one hundred pounds."

"But, sir—"

"Mr. Shute and I are satisfied. We feel that the estate should go to Mr. Jekyll. Yes, ethics, Beeby. We are getting four thousand more than the figure we first quoted."

"Then am I to notify the Berryman people—that the sale has been made to Mr. Jekyll?"

"Yes, at once. I have been talking to Mr. Jekyll. His deposit on the purchase lies at his solicitors. Get the contract out for signature."

When Messrs. Fagg, Grimside & Smart were advised of the finality of the settlement they indulged in a dry, professional chuckle. Mr. Berryman had been behaving rather like a bull in a china shop, and his legal advisers had begun to wonder whether Mr. Berryman was not smashing china that was not his own. Mr. Grimside's professional expressions of regret betrayed a steely grin, the edge of a polished cleaver.

"We have been informed that the Bluewater Trustees have accepted the last offer of Messrs. Fagg & Co's client as final. Apparently they are satisfied with the purchase price suggested by him. The decision seems somewhat unusual, but Messrs. Beeby & Co. inform me that the contract has been signed."

"May I say that any disappointment you may feel can be relieved by the realization that you are freed from very onerous responsibilities and uncertainties? I tried to stress this point in our last interview."

Mr. Berryman read no farther. Leaning back, he tore the letter in half and flung the halves into the waste-paper basket.

"They've made a damned fool of me. When Jekyll had signed the contract, he had spent the previous night in town; he sent Archie Stout a wire."

"Have bought Bluewater. Shall be at Stout Place this afternoon."

Stout threw up his hands. He was one of those men who must celebrate an occasion. But the last few days he had

Now, let's be completely dispassionate about it. I know that one is sometimes apt to become a little—heated—"

"What?"

"Is it worth your while?"

Mr. Berryman began to abuse the directorate of his bank.

"Won't let me have more than fifteen thousand, and on my credit! I am going elsewhere in the future. Told 'em so pretty plainly. Look here, Grimside, I'm raising it to twenty thousand. I want you to fix up the finance for me. I dare say that in a week I can get a syndicate together."

"Are you taking the bank's loan?"

"Yes."

"But I thought you said—"

"Oh, I'll use the blighters, and then take my custom elsewhere when I'm clear. Raise me five thousand. I'll have more backing in a week."

"Yes, we can do that for you."

"Bring in an offer for twenty thousand."

Mr. Grimside looked coldly at his client.

"May I suggest that there will be the subsequent developmental expenses? From what you have told me, Mr. Berryman, you will need another ten thousand."

"And I'll get it."

"Thirty thousand pounds on an adventure?"

"What? I've brought off every stunt I've tried."

"Think it over."

"You shove in that offer."

"Very well, Mr. Berryman, but I do suggest—"

"I'm not a baby."

The offer was transmitted, and when

They danced all midnight. Archie Stout like a tornado. Jekyll a year before in his opulent past. "You are wonderful tonight," he said to Ann in a tone that made her heart miss a beat.

Mr. Beeby dictated a letter to Messrs. Fagg, Grimside & Smart. He pointed out that Mr. Jekyll's offer of eighteen thousand pounds had not been countered. The trustees wanted to close the business, but were willing to allow Messrs. Fagg's firm two more days in which to decide upon the making of a further offer for the Bluewater estate.

Meanwhile the bank had notified Mr. Berryman that the limit of their loan was fifteen. Their faith in the Bluewater was not catholic, but on the strength of this loan Mr. Berryman was to fix his.

And it about took him. He heard next day that the offer had climbed to £10,000.

MR. BERRYMAN crashed round to the London's Inn. The rogue elephant on the ground greatly to surprise and to anger, and here was Mr. Grimside coldly receiving him.

"I think we've struck a rock, sir. My feeling about it is that the other fellow means to keep you out."

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As a storm-coat, hoisted on the hotel flagpole as a sign to all that dirty weather which threatened. Bluewater understood all symbolism. It was about twelve o'clock when Jekyll's telegram arrived, and Stout rustled out and handed down the storm-coat, and in its stead ran the Union Jack.

Golda, standing in the doorway of the hotel, saw the flag go up. She called to Owen and Maisie.

"Archie's the winner!"

"Oh, marvelous! How do you know?"

"Archie has lowered the storm-coat. Owen kissed her, and cuddled close. "Oughtn't we to do something?"

"I rather think Archie's going to do something."

James Jettison came running on his little feet, with a face like the face of an excited child.

"Seen it?"

"We have."

James kissed the three of them.

"I want to dance, I want to sing. Twirls! All the little wheels go round."

Owen and Maisie, joining hands with Golda, made a circle round Golda. They sang and circled and sang any sort of nonsense, while Golda laughed, and because laughing was good.

"Hullo, here's Archie."

Stout came running, sweater in his hands, beret on the back of his head.

"Hullo, hullo! Seen my signal?"

"Yes, I guess you have. Just passed that orchestra at Sandbourne, on the 'Five Fantastics.' Going to dance and let off fireworks. Dinner-dance. Everybody invited."

The girls fell upon him.

"You are a lamb."

"Isn't he—a sweet babe, Golda?"

Archie hugged one in each arm.

"Going to try and get the great man. Hope he won't mind a little lounge in his honor. What do you think, Golda?"

She smiled. "Nobody does—really."

STOUT drove up to Moor Hall about five o'clock, and was met by Santer. No Mr. Jekyll was expected back to him, but he had not arrived. Would Mr. Stout wait? Archie explained that he had someone else to see, and that he would pay this other visit, and return to Moor Hall. He drove up to the Four Cross to ask Ann to join the show, and as the white gate he found Jekyll's red Bentley waiting. It had arrived just ten minutes before him.

"Ha—romance!"

Stout backed his car out of the entrance and parked it and himself in the lane. A middle fellow would not sail in too prematurely. He could wait in the lane and be heard voices, or the sound of a car preparing to leave, and then show himself as though he had just arrived.

Jekyll was not a hundred yards away, opening one of the wire gates in the upper park. The sun was shining, and the oaks in the wood above all gold. He saw Ann's car in the centre of a little smother of white birds. It was feeding time.

He did not see him until she had gathered the last handful of corn from her bowl.



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"Hullo!"

She had the sun in her eyes and on her hair.

"I've brought Bluewater."

"Don't we want?"

"Yes."

"I rather thought you would."

"Good!"

"Oh, more than glad!"

They stood and watched the birds feeding.

He said, "It's only my money that was won. I quite realize that. I'm just at the beginning of things. This is going to be a real five pointers."

She let a little steam go by.

"You don't expect me to say anything fragrant?"

"Could you?"

"Well, I must dance—an occasion."

"I want you to help."

"No."

"Yes. Help me to refrain from being a well-meaning meddler, serving up other people's lives in the soup."

She held out a hand.

"I'm not much good as a cook, but I'll try it."

GILBY kept Stout waiting half an hour, but when he heard their voices he started up his engine, and drove halfpenny and instantly up to the gate. He raised his beret with a gesture that suggested he was taking his study.

"Congratulations, sir. Two hours with one coin! I've run up the right flag here, with you there and then and there to-night? The doctor is giving a show."

He could not wait at his, but the very distinctness of the stars looked at the impudently.

"Love to, sir, yes—"

"Oh, celebrating. Great occasion."

He smiled tentatively at Jekyll.

You won't mind us, will you? The Archer's on the way. There's dance and fireworks. I called at your place. Fact is, we'd all be most awfully pleased if you would join us."

"No speeches, should?"

"No, no, no, sir."

"Then I'll come. What time?"

"Dinner at seven thirty, sir."

Stout sat at his front. Motion had delivered his message.

"Spread out, sir. See you at seven thirty," and he trotted back to his car.

Said Jekyll, watching Stout back out into the lane. "I like that footman. Sort of fellow who makes you feel warm inside. By the way, I haven't danced for three years."

She laughed.

"Then—won't be able."

"I don't quite like that word. But we shall you and drive you down."

She appeared to consider the offer. The month and even were almost with her.

"No. I'll go down to the golf club. Can I pick you up?"

"No, no, no, sir."

"All right. I'll call at the golf club."

Jekyll was in a room, many, many years from that night, and the best of them was associated with the memory of Santer, Santer with his own.

WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL

face announcing the chariot. "The car's here, sir"; Santer attempting to tuck a rug round his knees when he had seated himself beside Miss Jerrard in the cabin of the little van.

"Take the thing away, Santer."

Absurd ministrations! Did he need a rug? Wasn't he man? Though it did occur to him to speculate upon what the mental minds of Santer and the staff would make of the adventure. Did the servants' hall gossip, and giggle? It did. Santer, with his solemnity shed like an opera cloak, appeared in the staff room with a hand over his mouth smothering mock explosions.

"He's gone off with the egg lady. Hope they won't break any eggs."

"Coo. Had he got his cloak and opera hat on?"

"Always—the gent—"

It was the cook who took up the cudgels for her employer.

"Well, I don't see anything funny in that. It takes a gentleman to ride in an egg-van. Some people would look reach-me-down in a Rolls."

The stars and the domes of the autumn trees were slipping past. A rabbit scurried across the drive, its white scut showing up for a moment in the glare of the headlights.

"Goodnight, bunny, happy dreams," Ann called out gaily.

She slowed the van up at the gate and pressed the hooter button, and he glanced at her shadowy profile.

"I'm on the right side of things to-night."

"No crashes."

"I hope not. You're going to dance with me?"

"That's my fate."

"Every other dance, my dear."

"No, not quite as often as that."

As they descended Bluewater hill they saw a rocket go up from the Anchor. It burst over the sea and scattered a handful of red and green stars.

"Hallo, ship in distress! Stout's letting things off rather early."

"Perhaps that means the soup is served."

"Then—we are late."

"No, I expect it's just—joy."

Stout appeared in the loggia as the blue van drew in, and for the moment he did not distinguish Jekyll.

"Hallo, I thought—"

"Evening, Stout."

"That you, sir? Splendid!"

This—indeed—was the spirit of Bluewater, its new owner arriving on the festive night in an egg-van. Stout tumbled to the humour and the humanity of the thing. His red face was all friendly crinkles. His shirt front bulged; Stout's white shirts always bulged. Jekyll got out, and Ann parked her car, while the two men waited on the loggia steps.

"Somebody let off a rocket, Stout."

"Just one—for joy, sir. We are going to illuminate the terrace. Glad it's such a kind night."

Ann joined them, and Stout held open a glass door. Ann's dim figure became green and gold, and the fur collar under her chin was white. The sudden colour

of her became part of the colour of the lounge. Nearly everybody stood up, and Jekyll was conscious of feeling shy. Here was Mrs. Gibbs in yellow, Maisie and Gwen in blue and green, June Jettison the colour of a deep pink rose, Selma in purple velvet, Miss Nuttall pale primrose. Jimmie Jettison's tie had animation. Young Derek looked vaguely aloof, and somehow unwilling to glance at Ann. Aubrey Benson was wearing a velvet coat. There were a dozen or more hotel visitors who were to share in the show.

Stout had tact. A man like Jekyll would shy like a thoroughbred at social fireworks. He took Ann's coat, and Jekyll's hat and cloak.

"Well, here's all Bluewater."

Jekyll walked towards

Autumn Fires

THE pleasant crackling log fire
Cheers the wanderer's return,
And garden fires are glorious things
When brown, crisp, dried leaves burn.
And watchmen's fires with crimson light
Shine brightly through the darkest night—
And yet, more beautiful than these
Are autumn fires among the trees.

The lights begin to flicker
When the summer days are done,
And brightening golden yellow flames
Leap upward to the sun,
Then change to orange as we gaze
Until the whole wood seems ablaze,
No flames have splendour such as these—
The autumn flames among the trees.

M.V.



The voice of Stout.
"Yes, let's all go."
Good old Jack says
The dining-room door
Hanson stood there
"Dinner is served."
"Come along, everyone."
I think you
He looked round for
"Absolutely not. I have
"Lead on, Miss Benson."
Jekyll cracked a smile
thinking here many, in fact
Yes, he liked all the hotel
see them as patients
cheap, honest
And was in a
sim above
He said,
"In."

she replied
Jekyll's superior
had been raised
stive, seeing
dinner, chairs
most deplorable
library, dinner
were riveted to
for three sacred
ing to cause him
booming of
Harold Cato

it that over-ripe, ponderous
perspiring pigs like Cato
always oratorical and over-
Yes, Jekyll had been at
Biarritz, Monte Carlo, Port
Calcutta, New York, but
but this chance from a
inn was an affair of
The people were different. Bluewater was
different. Bluewater was
thirsty, a dinner was a
champagne—champagne
people were like a lot of
kids. They were ready to
him, and while engaged
History of Philosophy he
gotten how to play.

Stout's party sat at a
the hotel guests at their
Oysters, and brown bread
and sherry. The five Flan-
tuning up in the moon at
window, and the centre of the
room showed a square of
quet. Jimmie Jettison was
plating the five oysters on his
a happy gastric smile. There
in oysters.

Mrs. Merriman held the
table, with Jekyll on her right.

"Now, children, don't be greedy."

"Why shouldn't one be greedy?"

Jekyll gave Gwen a sympathetic

"Why not? Eat, drink and be merry."

for to-morrow the taxman will

Said Stout, "Here, here, let's

look on the wine when it is red,

gaze upon fair women, let us

be healthy, happy things and

Saxbourne Watch Committee

should not do. I confess that I

heart a pagan."

Just when the first champagne

was opened something went

there under the October sky.

Nuttall jumped in her chair. Mrs.

Maisie, assuming sudden festivity,

laid a head on Derek's shoulder.

Stout laughed apologetically.

(Continued on page 115)

Mrs. Merriman. They smiled at each other.

He said, "I rather think we are going to enjoy ourselves. I arrived in the egg-van, and believe me—I'm not addled."

The lounge laughed with him and for him, and not at him like his staff.

"I always enjoy myself, Mr. Jekyll."

"Inevitably."

He was shaking hands with them all, liking it. Mrs. Jettison's brown eyes were warm and gentle.

"We ought not to say anything, I know, but—"

He smiled down on her.

"One should always pause—at the but. Hallo, Jimmie, we shall want an art-director."

Jettison's baby face was as surprised as a child's. Mr. Jekyll calling him Jimmie! Apparently there was to be no floating ice in Bluewater, though there might be ice in Archie's champagne pails.

"I feel an urge towards—song, sir."

"Well, let's sing."

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of the Institute of Hygiene.

Eighty Pounds

(Continued from page 17)

her eyes met his across the room. "So you came!" they both exclaimed involuntarily, then blushed, looked silly, and finally laughed. She put her hand into his. "Please forgive the money, Nigel. I couldn't help it. My father made it all for me." He nodded. "I've got to, if that's the only way of getting you. Come on, let's clear out of here."

They cleared, and found the Delage waiting for them.

"Yours?" he demanded tersely.

"I'm afraid so, until you share it with me. I'm going to share your car, Nigel."

They sat close together, holding hands like children.

"Any more surprises?" he wanted to know, still a little gruff and aloof. "No hidden divorces or husbands and what-not?"

She laughed then. "Not one. Absolutely a clean record, darling."

He turned and took her face in his hands, and kissed her tremulous, questioning lips.

"I surrender. I love you. I adore you."

The car slowed up at a Belisha Beacon, but Mary was too happy to care. She had accomplished what she set out to do, and had grasped at a star of happiness and found Heaven.

THE END

Bluewater

(Continued from page 34)

"Don't be alarmed, please. My handy man letting off a maroon. Also, it is the signal for the band to burst into song."

Said Jekyll to Ann, "For a moment I thought it might be a Berryman bomb."

Presently, between pheasant and *pêche melba*, they all rushed out on to the terrace to see the firework show. Stout's handy man dashed hither and thither like some dark Satan applying an improvised torch to rockets, revolving wheels, canisters of red and green fire. Someone threw a Chinese cracker out of the darkness, and it fell at Freda's feet. She let out a little yelp, and jumping aside, fell against Jekyll.

"Oh, so sorry. Please excuse..."

He supported her for a moment.

"From my point of view it's—quite—excusable, Miss Nuttall."

She smiled. "So—very kind of you. Oh, do look at the red fire."

Said Stout, "No squibs, please. Is it making you blush, Freda?"

Jekyll had found a hand, and was holding it. The hand was not Miss Nuttall's.

"I regret to say I'm not blushing. Quite shameless—of me. I like it."

He heard her laugh.

"Am I?"

He pretended to scrutinize her face, but at that moment a green flare eclipsed the red.

"No, not in the least."

Stout was shouting.

"Rosy raptures over. Back to *pêche melba*."

"Or Methusalem."

Gwen and Maisie were singing a song that was years out of date. "Why do I love you? Why do you love me?" and Jekyll laughed.

"Heaven knows why? The only thing that matters—is that—we do. I beg your pardon—I mean—I do."

They danced. Jekyll danced with everybody—Gilda, Miss Nuttall, Selma, Gwen, Maisie and Ann. He danced as he had never danced in the slightly bored Elysium of a too-opulent past. "As I said before... I do like your frock. You look wonderful though!" he said to Ann, in a tone that made her heart miss a beat. Maisie said to Derrek, "Isn't he a lamb?" and Derrek, consumed with secret bitterness, yet managed to transcend it. "He seems to be enjoying

(Please turn to page 116)

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How My Wife Lost 60 lbs. Fat

A Husband's Tribute to Kruschen Salts

In many homes the first test of a husband's devotion comes with the saddening spectacle of the slender and attractive girl gradually expanding into the massive matron. Fortunately, however, good humour can generally be relied upon to save a husband's affection from waning with his wife's growing girth. But, nevertheless, it is every wife's duty to resist increasing bulk as an unnecessary strain on domestic bliss. Is it worth a woman's while? Well, here is the case of a seventeen-stone woman who succeeded in unburdening herself of 60 pounds of fat. And it is her husband who is prompted to write to us; it is he who is "pleased to say" that she can walk five or six miles in perfect comfort; it is he who is "glad to thank" us for all the benefits she has derived from Kruschen Salts. Read his grateful letter:—

"My wife is still taking Kruschen Salts and still reducing her weight. Before taking Kruschen she was seventeen stone; now she is 12 stone 10 lb., making the reduction to date 60 lb. Before taking your Salts she suffered much with depressing headaches, aching limbs, shortage of breath, and several other little ills. She could not walk very far without much discomfort, but now I am pleased to say she can walk 5 or 6 miles in perfect comfort, at a good pace, and feel quite fit at the end. Kruschen Salts has simply worked wonders with her, although she has taken rather more than the stipulated dose, but on the whole she has not reduced her amount of food. Many have asked my wife what she has been doing to reduce her weight so, and she has been only too glad to recommend Kruschen. She is continuing with the treatment until she has reduced her weight to 11 stone, and in the meantime I am glad to thank you for all the benefits my wife has derived from your Salts." T. H. Rotherham.

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Get a 1/8 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks) and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.



Bluewater
(Continued from page 115)

himself." Derek had not danced with Ann, but he smiled at her. "All right, I know. Forbidden fruit. One can't bear to touch forbidden fruit. Nobody's fault but mine."

Stout danced like a tornado. He pumped and perspired, and the tinge of his shirt betrayed a limpness. He said to Gilda, "Isn't he a sight? I really believe he is enjoying our show." Gilda's eyes were on Jekyll and Miss Jerrard. "No need to worry, Archie. He is very much out of his cave." Stout pondering some problem, missed a step. "Sorry. I should like to have proposed a toast. Better not, perhaps. What do you think?"

Gilda glanced over a shoulder. "No, don't spoil his play. It's not condescension, my dear. He's feeling like one of us."

They danced till midnight, and it was Ann who broke up the party. She had a day's work to do next day; she would be up at six, she had birds to feed and a micron to supervise. Everybody came out into the loggia to see Jekyll and Miss Jerrard leave in the egg-van. It was a fitting climax, pure Bluewater.

"Goodnight—goodnight."

"Goodnight—everybody."

The loggia cheered and waved, and Jekyll saluted them.

"What a—jolly—crowd."

Jimmie Jerrison, whose tie had become still more animated, held on to Stout.

"I—do—hope—Miss Jerrard—won't break our golden egg."

His wife reproved him.

"Jimmie! How—"

"Apologize. Shouldn't have said that. Cheap of me. Apologize."

They saw the rays of the van's lights sweep upwards and vanish over Bluewater Hill. Jekyll, with his hat on his knees, watched the rays bring the autumn colours of the hedges into life. Yes, the world of one's consciousness was rather like that. You did not appreciate or understand certain things until—

He said, "You need not drop me at my gate. I'm going on to your place—as vanguard. I'll walk back."

"Don't be absurd. Stone Stile lane doesn't produce bandits."

"But—I like being absurd. That's what strikes me about that nice crowd down there, they are so absurd and lovable. Let me be absurd."

"Just—absurd?"

"Well—to begin with. The other adjective—of course—is beyond my control. But I do think I can learn to be absurd."

Ann said, "I think you can."

Look out for another entrancing instalment of this delightful novel next month.

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THE PEOPLE
IN THE STORY

RICHARD JEKYLL, wealthy pauper and disreputable, comes to the little community of Bluewater to seek peace. He finds it among the cheerful, gallant-hearted folk who can barely eke out an existence in this struggling township which has suffered first from the death of its originator and then from the world slump. As it is, the little band of pioneers carry on bravely. **ARCHIE STOUT**, for instance, humanist and genial manager of the Golden Anchor Inn. **FREDA NUTHALL**, of the Blue Sparrow craft shop, herself rather like a sparrow. **ANN JERRARD**, young and downright, who runs the poultry farm at Four Firs and sells eggs in the neighbourhood. **GILDA MERRIMAN**, of Ye Olde Shoppe, robust and strong and utterly without humbug, and her delightful helpers, **GWRN** and **MAISIE WILMER**. Young **DEKKEN FIELDEN**, manager of the "Sun-blower" Cafe. Not forgetting **JIMMIE JETTISON**, a dreamy, penniless idealist of a painter, and his wife, **JUNE**.

Seething down as owner of Moor Hall, Jekyll changes subtly, gradually, as he becomes attuned to Bluewater and its ways. On Stout's tactful suggestion he starts giving the struggling artistic community commissions for work.

Perhaps the most vital influence of all in Jekyll's new life is Ann, who definitely attracts him, although he will hardly admit the fact even to himself. As for Ann, for all her off-hand attitude towards him, she is not as indifferent to him as she would appear.

Presently a menace comes to Bluewater in the person of Mr. BERRYMAN, proprietor of the Blue Bee Coaches. Mr. Berryman has long cherished a dream... which looks like coming true at last. Bluewater is for sale. Why not buy it and develop it as an up-to-date, go-ahead seaside resort of his own? He takes steps to securing it at a bargain price... and, rather prematurely, goes around upsetting Freda Nuthall, Mrs. Merriman and the Jettisons saying that they will have to quit their properties. He has reckoned without Jekyll, however, who enters the field as a rival buyer and succeeds in bringing off the deal. Ann, in particular, is grateful for his efforts on behalf of Bluewater, and the illusion of her coldness vanishes. Stout celebrates the great occasion by giving a gala dinner and dance to which he invites the rejecting community...

NOW READ ON.

J EKYLL got out of bed and pulled up the blind. That same blind had been drawn upon a red sun and a crisp blue dusk and star dust of peculiar brilliancy, and to and behold, it was raining.

What a temperamental climate!

The sea was a grey smudge and so was the sky. Autumn leaves were flying, not the crisp and playful gold of yesterday,

BLUEWATER

Searching the World for Happiness—Jekyll found it in helping others and in the Peace of a tiny village by the sea. A Novel by a world famous Author. Start reading it now.

by

WARWICK DEEPIING

Author of *Sorrell and Son*, *Doomsday*, etc.

but wet, scared, slatternly leaves. The wind came from the north-west, and by the face of the morning Jekyll knew that the wind was raw and bitter.

He was annoyed. He had arranged to meet Archie Stout at ten. They were going over the whole estate in search of inspiration, and the creative mood should have been Bluewater, yellow sand, blue sea, green hills rising to dark pines. And behold—Greywater, and the cynical and rheumy old eyes of winter!

Jekyll heard Santer turning on the bath water. He was just a little bored with Santer and with Santer's prevalence. Apparently, he—Jekyll—could not function as a physical entity without Santer being present as his shadow; Santer turning taps and laying out clothes and placing food before him. Confound the fellow! But, after all, the responsibility was not Santer's.

Could he not select his own clothes? He went to the wardrobe and took out a grey-blue Harris tweed suit.

Santer appeared with his tea.

"Good morning, sir."

"Morning, Santer."

"Nasty morning, sir."

Jekyll said "Filthy," and Santer's smug and sallow face registered a particular carelessness. Mr. Jekyll had been celebrating, and manifestly Mr. Jekyll's interior economy was suffering qualms. It would behove the household to walk circumspectly. Santer performed certain state functions, and vanished. He went below with the morning's bulletin.

His wife asked to be told why Mr. Jekyll had bought Bluewater. What—in the name of democracy—was he going to do with half a dozen bankrupt shops? Santer looked gloomy.

"Don't ask me!"

"He ought to be thinking of going abroad."

The Santers had always appreciated Mr. Jekyll's winter expeditions in search of the sun. The Santers had enjoyed months of peaceful speculation and casual ease, late mornings in bed, frequent visits to the Pictures, nice little parties given at Mr. Jekyll's expense.

"Is he going abroad?"

"Don't ask me!"

"Wonder which one he'll take—this time—if he goes?"

"Don't ask me, I haven't heard from Jekyll, while shavelling. I moved to remember that when he grew grey and sloppy he had made of transferring himself about the sun-bath had been taken from the continents and islands. He had two winters in Egypt, the last of which he had cruised up the Nile to the Indies, and passed four months in Africa. Algeria he had found particularly French. And he was going to spend this winter in Bluewater. It was work to be done in Bluewater, it possible that when a man had done he did not notice the weather, all, he had shot and hunted in all weather, and he had survived. He could not sit on a margin capital itself on the Riviera de L'Europe to stay in Sussex.

Yes, and last year he had been to Carfax to Egypt, and the wife, Betty Borrolale to Jamaica. They were women, completely civilized women, and Joy had become slightly more each other. Joy had gone to Bluewater. Might she stay there? She was a *mélange* of powdered plumage, melba and cayenne.

Besides—he was finding Ann. He had a feeling of being out in the open, her in the wind and the rain and the sun. Ann was so different. So sweet and healthy. She appealed to the side of him. It was really an ordinary, but he could not do anything in the world without Ann ask him to do it. He was quite upset were Ann to be on the side of him. All the Joys in the world that their legs amputated, but he cared.

He did not want Ann to be hurt. He was beginning to think in terms of his own self did not cast a shadow. "She'll like that," he wondered what she'll say when these poignancies of tenderness, compassion made to last! He growing old, or wisely and young?

While he was breakfasting, he brought in the first post and found on a silver salver.

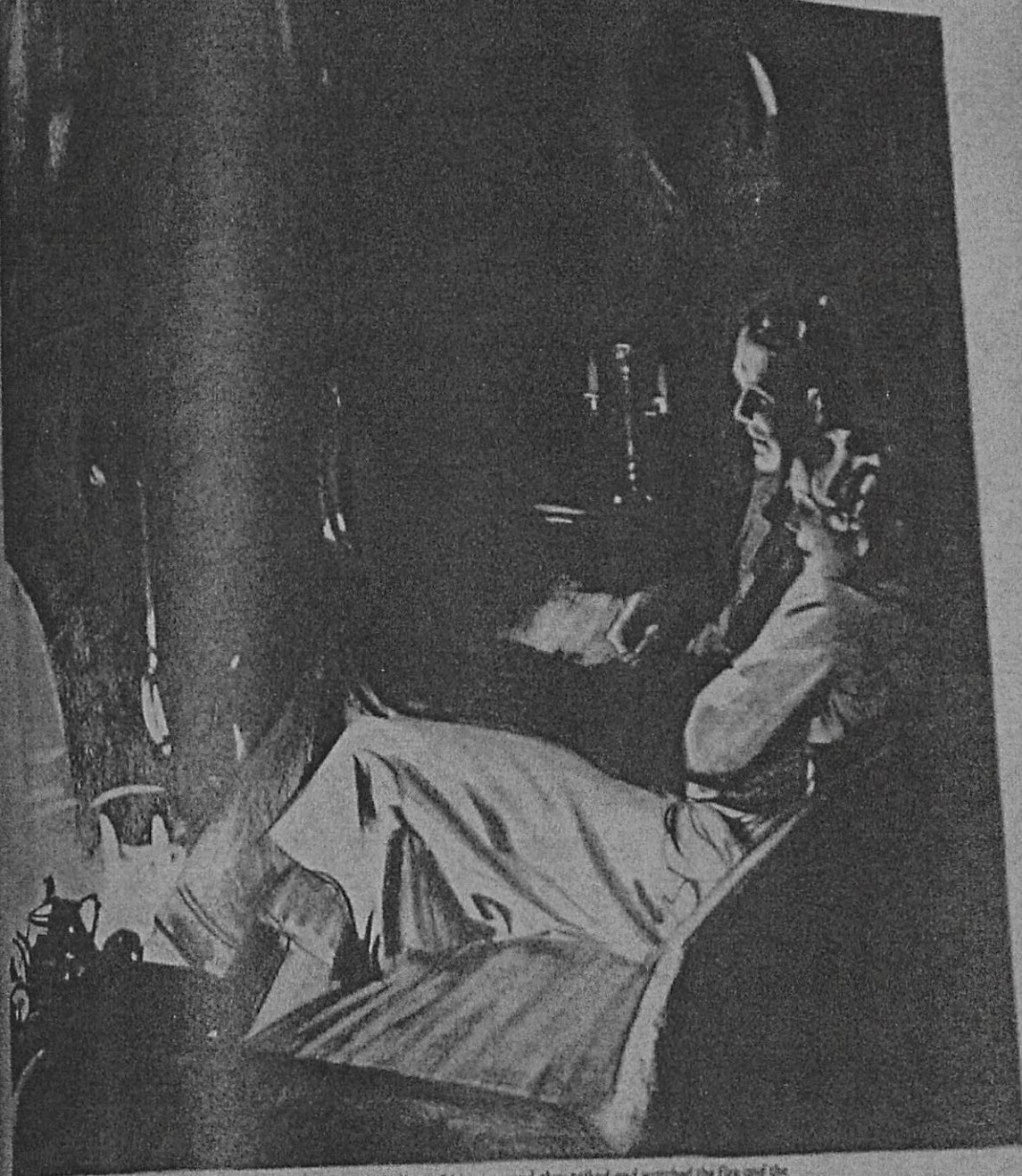
"Any orders for Smith, sir?"

"No."

"Very good, sir. He wants to bonize the Bentley."

"I'm walking."

Jekyll was sorting his letters, coming suddenly upon an envelope decorated with handwriting that he said "Damn." There was no him to put the envelope to his nose, knew Joy's taste in newspaper sensational and animated knew his reflections in the bathhouse have been telepathic!



SHE lay in the hollow of his arm, and they talked and watched the fire and the flicker of flame and shadow. . . . He drew her a rough word-sketch of his scheme. "Think I'm a fool!" he asked. "I think it's an inspiration," she replied.

He opened the letter and read.

"Dear Dickon,

"Back in this septic and seductive metropolis. Had a most devastating time. In fact! But everybody's so economic these days. I don't mind people not having my courtesy, but it's so crude when they haven't any cash.

"What in the name of Virginia are you doing down in Sussex? Met Blavis Crosey at a bottle party, and she told me that you had gone rustic.

"Want to come down for the week-end. Send the Bentley for me, darling, and lay in the usual bath salts.

"Just been reading J.H. Isn't he a lamb?"

Confound these women! Most certainly he was not going to send the Bentley to No. 6 Duke's Gate, or lay in the usual bath salts. But Joy could be a gurgulous nuisance. She was so operative. She took a devil of a lot of stopping. She sailed in on you in a bath-wrap, singing, and if you scowled, she threw her sponge at you.

Confound it, he could not have Miss Cartax pluming down from past summers upon him. Yet, nothing but an elephant gun was capable of sufficient penetration, especially so when the whole world was

being so horribly expensive. He would have to be ruthless with Joy.

He went to his desk and found a telegraph form. He pondered, and then wrote his message.

"So sorry, impossible. My wife has broken things up."

He chuckled wickedly over that telegram. Assuredly that should discourage the lady. But was he going to pass it to Satter for transmission?

He got up and rang the bell. "Satter, tell Smith I shall want the Bentley for half an hour. Then he can pull her to pieces when I get back."

Stout walked briskly down to Bluewater
the wind and rain, and as he was
the "high of the squirrel."
Nuttall appeared like a cuckoo in
the doorway of her clock.

Mr. Jekyll—
He took out a very wet hat to her.
"You will excuse me, won't you,
in future I pay my rent to you."
I was a little behindhand last
month—
"How he had not realized that he
would be the receiver of Miss Nuttall's
he smiled at her, and put on his hat.
"Please don't let that worry you.
I haven't had time to go into things yet."
—and of you."

By the way, I shall probably be
making some modifications. We may
hear what the financiers call a mora-
tory.

Stout's mouth was a pale, pink circle.
"Mr. Jekyll, but really—"
"Well, we will discuss details later."
He found Stout waiting for him, still
in an old brown raincoat that
showed grey in patches. Stout adjusted
his hat with a floppy, downward
slant that threw off the rain like a sloping
roof.

Wondered whether you'd come, sir.
One of these sudden changes."

Jekyll looked amused.

"Come here, Stout. I'm an adaptation."
They strolled along the sand in the
direction of the "Sunflower," a plant that
had the appearance of a poor exotic
growing on the edge of that grey sea.

Said Jekyll, "Obviously, Mallison
thought in terms of summer. Windows
opening upon foam, but not this sort
of foam. What does Bluewater do with
itself in winter?"

"Nothing," Sat and shivered last
winter.

Neither pleasant nor economic. I'll
warn you, Stout, that during the
last fortnight I have become furiously
economic. The world problem, what, in
essence? And perhaps, just because
I'm such a complete amateur, I see some-
thing more clearly than the poor devils
who are involved in them."

Stout's hat blew off and he made a
dash for it.

"Damn this wind. Let's get some
shelter in the Sunflower loggia."

"Good idea."

THEY ascended the steps to the loggia.
Stout and Jekyll paused there, and looked
at each other.

"Seems to me civilization is rather
like this very artificial building—on the
edge of that grey flood. Our modern
world lives by selling things, goods,
services. Quite platitudinous. But apply
it to Bluewater. You can manage here
because you have been able to sell hotel
accommodation, but take the others.
There are no buyers for Jettison's
pictures or Mrs. Merriman's antiques, or
Simon's *brûlé*, or Miss Dewhurst's
hat. This Sunflower is going to seed.
Now, what the devil is one going to do
about it?"

They walked up and down the white
loggia, and their boots echoed on the red
tiles. Young Fielden, rather dreading
them with a broken, came to a window
and saw these two walking and talking.



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complexion, are ideally suited to one another, for both love the
open air and the freedom and life of an out-of-door life. The
Duke is tremendously popular. As for his lovely bride-to-be,
so soon to become the Fourth Lady of the Lake, she wins all
hearts with her beauty and charm. I am sure that every reader
of Weldon's Ladies' Journal will join with me in wishing them
both all health, all happiness, for many, many years!

THE EDITOR.

"It's a problem."

"It is. Of course, I could subsidize the
whole place, but that wouldn't be good
for anybody. If a community cannot
keep itself, no use making it parasitic.
Besides, these people aren't spongers.
Anything but that."

Stout blew out his red cheeks.
"If the crash hadn't come, Beauty's
idea might have worked. Beauty—a kind
of Peter Pan place—for the few."

Jekyll paused. "For the few. Wait a
moment. What if one reversed the idea?
Beauty for the many, not the material
Beauty, but for— Look here, Stout,
there must be thousands of people,
youngsters, who have an ache for some-
thing better than the thing that is. Take
hiking. It can be ridiculed, but doesn't
it express something, an urge, a dream?
I'm groping. What if one turned Blue-
water into a place of peace for people
who didn't want the London-Brighton
road, and crowds, and a sea front that is
really nothing but a glorified street?"

Stout looked bothered.

"Crowds. You are—"

"I understand your point of view.
My idea wouldn't clash with yours here.
Your people want peace. One's always
after peace, happiness. Beauty, at
last, a real, no more, just
nature. I'm away from London because
of the noise. There must be people
who want to see away from London for
the same reason, even for a week. Think
what such an escape would mean to
them."

Stout looked at him curiously. "So
naturally, Jekyll was a rather unexpected
person."

"You've got an idea, is it?"

"Have I? I'm just groping."

"But would you make a profit?"

"Supposing one substituted the spirit of
profit. Supposing the show just managed
to get the way, and give people life and
a dream?"

Again, Stout blew out his red cheeks.

"You seem to have got head of some-
thing, is it?"

Jekyll turned sharply, looked at the
sea, and laughed.

"Let's have young Fielden out. Let's

hear what youth has to say. After all it's rather important."

STOUT went to the big white door, but found that both leaves of it were locked. Peering through, he saw young Fielden and his broom, both of them somewhat depressed and perfunctory.

He shouted, "Derrek, hallo!"

Derrek, in a canary-coloured pullover and grey flannel trousers, came trailing the broom and smiling like a young man who had nothing solid to smile about. He unlocked and slid back one of the glazed doors.

"Want a sundae, Mr. Stout?"

"Don't be facetious. Come outside. Mr. Jekyll wants youth's point of view upon a problem."

"I don't feel like views. I feel more like turning motor-bandit."

"Put a coat on and come outside. No use fugging in there."

Young Fielden joined them with a shockingly sulky countenance. Was Mr. Jekyll going to indulge in some gesture? Gestures were all very well for gentlemen with thousands a year. And then, Jekyll, trying to light a cigarette in the wind, turned and asked him a question.

"We want your opinion, Derrek. My text is 'Beauty at Thirty Bob a Week'—Does that convey anything to you?"

Derrek looked cynical.

"Not much, sir. Besides—"

"Beauty cannot be experienced on thirty bob a week!"

And Derrek nodded.

"Not even for a week or a fortnight?"

Our problem is, not to make this place pay, but to make it alive. No profits—but plenty of business."

Derrek stared questioningly at stout. What was Mr. Jekyll gassing about? What was the idea?

Stout, with his hands stuffed into his mackintosh pockets, took up the chant. "Look here, D. Supposing you were a clerk in a London office with—ideas—and a fortnight's holiday a year. Supposing you didn't lust after tarmac and bathing huts paraded in rows. Supposing

But are there any youngsters—who want beauty, a tent on a hillside, trees, gorse, sea? Now, are there?"

Derrek's eyes lost their sulky stare.

"Well, I should say so."

Jekyll, who had been watching Fielden's face, broke in.

"Let's make a miniature of it, Derrek. You people here have got to live. I'm not going to play Fairy Godfather. The idea is this. I want to run Bluewater for people who want—England—or a bit of England and beauty at thirty bob a week. You believe and I believe that there must be thousands of people with an ache for something better than cheap lodgings and a flypaper. Well, supposing we turned Bluewater into a sort of summer—well—what's the word?"

"Camp, sir?"

"No, not quite camp."

"Sea-hostel?"

"Not quite. That gets some of my meaning."

"A place to laze and bask and dream in—without being—I don't think I can label it, sir."

"But you get the idea? Well, we should want a staff, shouldn't we, people to run things?"

Oh yes, I'm

going to safeguard the eating-house, and the shops of a sort. We shall have mere noise-mongers and trades vans, and motor-cars ought to be self-sufficient in vegetables, build our own constructive work, balance sheet won't be a profit. If it balances, Bluewater a living, well, that's good enough."

Derrek was staring at Jekyll.

"But—that's—socialist, sir?"

"Is it? Not from my point of view. Well, how does it sound?"

Derrek's smile was sudden and with enthusiasm.

"Almost too good to be true."

"But—that's the very sort of that does come true. What for?"

Will you back me with the water?"

Derrek gave him a strange look and held out his hand.

"I'll go all out on it, sir."

It was raining and blowing hard.

Jekyll walked up the wet road to Four Firs. The dusk hung in the hedges. Ann had tea at five, and sofa drawn up in front of the wood fire from which a log was fell and sent up a crackle of heat.

He had a telegram to the godmother—if necessary.

He had a most unpleasant insecurity with regard to Miss Carfax had always been an expensive person, and attached to Uncle Mammon's eyebrows and fingermarks.

sore red, and suggesting that steeped in blood! He remembered the way Joy used to be the Monte Carlo tables.

pretty claws ready to pierce the lady? Supposing he blackmailed him, or was it unpleasantly chatty with a certain person? Miss Carfax was capable of a most unfumed, sweet retort.

She would talk, laugh, and pick your pocket.

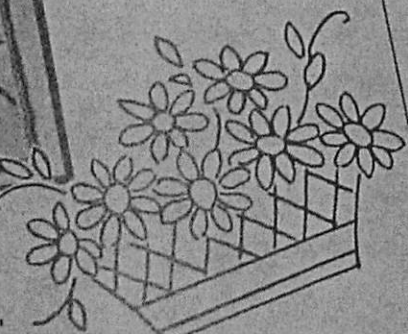
As he walked on his path he saw the firelight through the window. Tea by the fire, his realization of the gentleness in the silent young woman's clear candour of her flower in her smock and looking able. And he had had kissed her lips had been unlike the lips of other women in his



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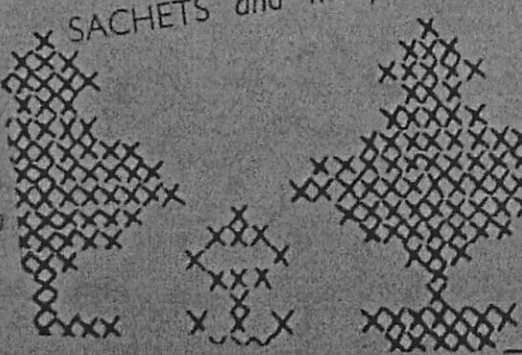
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and in their response. Soft, tentative, vaginal, yes, that was the word. Sarah opened the door to him.

"Yes, Miss."

"Just getting my gum-train on. Beastly night."

"He took his wet mackintosh and showed him into Ann's parlour, where her dark head down by the fire, the sofa was drawn up in front of it, the oak, gate-legged table stood with pale china dimly lustrous in the firelight."

"Nothing much."

"She passed her boots over the sofa to everything's shut up. You are giving Jekyll buttered toast, Sarah?"

"Yes, Miss."

"He heard the door close behind him. Her upward glance was questioning. He saw his face by the firelight. Anything wrong?"

"How?"

"About Bluewater and the contract?"

"No."

"He was expecting him to join her on the sofa in that half-shy intimacy that theirs as lovers. His fingers fiddled in his pocket. He brought out the telegram and handed it to her."

"Read."

"He turned on the sofa so that the light fell upon the piece of paper. There was silence. Never in his life had he been so scared, and so uncomfortably expressive."

"I don't quite get the meaning, you—wouldn't?"

"Almost—it suggests—And who the sender?"

"A person named Joy. The most of persons—in a sense. I'm not to apologize—for having been—"

"He passed him the telegram. He saw only the dark head, and the white curve of a neck. She seemed most horribly rigid, only aloof and enigmatic. And as a of the world he felt less than nothing, he stuffed that wretched piece of paper into his pocket."

"One shouldn't try to treat some people with humour."

"He stared at the fire. Did you?"

"Yes."

"Which—episode?"

"The things which were—episodes."

"More than one?"

"Half a dozen."

"He seemed to make a little writhing movement on the sofa. And then she both sharply and gently. "Sit down. If one's modern, I suppose one has these things. I wonder how much grandmothers divined behind the mental—smile?"

"He slipped into the sofa, but well away from her. They heard Sarah in the passage, a Sarah who heralded her advent

by conversing with the four Mrs. cat. She brought in the teapot and the dish of toast."

"Ann's voice was casual. "Put it on the trivet, Sarah."

"Yes, Miss."

"Firelight, silence, Ann pouring out tea. He felt half-knave, half-foot. This deplorable candour! She passed him his cup, and he placed it on the floor beside him."

"Buttered toast?"

"Please."

"He reached for it, removed the lid of the dish, and served her almost like a suppliant."

"He said, "I couldn't give you the other thing—buttered. It is pretty beastly having to—"

"She looked at him suddenly, and with curious new tenderness."

"Poor J. You know, a month ago—I should. I suppose one has to be hurt."

"My dear—"

"But, in being—hurt— Oh well, I was a rather hard little bit. I suppose it's one's essential egotism."

"He had put the dish back on the brass stand."

"Aren't you going to have any toast, J?"

"No. I don't feel like toast."

"You may."

"He looked at her. He was shocked, astonished. There was something wet on her cheeks."

"My dear, I wish—"

"I can't stand—"

"Fully of me."

"It's the most wonderful—silence."

"He bent over her. "Ann—I'm a blackguard."

"All men are, aren't they—some times? But is it blackguardly to be human?"

"She put up her face and gave a kind of breathless laugh."

"But—not—afterwards, J."

"My dear—"

"It makes a woman—so afraid."

"My dear, I hope I'll never make you afraid."

"She lay in the hollow of his arm, and they talked and watched the fire and the flicker of flame and shadow. She confessed to him that however modern and theories, she was apt to become quite primitive when the sex problem was intimately her own. Besides, she did rather prefer that old-world love—though it was cat-a-wawled and made ridiculous by every jazz band."

"He said, "Of course. You know there's a saying—"

"That rather cynical saying about Jaans"

"Please turn to page 123."

For 2/9 post free— this Charming BEADED BAG

READY for party time—this lovely evening bag of tiny iridescent pearl-like beads with a modern design in sparkling silver. Perfect with every frock, with, say, a matching chiffon hanky tucked into the corner. Just the right size (3¾ by 5½ inches) to hold those important etceteras—powder, lipstick, hanky and money—at parties and dances. The lining is ivory-tinted to match the beads; the front is stiffened to keep it "slim," while there is an extra pocket inside and a thumb loop at the back. Do send for your bag in good time, as the number is limited.

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FOR ALL HI
POLISHED SU
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CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., CHISWICK

Bluewater

(Continued from page 41)

making the best husbands?"

"It's not half so cynical as it sounds."

A burning log fell into the fender, and he knelt and replaced it with the tongs. He remained there for a while on his knees.

"After all, bathing in the sea is more natural and clean than wearing a dirty hair shirt. Besides, one makes far too much fuss about—— You have been rather kind."

She clasped her hands behind her head. "I wonder why?"

"My dear, it is amazing. I have been rather deflated down here. I somehow discovered that I was a rather futile person. I'm turning into quite an enthusiastic sort of kid. Things seem worth while, extraordinarily worth while. By the way, do you think you could run a farm?"

"A farm? What a digression!"

"Not really. You see, I got my idea to-day about Bluewater. Like to hear it?"

"Yes, tell me."

He slipped back on to the sofa.

"The problem is to provide jobs living, justifiable jobs, for all those people down there. Not a pretence, and not priggery or patronage. I have been thinking for days—what the devil was I to do with this place? The solution—if it is a solution—came to me quite suddenly. I want you to tell me if you think I'm a beatific fool."

SHE listened in silence while he drew her a rough word-sketch of his scheme. His left hand rested on her shoulder. So still was she that he began to wonder whether he was failing to convince her.

"Think I'm a fool?"

Her stillness held for a moment. She was looking at the fire. Then she turned to him.

(Please turn to page 124)



AN exquisite dull-complexion is no question of frequent peeling. A few light touches of finger tips with Grossmith Powder Cream gives you lovely in every light, powdered for hours to a soft peach-bloom finish irresistible in its cool.

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OUR AGE—UNNECESSARILY



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INECTO

n Your ul Grace



ED. Store, London, E.C.1.

Bluewater

(Continued from page 133)

"I think it's an inspiration."
"Not kidding?"
"You don't understand me yet."
"Shall I ever? But, Ann, I know that most men would think me an absurd ass. They would see all the snags; they would question the human factors. But, you—" "The thing catches my imagination. Has anyone ever conceived the idea of creating a playground for grown-ups who aren't mere blatant children?"
"I don't know. But let's get down to hard facts. Any suggestions?"

She reflected.
"How will you attract your public?"
"Advertise in some way."
"And the farm?"
"Our own milk, butter, eggs, vegetables and fruit, to supply our local shop, and the restaurant."

"I shouldn't touch milk."
"Why not?"
"Too much officialdom. You can't call your soul your own directly you keep a cow."
"But the main idea? Could we make it—not pay, but balance itself?"
"No middle man's profits. Cost of distribution practically nil. But where is the farm to be?"

"There is some excellent land in the valley. No buildings, but we can erect them. Then, I thought, you might like to keep this place going, put a manager in."

"I've made it pay. Then, about the summer colony? You see, Archie Stout—" "I'm not going to spoil Stout's show. I shall give him two hundred yards more foreshore, and fence it off. I'm going to use part of my own land. There are those fields going down to the sea. We could put up chalets or cottages there, everything to tone in with the scheme. I shall make the people free of the park. Would you mind that?"
"It will depend on the people."

He laughed.
"Wise woman. But let's be sanguine. Now, about the working side. There is Mrs. Merriman. Do you think she would turn her antiques into a tuck shop?"
"I should think she would."

"Young Fielden can run the Sunflower and act as secretary. The Sunflower ought to be our social centre. A nasty phrase, but you know what I mean."

"Yes. And what about the Jettisons?"
"Make him estate art director. He could do all our designing. I believe he spent two years in an architect's office."

"Splendid."
"Miss Dewhurst could still run Nankin."

"Yes, and poor Freda?"
"I want the G.P.O. to let us have an office. She could combine it with her shop. After all, she wouldn't have to do much more than sell stamps."

"It's an idea."
"Then—there's Benson, and his *bric-à-brac* and books. I'm a bit puzzled about Benson."

"Are you going to have—games?"
"Oh, rather. Put down two more hard courts, and perhaps lay out a nine-hole golf course in the park."

"Couldn't Aubrey keep his book shop, and be games secretary?"

"Of course he could. I shall charge sixpence a day for golf. Must have supervision. Great idea. That leaves us."

"I'm to be agricultural director?"
"Exactly. And I—universal and general Panjandrum, nosing around everywhere, and perhaps helping to lay bricks."

She drew his head down and kissed him.
"What fun!"

"That's just what I said, what fun!"

Exciting things happen in Bluewater. You simply mustn't miss next month's instalment of this great human drama of modern Life.



WHEN THE HANDS THAT WASH THE Dishes
HAVE TO GREET THE GUESTS

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BLUEWATER

A Novel you will never Forget by an Author you will always Remember

PEOPLE YOU WILL MEET—
 Jekyll, wealthy philo-
 sophical and dyspeptic, comes
 to the community of Bluewater to
 find it among the cheerful
 folk in this struggling
 town which has suffered first from the
 lack of an originator and then from the
 lack of a manager. As it is, the little band of
 people are brave. ARCHIE STOUT,
 a manager and genial manager
 on every one. FRED NUT-
 CRACK, a squirrel. ANN JERARD,
 a squirrel, who runs the poultry
 department, who sells eggs in the
 town. GILDA MERRIMAN, of Ye
 Olde Farm, strong and utterly without
 compromise, strong and utterly without
 compromise. Young DERRICK
 WILMER, manager of the "Sunflower"
 house, and his wife, JUNE.
 JIMMY JETTISON, a dreamy, penni-
 less, and his wife, JUNE.
 down as owner of Moor Hall,
 changes as he becomes attuned to
 the town and its ways. On Stout's tactful
 advice he gives the struggling artistic
 commissions for work.
 the most fatal influence in Jekyll's new
 town, who attracts him, although he
 hardly admits the fact even to himself.
 town, for all her off-hand attitude
 and indifference as she would appear.
 comes to Bluewater in the
 town. Mr. BERRYMAN, proprietor of the
 town. Bluewater is for sale.
 buy it and develop it as an up-to-
 the seaside resort of his own.
 steps to securing it at a bargain
 Jekyll, however, enters the field as a
 town and succeeds in bringing off the
 town, in particular, is grateful for
 town on behalf of Bluewater, and the
 town of her coldness vanishes. A new
 town and a new Ann are revealed to one
 town when they discover they are in
 town. Jekyll has a plan—which
 town employment to everybody—to turn
 town into a playground for grown-ups
 town and quiet on thirty shillings

NOW READ ON.

WHEN Mr. Jekyll told Santer that
 he proposed giving a dinner-
 party to twelve people on the
 Saturday, Santer looked sulky.
 "Twelve covers, sir?"
 "Yes, Saturday, sir?"
 "I was writing letters in the library,
 and I heard rather sharply on Santer.
 "By I detect an atmosphere of—oppo-
 sition, Santer?"
 "I must mention his rather mean and
 mean."
 "Oh, sir, of course not, sir, but
 you have forgotten, sir, that
 I go to the pictures on Saturdays."
 "Indeed? But I had not noticed any
 difference. I dine, and someone
 else, sir."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I think Mrs.
 Mason—"
 Jekyll shot suddenly and deeply to the
 feet.
 "Did you hear what I said, now? Do
 what I tell you. Right about face,
 march!"
 Santer, with the dumb confusion purged
 from his soul, went out of the room like
 a chastened dog. Jekyll sat down again.
 And suddenly he laughed.

by
**WARWICK
 DEEPIING**

Author of *Surreal and Son, Doomsday, etc.*



Jekyll was showing Ann the Moor
 Hall Garden, for if it was to be
 her garden as well as his, she
 must have a say in the matter.

123 OK, DARK

WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL

"But someone says I was a socialist? Not quite! Ye gods and little fishes, no!"

"Come in!" Mrs. Mason appeared, buson and a little anxious. That Mr. Jekyll should mention her to the library was a pleasant surprise. Mrs. Mason was a phony and disquieting. Mrs. Mason was a phony and disquieting. Mrs. Mason was a phony and disquieting.

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Mason. I want you to do me a favour. I'm giving a dinner here on Saturday. Twelve people, including myself. I want something rather special, and I know you can do it. Mrs. Mason was all smiles. "Of course, sir. Would you like me to draw out two or three menus for you to consider?"

"An excellent idea. By the way, Mrs. Mason, Santer hinted that you were going to the cinema on Saturday."

"Did he, sir?" "Yes."

"Well, I'm not, sir. I'd rather lay myself out over that dinner. I love cooking special dinners, sir."

Jekyll looked at her roguishly. "Splendid. You'll give us something rather wonderful. As a matter of fact, since you have been here, I have enjoyed my food more than..."

Mrs. Mason looked as though someone had suggested kissing her. "I'm sure it's a pleasure, sir. Did I understand you to say that Mr. Santer—"

"Yes, Mrs. Mason."

"I like his impertinence! And what time would you like dinner, sir?"

"Will seven-thirty suit you?" "Of course, sir."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mason. I shall look forward to that dinner."

When the door had closed on her, he sat and chuckled. Santer would hear something from Mrs. Mason, not wholly to his benefit. Quite right, too. He was becoming a little bored with Santer's sunny and sometimes sulky suavity. Santer, like his master, could get busy and do a job of work, or depart to some other paradise.

He resumed his writing. He was sending out personal letters to his future collaborators.

"Dear Mrs. Merriman,"

"I want you and the Misses Wilmer to dine with me here on Saturday. I propose making it both a friendly and a diplomatic occasion. All Bluewater will be present, and I think we should discuss the future of Bluewater, and a certain social scheme I have in mind."

"I will send my car for you at about seven-fifteen."

"Believe me, Sincerely yours, RICHARD JEKYLL"

Smith, driving the Bentley, delivered all these invitations that same afternoon.

Mr. Jettison, when he had read his, became suddenly emotional, and went and kissed his wife.

"Read that. Now, could a fellow have put a thing more—more generously? What I mean is—"

June was both flushed and anxious.

"Oh, Jimmie, the muth's been in your dinner-jacket!"

"Damn the muth! What's it matter? Are the trousers all right?"

"Quite."

"Well, that's good enough. Little for a new fox-trout. The Muth's Not in My Trousers!"

Freida was amused round to Ye Olds Shoppe with her particular invitation.

"Oh, my dear, how very kind of him! But I haven't got anything to wear."

Gilda smiled her Mona Lisa smile. "Not even fig leaves?"

Freida looked shocked. "Oh, my dear, but it's so—so serious."

"I think we can find you a frock. I'm rather large, but I'll see Selma."

Archie Stout, reading his letter in the library, pushed back his beret and scratched his head.

"By Jove, some committee meeting. Jekyll does the thing like a gentleman."

ON the Saturday morning after breakfast a suavely sulky Santer asked his master a question.

"What wine will you have to-night, sir? Just a little white wine?"

"White wine—Santer!"

"Yes, sir. If you'll excuse me saying so, sir, I don't think the people down there are accustomed—to anything—but water."

"Do you think I am giving a charity dinner, Santer?"

"Well, sir, in a manner of speaking—"

Jekyll snubbed him.

"Cocktails, sherry, four bottles of Paul Roger 1919, vintage port, and brandy. Understand?"

"Very good, sir."

"And, Santer, your wife had better help to-night with the waiting."

"I'll ask her, sir, but she's not very fond—of uniform, sir."

"Is that so? Well, if you are a wise man, Santer, and you wish to

stay with me, you had better persuade your wife to overcome her prejudices. May as well warn you that I don't make certain changes here, and people who do not adapt with pleasant faces had better go."

Santer moistened his lips. He did not want to be saucy, but the manner of Mr. Jekyll would be a rather poor performance.

"I will keep it in mind, sir."

At lunch Jekyll asked him a question. "Have you spoken to your wife, Santer?"

"Yes, sir, she is willing to oblige with her own pair of eyes."

"Oldie? Have I conferred no oblige on the pair of you? I suppose you to oblige—with smiles."

"Very good, sir."

"Miss Jerrard will be here to tea—the library. See that there are good food everywhere."

Santer went to his dinner, and allowed a sulky self-regard to spread itself in the staff-room.



between you and me and the gate-
I shan't be here much longer, ladies.
I should say so. I can see what's
going on. He's going to spend the afternoon
with the egg-girl."
Mason was sarcastic.
That's nice language to use about a
woman and a lady."
"I've seen too many of his
kind, but this one looks like being a
mistaken."
And you'll be a runner, if I'm not
mistaken."
Santer threw up her head.
I won't have my husband spoken to
that. We could say things if we
could—couldn't we, Albert? Such
ideas on!"
Mason laughed.
Thirty-toity! Goings off—if you're
careful. I like
place and I'm
to stay here."
No accounting
tastes."
You be careful,
S. I've got a
when I like
it—but I've

a dinner to cook, and I can't cook a good
dinner in a bad temper—and that's that!"
JEKYLL was showing Ann the Moor
Hall garden, for if it was to be her
garden as well as his, and all that a
garden should be, a place of perfumes
and sweet delights, then Ann must have
her say in the matter. There was pale
sunlight and a ribbed blue sky, and a
rustling and running of autumn leaves.
Somewhere a weed fire had been left
smouldering, and the smell of it drifted
on the wind.
He said: "I can't stand the American
idea. A garden ought to be secret—
agree?"

She did. She confessed to him that
"She could let herself go" in this garden,
when one has to attend strictly
"Rather a crude way of putting it—but
to business—". And how
strange and exquisite its beauty
—the green line of a clipped
hedge, a statue dimly white at
the end of a vista, old stone flags
that some city had discarded, a
lead cistern, the rhythmic notes
of the pillars of a balustrade.
She breathed in deeply.
"It's exquisite. Did you put
Pan in that recess?"
"Yes."
"How did you know that it
would be so right?"

"I didn't
know."
"Then—?"
"Just a sort
of flair. One's
either wine or
cold mutton.
You either have
it or haven't it.
Some sort of
flair that I feel
I have about
Bluewater—but
let's be prac-
tical for a
moment. Come
and look at the
orchard and
vegetable gar-
den."

The extent of both
of them surprised her.
"But what on earth
happens, or will happen,
to all the things that
can be grown here?"
He looked amused.
"I used to wonder.
We supply ourselves.
I have a very strong
suspicion that I am
supplying one of the
Westling shops."
"How beastly!"
"No, quite natural.
A rich man who is no-
thing but a rich man is
a fellow to be plundered,
but all that is to be
changed. I'm going
to discipline my garden-
staff and myself."
She looked at him
with a quick glimmer
of the eyes.
"I do like you, J.,
the funny way you twit
yourself."

WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL

"Good medicine, but hard tacks. Does
it occur to you that we could supply half
Bluewater with fruit and vegetables from
this place?"
"I should say so."
"Then we'll do it. I'll give my two old
rogues a stout lad, and a commission on
the value of the produce. The stuff will
be credited in the Bluewater accounts.
I think it would be a sound idea to con-
centrate and control the fruit and vege-
table supply up here—so perishable, you
know!"

She laughed.
"I'm wise. I have to watch my tool.
One could expand up at the Four Firs.
I could work it—"
"From here?"
"Well, couldn't I? Though a wife's
place—"
"Shut up, my dear. Don't you twit me
in that way. Your show, but have a good
man under you. Seems to me that in a
biggish show one has to save one's energy
to energize the others. A blob of mercury
rolling about."
She nodded.
"So far as my experience goes, that's
reality. You know, men are rather lazy
beggars, J."

"Thank you."
They were returning along the ilex
walk when they saw Santer mincing down
the steps from the terrace. Santer's face
expressed a sleek, sly smugness. Almost,
he licked inward lips. He was cynically
servile, gloatingly polite. He was saying
to himself that he and circumstance had
Mr. Jekyll on toast. Oh, yes, rather
absolutely so.
"Excuse me, sir, Miss Carfax."
"What? Who?"
"Miss Carfax, sir. In which bedroom
shall I put her suitcase?"
The smug innocence of Santer's face
waited upon the crisis. He was thinking:
"That's stuffed it up him, what! Miss
Carfax will take some explaining—I
should say so!" He stood with body
slightly flexed, a man-servant politely
waiting to receive an order. He watched
Mr. Jekyll's face, and for a moment it
was a very angry face.

"Thank you, Santer. Has Miss Carfax
a car?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, put Miss Carfax's suitcase back
in the car. Tell her I shall be in the house
in three minutes."
"Very good, sir. Will Miss Carfax be
staying to tea, sir?"
"I don't think so."
He looked at Santer in such a peculiar
way that Santer knew that the poison
was his. He retreated up the steps, and
Jekyll, with a little murderous smile,
watched the little neat and meagre figure
disappear beyond the line of grey stone.
"Did you get the inwardness of all
that?"
She looked at his fierce face.
"That man of yours—?"
He nodded.
"The fellow will go out of the house
to-night. Well, my dear, there is no cheek
quite like a cheek that is nicely doctored.
Plucked eyebrows and a little bald fore-
head. I beg your pardon, I shall have to
go and get rid of the lady. It is so much
easier to deal with a suitcase than one's
sack of wild oats."



A MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL Gift Picture in Colours—Next Month

she understood.
"The joyful person who sent the telegram."
"Yes."
"When did you see her last, J?"
"Oh, nearly a year ago. For my sister."
"Don't you think I might be more lethal?"
"You?"
"Yes, if I'm allowed to be a little modern."
And suddenly he laughed.

"Ye gods, if you are serious? But, dear heart, it's rather beastly."
"If I marry you, J, I suppose I marry your past."

"May I transpose it? I rather hope you will marry my future."

She held out a hand.
"Come, let's go in like old-fashioned lovers. It's comely, not tragedy, J. I'm refusing to feel tragic."

He said: "By Jove, you're some woman."

Santer had shown Miss Carfax into the drawing-room, and it was there that they found her, smoking a cigarette by the piano. She had a face that was as brassy as one of those old-fashioned polished fenders. Her fur coat lay over the back of the chair. Her mood was ironic.

"Hello, Dickon!"

She mouthed at him, but she looked at Ann. Really, how sentimental.

"Dickon, darling! Fancy you—"

Jekyll was as stiff as a Roman statue.

"This is Ann, Ann, this is Miss Joy Carfax."
"Delighted, dear child."

Ann calmly and quietly became catastrophically modern.

"Rather marvellous, you know, to meet part of Richard's past. So sorry we can't ask you to stay. Too devastating! I hear you have been to Hollywood. Say, what do you think of Richard's present?"

Miss Carfax had not yet had her face lifted—but on this occasion it seemed to need elevation.

"My dear, you are *chic*!"

"Yes, as a matter of fact I do breed chickens."

And then she dropped Jekyll's hand, moved to the chair where Miss Carfax's coat reposed, and took it in her hands.

"How utterly opulent. Fox? Yes! So sorry you can't stay. Let me help you on!"

Jekyll stood and stared. He saw Ann put the coat on Miss Carfax's shoulders, and Miss Carfax accepting the coat.

Well, by all the powers of suggestion! Miss Carfax was smiling; she would like to have
"So sweet of you. Yes, I'm going on to Bashbourne. Devastating luck, Dickon, for you. I do hope you have lots of children."

Ann drawled at her:
"No, thanks. I have vetoed an immediate nursery, my dear. You must come and play tennis in the summer. Yes,

must protest, sir. It's not legal, sir. I've done nothing."
"I said pack, Santer!"
"You did, sir."
"Well, go and pack!"

ARCHIE STOUT was called to the telephone. Mr. Jekyll wanted to speak to him from Moor Hall.
"Hallo, sir!"
"That you, Stout?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wonder if you could lend me a waiter for to-night. I have for sacked my man."

"Yes, I can manage, sir. I'll let you have Hanson."

"Very good of you, Stout."

"Not a bit, sir. When would you like Hanson to come up?"

"About six. Will that do? Yes, I'll send a car for him. I'll put him where as to the wine. I'm very much obliged to you, Stout."

"Anything else I can do, sir. Rest of your staff all right?"

"Quite. I have just spoken to our most important person, the cook. I think she is not sorry for the fracas. Well, see you later, and many thanks."

The Santer had left in haste, muttering of blackmail and indignation. Yes, Santer knew a thing or two, and just why Mr. Jekyll wished to be rid of him. Meanwhile, Mrs. Mason had taken charge as housekeeper-cook. Called into the library by Mr. Jekyll, she requested no introduction to the lady who was sitting by the fire. She and Miss Jerrard had met and made friends over eggs.

"I want you to be the responsible person in the house, Mrs. Mason, until such time as—"

Mrs. Mason was no fool.

"I quite understand, sir. May I say that I

think you are well rid of the Santer?

The Santer you saw, sir, and the Santer I saw."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mason. I had my suspicions."

Ann, rising from her chair by the fire, joined in the peace conference.

"I hope you will stay with us, Mrs. Mason. I'm sure Mr. Jekyll—"

She glanced humorously at her future husband.

"May I add my invitation to Miss Jerrard's, Mrs. Mason? Two people have

been responsible for improving my intelligence, and I'm not ungrateful. Now,

we mustn't keep you. You and we are

rather enthusiastic about to-night's

From Me to You—

STARDUST

Dear Readers,

Judging by the frequent letters I receive from you, I believe many of you turn regularly each month to this page for my little message. Therefore, I feel I owe you an apology.

This, because my real Christmas message, "Christmas and Home," appears this month on page 45, and also because I am using this space to make a personal announcement.

From time to time quite a number of you have very kindly suggested that you would like to be able to obtain my short monthly writings, which have appeared under the title of "From Me to You," in book form. And I am pleased to be able to tell you that this is now possible.

To find a suitable title for this collection was not easy, but in the end I decided to call it "Stardust," because these writings are an attempt in a very small way to search out some of the big truths about every-day happiness.

"Stardust" is compact and neat in size (5 in. by 8 in.), contains sixty-four pages, and is printed in clear easy-to-read type. Also I am very much hoping you will like the cover with its little drift of stars and distant landscape, in a rather charming blue with white. This is protected by a transparent glacing over-cover. It is priced at 1/-, but if you have any difficulty in obtaining a copy, you can order it direct from Widdons Limited, 30-32, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, for 1/3 by post.

May I suggest that "Stardust" might be an inexpensive answer to some of your Christmas Gift questions. . . . Or, perhaps a rather special Christmas Card.

Julia G. S.
The Editor.



we'll see you into the car."

They did so. Actually, they stood and waved, with Santer watching them from the hall window—and Jekyll was wise as to the peepings of Santer.

"Go in, dear, I'll be with you in a minute."

She went, and in the hall Jekyll surprised Santer solicitously disappearing.

"Santer!"

"Sir."

"Pack! Tell Smith to drive you and your wife to Westling Station. I'll give you a month's money."

"But—I—don't understand, sir."

"Oh, yes, you do."

"But, sir, after all these years, sir! I

dinner. I'm sure you will find Mr. Hanson helpful in every way."
Mrs. Mason actually dropped him a slight curtsey.
"Thank you, sir," said Ann to him when Mrs. Mason had closed the door.
"How regal, J."

"What?"
"Almost, you made a speech from the throne."
He took her chin between thumb and forefinger.
"Don't you make fun of me, young woman—I can make fun of myself if I want to."

He kissed her and looked at the clock.

"Time you went back to dress. I'll run you up. I want to be here to show Hanson the ropes."

She laughed.

"Haven't I got the van outside?"

"God bless the vehicle! What are we going to do with it when—?"

"Won't it be transferred to the Bluewater Co., for the same old service?"

"I suppose it will."

It may be that when blindness to the thing we call beauty overtakes us it comes to men sooner than to women.

Mrs. Merriman, standing for a moment in the doorway of the library after shedding her cloak and wrap, saw the hall of Moor Hall as Jekyll had willed it—white paneling, black and white cheques of tiles, touches of apple-green and yellow, mauve curtains across the Georgian door. The new and the old! She had known it in Mallison's day, both shabby and flamboyant, but to-night it satisfied her; she knew not why. Strange rich loveliness of texture and outline. The young things were still behind her in the library, making bird-like preening and emitting intimate, excited chatter.

"Oh, my dear, they haven't laddered yet."

"Don't breathe!"

"I'm sure if I eat too much dinner—"

A smiling and dignified young Hanson was waiting to announce them. Mr. Jekyll was mixing cocktails and talking to Ann and Archie Stout. The Moor Hall Rolls had gone down a second time for the Jettisons, Selma, and Miss Nuthall. Derrek had come up with Stout, but was in hiding for a moment, dealing with a broken shoe-lace.

"Come on, children. Don't giggle."

"We're not giggling."

Hanson announced them.

"Mrs. Merriman! The Misses Wilmer!"
Jekyll came down the hall to meet them, and he and Gilda smiled into each other's eyes.

"I'm very glad to see you."

Just words, but he looked glad. Gwen and Maisie were a little shy of him, perhaps because in a most unheroic and casual age they were creating the inevitable hero.

"Come along. Cocktails—I know that Stout is a super expert, but I like to feel that I'm an authority. Please sit—yes, by the fire. What can I give you?"
Ann and Mrs. Merriman were kissing each other.
"Oh, just a Martini, please."
"Let me shake, sir."
"All right, Stout."
"I know I shake rather like a jelly. If you young things laugh, I shall—"

a lambent green, and it changed its color when the various figures filled the table was ebony, and interlaid with a panel of old paper which had been with mother-of-pearl. A pair of roses, purple, blue.
She said: "What lovely glass!"
He was smiling at Ann, but he turned to her instantly.
"Good glass gives me a kind of glow." She ran a finger down a slim stem.

"Yes, it's the same old remarks, but I do like your colour scheme."

"And Jimmie's present?"
He is—no, not clever, but a beauty worth play."

Her eyes lit up.
"Yes, that's the very word—beauty is play, someone."

He nodded.
"We are going to try and make Bluewater play—"

"It may do both, you know."

"Yes, why not?"
The rest of Bluewater arrived, June in rose, Selma in her purple velvet, Fannie in pale primrose, Jimmie even more animated as to the tie. Poor Benson was down with the flu. He sent his regrets and apologies through Selma.

"Cocktails, everybody. Miss Nuthall—a Sidecar, or an Orange Blossom, or a Bronx?"

Freda simpered.
"So kind. May I have an Orange Blossom? I don't know what it is, but it sounds—"

Stout could not help chuckling.

"That's the spirit, Squirrel."

"That's the spirit, Squirrel."

"That's the spirit, Squirrel."

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"That's the spirit, Squirrel."

At Christmas Time

May we at Christmas some new meaning find,
Our hearts be ready, that with clearer mind
We may learn sympathy, and ways more kind.

The Star of Christmas shines, lovely to see,
So that the teaching of its Light may be
Forgetfulness—as well as memory.

May we forget each wrong, cherish the best
And be by no sad memories oppressed,
While springs of kindness make our Christmas blest.

For that sweet Babe came down to us to show
That heavy hearts should feel some lovelier glow
Left when the day dies, and the lights burn low.

So on His birthday may new joy appear
Lending us courage, lessening every fear,
Showing the Star of Hope—throughout the year!

Mary Everley

"Cigarettes . . .
Are the children
allowed cocktails?"

"Oh, Mr. Jekyll."

"Two Orange Blossoms, I think, Stout."

"Right. Two Orange Blossoms, sir."

Derrek appeared from somewhere, smoking a cigarette, and trying to look as though he had been in the house for hours.

He had had trouble with his shirt as well as with a shoe-lace. The wretched button-holes were worn, and the head of one stud was always slipping through.

Jekyll looked at him kindly.

"What for you, Derrek?"

"Can I have a Sidecar, sir?"

"How do you compound a Sidecar, Stout?"

"I'll mix it, sir. Take some scrap-iron, rubber and paint, throw in two or three old cushions, a tin of engine oil, and a spare belt."

"Sounds rather fearsome. Well, it's Derrek's funeral."

Gilda was looking at the glass. It was



the soul of Bluewater? He was so aware of the pragmatic heartiness of Stout, Miss Nuthall's twittering timidity, Jettison's eager animation, young Fielden's jealous reserve. He was dining these people, but he could suppose that they were a little perplexed and curious as to the future's hospitality, the day's bread and meat. This was a champagne evening, but the mornings would be concerned with milk and butter and eggs.

A glass window was interposed between him and his guests. He sat at the head of the table, and made polite conversation, and was listened to and watched. Did they not trust him? Was he something

(Please turn to page 117)



"I was struck with that myself, Miss Maitland, and that nearly every girl in California now having regularity. The bowel cleanliness promotes good appetite, and regular school attendance with me that good education go hand in hand."

All mothers do not realise that their daughters are approaching rough and regular bowel development. California is so gentle and safe in its ideal laxative for

it is a mother's duty at her daughter's bowels from poisonous waste an anxious mother has pointing out the value of the weekly dose of 'California

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out, twist and bend until your right foot touches your left foot, straighten, bend and twist again until your right hand touches your left foot, repeating ten times. Now a quick bath with plenty of cold water splashed over the face and chest at the end, and you are ready to meet any kind of a day, including winter weather, and you feel quite a different person from that lazy Sleepy Head who woke up half an hour ago.

Bluewater

(Continued from page 36)

just a little less brutal than Berryman, but still the unknown dictator? His urge was to smash this sheet of glass.

He had discussed the potential problem with Ann. "Now, if there is a frost to-night, I shall want to thaw it. I suppose being comparatively rich makes one an outsider to the if necessary?"

"You mean—?"
He had looked at her whimsically. "Announce my luck to the world. It ought to make them realize that I'm both romantic and exceedingly sane."

"Well, tell them."
And that was what he did. He stood up, champagne glass in hand.

"No, I'm not going to make a speech. One doesn't make speeches to one's friends. I want you to drink Ann's health. Ann and I are going to be married."

Gwen and Maisie tried not to look at Derrek. Jettison got up and sat down again. Miss Nuthall chirruped:

"I'm so glad—I—"
It was Jekyll's cue.
"Well, so am I, gladder than Ann, I think. I have reason to be. She is taking a lazy fellow in hand and reforming him. Please, to my future wife."

They stood and drank to Ann—Derrek with a kind of dim stare at his glass, Stout robustly, the Jettisons with emotion, Gilda with her Mona Lisa smile.

"Speech, Ann!"
Jekyll laughed.
"No, no—oratory banned."

IN the hall afterwards, he told them of his plans. They sat round the big fire on sofa, chairs, tuffets. Derrek squatted on a rug. They had become, insensibly so, rather like a big family; and if Jekyll played father, he was a very modern father, not paterfamilias. He was a little shy. In fact, to begin with, he attempted to pass on the performance to Ann, but she would have none of it, nor would Bluewater.

"No, we want to hear you, sir," said Stout. Actually, Jekyll stammered.
"I wish—you—wouldn't call me sir, Stout. I'm neither a baronet—nor a baboon."

He perched on the arm of Ann's chair.
"Well, I suppose I must try and explain the new Bluewater to my fellow directors and committee of management. I hope you will (Please turn to page 119)

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Bluewater

(Continued from page 117)

"I think some of you know my idea, that Bluewater as Bluewater should not make a profit, but that it should provide its workers with—well, really, why should it be shamed about it—?"

Ann lifted a roguish face.

"We don't mind, J. Hard cash."

Gently, he pulled her ear.

"Thank you. Give me time and I shall cease to be so sensitive about imaginary grides and prejudices. We are all traders here to-night. We are going to trade what Mr. Maggs describes as 'The amenities of Bluewater.' I know that Stout understands my idea, and Derrek, too. Now, provided you think the various jobs worth while, I can guarantee your salaries for five years. I can call it our Five Year Plan, the production and sale of beauty at thirty-bob a week. Most of you know much more about domestic economy than I do—but I am making a devil of a speech!"

He glanced from Stout's jocund face to Mrs. Merriman's.

"Have you discussed the idea?"

"I should rather think we have!"

"Well, won't anybody make suggestions?"

"I appear to be doing all the talking."

"Are you going to float a company, sir?"

"Yes, it should be done that way, shouldn't it? Each director can hold a nominal number of shares. Ann is going to supervise agriculture and supplies. We shall have our estate farm. We may even create, in time, some estate industries. If civilization crashes Miss Nuthall can knit us all smocks."

He looked at Gilda.

"Would you be willing, Mrs. Merriman, to run the estate shop?"

"Fruit and vegetables, etc., instead of antiques?"

"You might retain antiquities as a branch line. If Gwen and Maisie—wait a moment, have you those bits of paper, Ann?"

Ann opened her bag, took out some folded slips, and passed one of them to Gilda.

"Rather like 'Consequences'—read."

Mrs. Merriman unfolded her slip, and read.

The Bluewater Co. would offer her £400 a year and a bonus.

Gwen and Maisie were given slips. They exclaimed over them:

"Oh, Mr. Jekyll!"

Jekyll assumed an air of surprise.

"Mr. Jekyll has nothing to do with it. The proposals emanate from the Bluewater Co."

"How perfectly topping of you."

He was watching Gilda's face. She smiled at him and nodded.

"Yes, I sign on."

"Oh, Miss Nuthall, has Ann sounded you?"

Freda wriggled as though someone was tickling her.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Jekyll. So very kind. I'd love to sell stamps and postal orders and things. Might I still keep a small part of the shop for—?"

"Of course. Miss Nuthall's slip, Ann."

He pointed a grave finger at Jimmie.

"Mr. Jettison, estate architect and art director. Will you act, when you are not painting pictures, and on the assumption that you promise to go on painting pictures?"

Jimmie had been given his slip. He showed it to his wife; her face expressed strange emotion.

"Four hundred a year—but—"

Her voice thrilled the others.

"You don't know what it means to us. I'm sorry, I ought not to get emotional—"

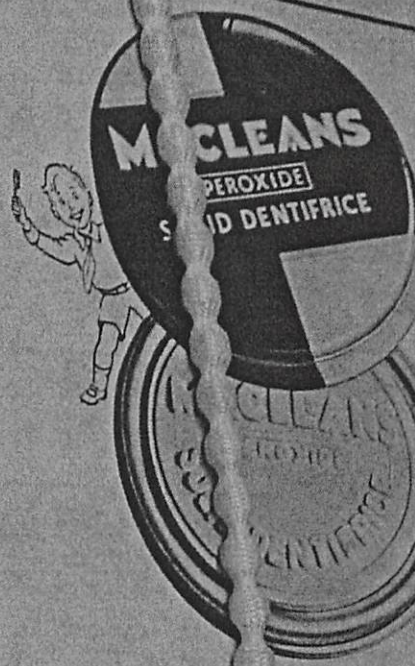
Jimmie patted his wife's back.

"That's all right, dear, that's all right. Mr. Jekyll has to—put things on a business basis. I don't know whether I'm justified in accepting the position."

Stout nodded at him.

"No inferiority complex, Jimmie. You can do it."

(Please turn to page 120)



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JON'S SIXPE

Bluewater

(Continued from page 118)

Miss Duckworth had been waiting. She spoke.

"I'll like to keep Nankin. I don't think I need be a tax on the company, Mr. Jekyll."

"That's generous of you, but—"

"Let me try."

"We shall be only too glad. Derek, will you run the regular social club, our tea-house, and act as secretary to the managing director?"

Derek's red head bent over his slip of paper. He glanced up suddenly.

"Yes, I rather think so."

Jekyll stood up, walked to a table and fetched a cigar box.

"So much talking, I haven't had time to smoke. Now, oughtn't we to go into committee. I'd like Stuart to be chairman to-night. I have an estate map here and a lot of rough plans and figures. Ann and I have been playing with coloured chalks."

The table is cleared. I suggest we go back into the dining-room and spread things out."

He offered the cigar box to Jettison.

"Have one, James. The more I live with your pictures, the more I like them."

Jettison muttered and blushed.

Jekyll nodded and blushed.

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THE BLOND
HAIR
SHAMPOO

Bluewater

(Continued from page 121)

them. He took Ann shopping, but Ann did not shop as she might have shopped with a new cheque-book at her service. A dress display at Bluewater might have caused qualms in the hearts of other women. She allowed herself two Paris frocks, and one of them she wore when Sir Martin Mayhew came to dine with them at the Savoy.

Mayhew and Jekyll were old friends. In his letter of invitation, Jekyll had said: "I want you to meet my wife, and advise me on an adventure I have undertaken." Sir Martin was a bachelor, and he might have argued that marriage was a sufficient adventure. It was known that Jekyll had gone to bury himself in Sussex, and here he was, emerging with a wife, an almost boyish appetite and an enthusiasm. Sir Martin did not call it an urge. He loathed urges.

"What is the adventure, Richard?"

Jekyll and Ann smiled at each other.

"We are both adventurers. Fact is, I have bought a derelict estate, and we have ideas about it—sociologically. Don't let that put you off, the soul of the thing, you know."

Sir Martin had a grey head and a grey smile. He found that smile very useful when dealing with bumptious provincials.

"Which soul, Richard?"

"The fishy one, thank heaven. Ann and I have promised each other never to mention our souls. Does it bore you to give advice?"

"Love it."

"That has sealed your fate."

He described to Sir Martin, Bluewater and what he and his fellow idiots proposed to make of Bluewater, a place for pleasant people to play in. Beauty at thirty-bob a week, but only for the right people. And

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having explained Bluewater's interior economy and its ideals as to human hygiene, he asked his question:

"There are all sorts of snags. We don't live in the age of the Acts of the Apostles. Martin, we live under the acts of you autocrats. The No. 1 Outsize Autocrat is understandable, but it is when you arrive on the doorstep of the little officious fellow that the fun begins. Now, is there anything in this scheme of mine that the local lords can fall foul of?"

"Hardly. It is just the sort of thing we want to encourage. If you sacrifice both to beauty and the by-laws, no one can say you nay."

Jekyll looked roguish.

"Yes, I know, Martin, but I want to be quite sure before I plunge all these good people into the adventure."

"They are bound to pass your scheme."

"Supposing they accuse me of spoiling Sussex?"

"If you have any trouble, refer them to me."

"Splendid."

"I should go and see the local fellow. Have a talk with him. Explain the whole idea. You will have to submit maps and plans, etc., but they can't stop you when you are proposing to do a big thing well. It's in the public interest."

"But not all things that are in the public interest get done."

"Quite so. Part of our responsibility is to see that they do get done. Go ahead."

How did one form, float, and register a company?

(Please turn to page 123)

AN INTERESTING HAIR

Thin, scanty, straggly patches are not allowed by the roots. Your hair, examined with a comb and if at the end—no sign of the definite proof that scalp and that your due to starvation clogging dandruff. This condition can be a little special at brushed into the scalp dandruff and nourish hair grows healthy.

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Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)
Jekyll read up the process in the club library, and then went to see his lawyers. Apparently, it would be quite a simple affair. His lawyers could arrange it for him. Authorized capital £20,000 in £1 shares. No debentures. Each director to hold at least five shares. "I suppose I can go ahead?" "Yes." "You mean with the building?" "Yes." "Provided the local authorities pass your plans." "Oh, by the way, Hallam, I want to make a new will. I have a wife." "If you will outline the principal points for me." "Quite simple. If anything should happen to me, I want her to have £100,000, absolutely free of duty." "Is that all, sir?" "At present." From the Savoy Hotel, Jekyll dispatched a letter to the office of the county official and arranged to see him immediately he returned to Bluewater, when the plans were passed provisionally.

MR. CRUMP, the surveyor, arrived by car, an intelligent little man rather like an Aberdeen terrier. During lunch, Jekyll gave him a brief description of the plan, and before he had drunk his second glass of Barsac, Mr. Crump had absorbed the essence of the adventure. "What gorgeous fun, sir." "That's our motto. I do wish the official world would cultivate and encourage a sense of the ridiculous." "May I ask, sir, what you are prepared to spend?"

Jekyll turned to Ann. "What did we say, dear? Fifty thousand pounds, wasn't it? Yes. But that will have to include alterations to some of the existing buildings." Ann explained that the cottages were to be simply furnished, and fitted with labour-saving devices. A light tractor on rubber-tired wheels could negotiate the grass tracks and run up stores, etc. Mr. Crump understood. Little white and yellow and ochre-coloured places growing out of the gorse and the thorn thickets. No tarmac, no concrete, no fuss—something that melted into sea and hill and sky.

"Great idea. Now, that valley up there?" "A caravan colony. You see the pine trees; we think of having our camp up there, and another if necessary above Little Cove."

They walked on into Bluewater, and at Ye Olde Shoppe they picked up Gilda and Stout. Jekyll said, after introducing them: "Oh, Mr. Crump, Mr. Stout owns the hotel. Nothing in our scheme must prejudice the hotel. Mr. Stout's show must be safeguarded." Stout chuckled.

"I think I shall have a prize show for my people. Oh, Gilda had a suggestion."

Mrs. Morriham laughed. "Grossness, my dear."

"Good Lord, yes," said Jekyll. "Where in the name of Dickens are we to put the groceries?"

"I think we could manage groceries as well as groceries."

"Great wisdom."

"But Ann—I think 'Johns would sell bread, & Westing bakery could deliver."

Mr. Crump was looking at Ye Olde Shoppe, and liking nothing about it save its name.

"Is that all, sir?" "At present." "I am not a village store. Could we adapt it?"

Lost Ugly Fat

7 Inches Off Hips: 4 Inches Off Waist:
Is Happier, Healthier and Better-looking
for the Loss of 22 Pounds Unwanted Fat



Fashion offers an adorable afternoon dress of classic drapery in a dull silk crepe. The slightly flared skirt adds a subtle touch of femininity. A flattering style for the woman with a slender silhouette—but not for the woman who has allowed her figure to run to fat.

If, as you approach forty, you cannot have a body as supple as a young willow tree, you can at least keep it to its proper proportions, so that you are able to wear the modern, flattering fashions with confidence. Read this letter:—

"In the late Spring of this year I found to my dismay I was rapidly putting on weight. I weighed 10 stone 6 lbs. Two months ago I started taking Kruschen Salts every morning, and cut down my taking of excessive sugar and fat, as per your instructions on the leaflet round the bottle. To my great relief on Saturday morning last I weighed 8 stone 12 lbs., having lost 22 lbs. in two months. The result is marvellous—I look and feel in perfect health, and my appearance is much more becoming. I give my measurements below:—"

BEFORE.		AFTER.	
Bust	37in.	Bust	33 1/2in.
Waist	32in.	Waist	28in.
Hips	47in.	Hips	40in.

Age 37, Height 5ft. 2in.

Mrs. J. R., Derby.
Kruschen is not in any sense a drug. Kruschen is a saline—an ideally balanced blend of six natural mineral salts which doctors have approved for many years as a thoroughly safe and rational treatment for overweight.

Get a 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts at your chemist's (lasts four weeks), and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

Good Cooks use

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

THEY'D BE LOST WITHOUT IT!

LADIES TO DO PLAIN SEWING AT HOME!
Good Pay. Sewing machine necessary. Write Dept. G.
BRITISH HEEVLEAR COMPANY
172, RUSHMORE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.17.

Buy a CAMCO Leg-Rest Stool the rest is easy!

There is the perfect leg-rest that is also a stool, a stool that will hold slippers or newspapers. It makes sitting in a chair as easy as sitting on a stool. It is beautiful as well. There are models of various prices and styles - but interesting enough, available at all good stores.

Patented: March 2nd 1934, Model, Brown Finish with Blue and Gold or Brown Top, sold as a Leg-Rest Stool, 24" x 18" x 24". CAMCO MANUFACTURING CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

not a line show she's 40

to the modern woman there's no such word "middle-age." With the experience of 40, she combines the A D I A N T L Y the joie de vivre of 20. Is it done? Very. The Classic Pack so smooth out wrinkles and blemishes, brace muscles, and loveliness.

Bluewater

(Continued from page 123)

climbed from Little Cove to the stone wall of the Moor Hall garden. A red sun hung over the sea, and Bluewater seemed to float on the edge of the waves.

Ann's voice was heard ordering them all to come in to tea.

"Yes, we can manage. I don't suppose Selma wants to give us all tea on a Sunday."

As they filed through the wrought-iron gate, each one turned and looked at the sun. Gwen had glanced both at the sun and at Derrek's face, and Derrek looked at her as though he had discovered some unexpected mystery in Gwen. He smiled.

"I'll have to re-gild the sun over the Sunflower."

Stout and Jekyll came last, and Stout's face looked almost as red as the sun.

"He seems to think your plan O.K., sir."

"He is a very intelligent little man."

And they looked into each other's eyes and laughed.

Look out for another fascinating instalment of this delightful novel next month.

Dog Story Competition

(See also page 11)

A hundred Surprise Gifts have been sent to the following: Mrs. Adams, Liverpool; Mrs. Allen, Manchester; Mrs. Aschman, Cambridge; D. O. Bodbrook, Marlborough; K. Bentley, London; J. A. Boussey, Harwich; H. Breckema, Norder, Holland; M. P. Bruce, Cypar; N. Cusitons, Athens; J. E. Castle, London; E. Chen, Birmingham; M. Court, Chislehurst; M. Craighill, Darlington; E. M. Crimmins, London; H. Croucher, Toronto; K. Deas, Glasgow; M. B. East, Liverpool; M. Eudacott, Basingstoke; V. Evans, Penley;



HAIR TH Stay It isn't there

After you arrange you arranged all "put" or at "Danderine" A woman works until s "Danderine" yet it keeps e fragrance is a vellous effect When you "Danderine"

A Novel you'll Remember about People you'll Love . . . Start it Now!



MISS VORTEX supplied the thrill. Photographers seemed to arrive from nowhere. She paddled. She did not have to pose; she was—just Viola Vortex, and the next day the public was allowed to see her feet.

BLUEWATER

THE PEOPLE YOU WILL MEET
RICHARD JEKYLL, wealthy philosopher . . . and dyspeptic, comes to the little community of Bluewater to seek peace. He finds it among the cheerful gallant-hearted folk in this struggling township which has suffered first from the death of its originator and then from the world slump. As it is, the little band of pioneers carry on bravely. **ARCHIE STOUT**, for instance, humanist and genial manager of the Golden Anchor Inn. **FREDA NUT-HALL**, of the Blue Squirrel craft shop, herself rather like a squirrel. **ANN JERRARD**, young and downright, who runs the poultry farm at Four Firs and sells eggs in the neighbourhood. **GILDA MERRIMAN** of Ye Olde Shoppe, strong and utterly without humbug and her delightful helpers, **GWEN** and **MAISIE WILMER**. Young **DERREK FIELDEN**, manager of the "Sunflower" Café. **JIMMIE JETTISON**, a dreamy, penniless painter, and his wife, **JUNE**.

Settling down as owner of Moor Hall, **Jekyll** changes as he becomes attuned to Bluewater and its ways. On Stout's tactful suggestion he gives the struggling artistic community commissions for work.

The most vital influence in **Jekyll's** new life is **Ann**, who attracts him, although he will hardly admit the fact even to himself. As for **Ann**, for all her off-hand attitude she is not as indifferent as she would appear.

A menace comes to Bluewater in the person of **MR. BERRYMAN**, proprietor of the Blue Bee Coaches. Bluewater is for sale. Why not buy it and develop it as an up-to-date, go-ahead seaside resort of his own? He takes steps towards securing it at a bargain price. **Jekyll**, however, enters the field as a rival buyer and succeeds in bringing off the deal. **Ann**, in particular, is grateful for his efforts on behalf of Bluewater, and the illusion of her coldness vanishes. A new **Jekyll** and a new **Ann** are revealed to one another when they discover they are in love.

Meanwhile, **Jekyll** has a plan—which will give employment to everybody—to turn Bluewater into a playground for grown-ups who want beauty and quiet on thirty shillings a week.

Ann enters enthusiastically into the scheme and after a quiet wedding in London, she and **Jekyll** start laying practical foundations with **SIR MARTIN MAYHEW** and **MR. CRUMP**, a surveyor, to give them expert advice and moral support.

Meanwhile, **Jekyll** has dismissed his manservant, **SANTER**, owing to the latter's veiled impertinence when **JOY CARFAX** appears out of a none-too-credible page of **Jekyll's** past.

NOW READ ON

MR. JETTISON'S first contribution to the new scheme was a sign-board in light blue and white—rather like a piece of majolica—to be hung over the old estate office, which no longer housed **Mr. Maggs**. **Maggs** had been the one person in the place whom **Jekyll** had been unable to digest, and **Maggs** had been returned to the metropolis.

"Our sign, sir."

. . . an enchanted setting for a Beauty-for-all
Adventure . . . for Happiness Found and Dreams Come True

by WARWICK DEEPING

Author of *Sorrell and Son, Doomsday, etc.*

"Nice bit of colour, Jimmie."

"Yes, do let's be gay."

No man could have led a more enthusiastic body of associates that winter, and he needed them. Quite early, he and **Ann** learnt the lesson of wise delegation. Moreover, both of them had to face crowded and strenuous days. **Mrs. Jekyll** strode about in field boots. They had put a poultryman in charge at the Four Firs. A small fruit-farm of twenty acres had come on the market, the owner was bankrupt, and **Ann** went to look at the farm. It was conveniently sited on the Westling road, and could supply both soft and hard fruit. The **Jekylls** bought it. They had decided that Moor Hall, the Four Firs and the new fruit-farm would be capable of supplying Bluewater with produce.

Jimmie Jettison occupied one table in the estate office, **Derrek** another, **Jekyll** a third. **Jimmie** was busy with paints and brushes, producing gay designs for a toll-gate and cottage, an extension to **Gilda's** shop, a wing of small bedrooms to be added to the Sunflower. He got out plans for the new cottages, little simple places, white walled, with pantiled or cedar shingled roofs, and shutters. **Derrek's** typewriter chattered. He was to act as accountant as well as secretary, and **Stout** had to initiate him into the mysteries of double entry. Also, **Derrek** spent an hour each day in the Anchor kitchen and storeroom, learning how to issue the hotel rations and to control the butcher, fishmonger, baker, grocer.

"Can't leave things to other people, my lad. Slackness soon spreads."

Jekyll dealt with a multiplicity of detail. He was in correspondence with the G.P.O. with regard to the opening of a branch post-office. He interviewed Water Company officials, Gas Company officials. Tenders were coming in for the new cottages. He slogged through estimates. He presided over a daily committee meeting consisting of **Stout**, **Gilda**, the **Jekylls**, and young **Fielden**. **Gilda** was working on the furniture and equipment of the new cottages. **Mr. Crump** came down once a week and measured and surveyed, and consulted with **Jettison**, and checked estimates. Plans and specifications had to go in.

A Westling builder—one **Challis**—was given the contracts for the cottages and

additions. His estimate was £450 per cottage. He could begin the work at once. He was a bright little man with ideas, and he appeared to regard **Jimmie Jettison** as a fraternal joke.

Challis produced for them their most puzzling problem. He could appreciate the charm of scattered cottages among the gorse and thorn, but if **Mr. Jekyll** was averse to a metalled road, how was he—**Challis**—to get his bricks and sand and ballast and timber up that hillside? The very first lorry would get itself bogged.

"Can't you use horses?"

"Just as bad, sir."

So, a road—of sorts—there had to be; but as **Challis** pointed out, if Bluewater should grow eastwards behind Little Cove, a road would become inevitable, and that road cost **Jekyll** a pretty penny.

He laughed. He put his head round the communicating door of **Ann's** bedroom.

"We are up to the neck in it, my dear. Another three hundred on that road."

Ann had been out in the Sussex mud, but she did not look like it. Cream-coloured undies, and sunny silk stockings.

"You can stand it, J. We are going to pull this place through."

He was looking at his wife's legs.

"If it shapes as well as your understandings, I rather think we shall. But we are up to the neck in it. Do you know what the salary and wage list is running to in the year?"

"Yes."

"Two thousand eight hundred pounds, my dear. That will take some covering."

"But isn't it fun, J.? Creating things."

SANTER'S first letter happened in November. It was written on cheap paper and carried an Islington address. The **Santers**, while temporarily unemployed, were lodging with a brother who kept a fried fish shop in Lavender Street. The odours were not in sympathy.

Santer wrote as follows:

"Sir,

"After seven years' service, **Mrs. Santer** and I feel you have treated us very badly. I was too upset and shocked at the time to protest against being turned out of your house. You had no just cause, sir, to dismiss us at an hour's notice. I have been unable as yet to obtain employment. My wife has been ill. We are staying with relations—until I can get a job."

Jekyll showed the letter to his wife.

"I'd ignore it, J."

So absorbed were they in their larger interests, and so untuned to the creakings of a mean little mind, that **Santer** and his protest were forgotten. That it would be possible for such a petty parasite to be the worm in their wood, never occurred to either of them. Probably, the **Santers** had fancied themselves indispensable, and all the more

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so when a gay bachelor master was about to be married. Besides, Santer rather fancied that he had been presented with a nice situation. His elder brother, the fishmonger, a ginger-haired fellow with a waxed moustache, was something of an amateur lawyer. Wasn't it obvious that Santer had been dismissed because he knew too much? Why not make use of that knowledge? Blackmail? Oh! no. Better assume righteous indignation, pose as a victim. Mr. Jekyll was no fool.

was sour by nature. Since the age of twenty-three he had lived with Mrs. Santer and a grievance. His wife had a metallic voice, currant-bun eyes, and kinky black hair. For years she had been suggesting to her husband that he was being put upon.

And, when all was said and done, what was Jekyll? A man whose father and grandfather had left a lot of money. "Idle Rich." Mrs. Santer had a mind that was vulgar, and one that was almost as vindictive as her husband's. She had often said that Mr. Jekyll thought of nothing but his Little Mary, and his Pretty Ladies. And then, Mr. Jekyll had become social, got married, and extruded the Santers. He had sprung an unsportsmanlike surprise on them. A surprise they resented.

he, Jettison, ought to put on a picture show in town.

At the moment the Bluewater garage accommodation was vexing them. If people came to Bluewater, many of them would come in cars, and the cars would have to be housed and hidden.

"Where the devil are we to bury the beastly garage?"

Derrek, typing a letter, glanced across at Jekyll.

"Couldn't we put it under the old cliff, sir?"

"Ha! That's an idea."

Jettison brandished a brush. "Tucked away under cliff, long and low, painted stone colour to match the old sandstone."

"That's it. Camouflage. Thank God we haven't a gasometer to deal with. Put it there, Jimmie. Another decoration to you, Derrek."

Derrek smiled and went on with his typing. Slowly and surely he was forgiving Jekyll certain things. He, Derrek, was writing a new novel, and Jekyll had read the old one. Jekyll knew two publishers, and Derrek's earlier novel had been posted to one of them for consideration.

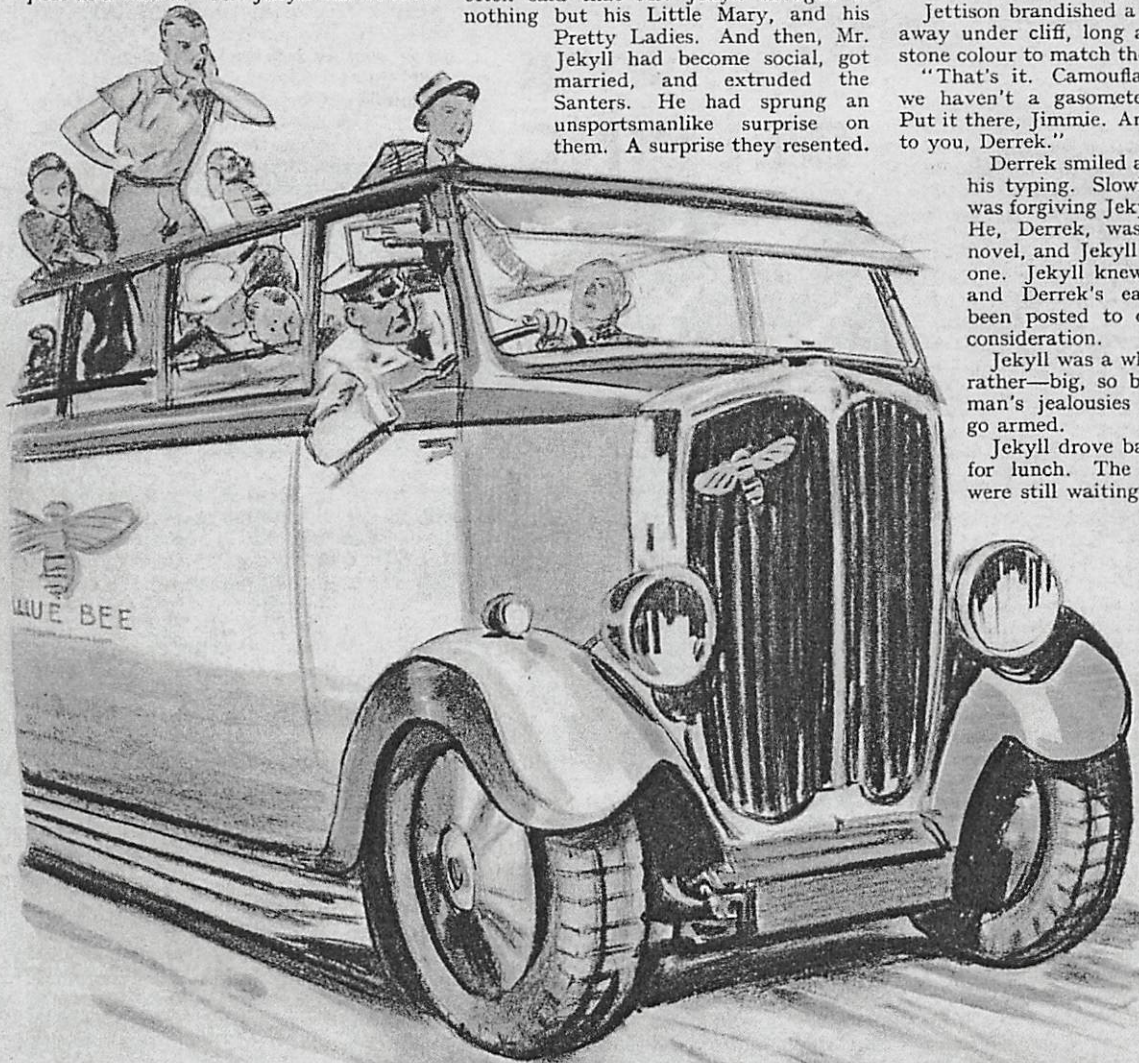
Jekyll was a white man; he was rather—big, so big that a young man's jealousies were ceasing to go armed.

Jekyll drove back to Moor Hall for lunch. The morning letters were still waiting for him; he had left early for the Bluewater office, and he and Ann had agreed not to read their letters at the breakfast table.

"I want a sprayer, J."

"A sprayer?"

"Yes, for the fruit farm. Bates neglected his trees disgracefully. No spraying was done for two seasons."



It should not be necessary to say to him: "I want so much to keep my mouth shut." It did not occur to people like the Santers that a gentleman might make a personal confession to the woman he loved before he asked her to marry him.

Santer was one of those cold, smug little men who can be incredibly vindictive. He had served and swindled Mr. Jekyll for seven years; he had been found out. But wasn't a man justified in taking a little plunder for himself when he was supposed to assume the substance of a sedulous shadow? To accept inferiority, to brush another man's clothes, answer his bell, pretend to a perpetual politeness, suffer his moods? Santer, while serving Mr. Jekyll, had grown to hate him; which was both strange and not strange. Santer

Ann, tramping the land, planning and energizing, gave no hostages to fate. She had married a man who would never bore her, and whom other men loved. Jekyll, sitting in the office with Jimmie and young Derrek, saw life as all Bluewater. It was incredible fun, good fun. He had lost his irritability, save on rare occasions. Other men found him easy to work with. He had quick appreciation; could praise.

"Jimmie, you're a bit of a genius."

"You like that—design?"

"Love it."

Jettison had never found life quite so good. Jekyll had been suggesting that

"I suppose the poor devil——"

Said Ann: "He sprayed himself too lavishly, from what I hear."

Jekyll had opened a letter. "Hallo! Excuse me. Santer again."

He read what Santer had to say:

"Sir,

"I am surprised that you have not replied to my letter. I have tried to be conciliatory. I am still without a situation, and have suffered considerable loss from what Mrs. Santer and I feel to be a most unjust discharge.

"If you are a gentleman you will answer this letter."

Jekyll passed it to Ann.

"Shall I send the little wretch ten pounds?"

"Don't be silly, J. Can't you read between the lines?"

"You are not suggesting blackmail?"

"From what Mrs. Mason has told me it is more than probable. Behind your back Santer seems to have been a nasty little beast."

"But—blackmail? The man wouldn't be such a fool. Besides—what can he find?"

"Your Joys, my dear. Being what he is, he probably presumes that you hid your horrid past! Don't send him a penny, and don't answer his letters."

"Think that will smother him?"

"Probably."

BRIGHT, February weather, crisp, blue, brilliant.

Jekyll, sitting at his desk in the estate office, could command a view of Bluewater from the Squirrel's House to the green slopes above Culverin Cove. Three of Jimmie's cottages were rising there, and down the hillside trailed the raw surface of the new road. That fat and smiling little chap, Challis, had seized an inspiration. He had remembered or heard that somewhere on the Moor Hall estate there was an old sandstone quarry, and the quarry had been rediscovered in a smother of brambles. The stone could be got and carted easily, and as Challis said to Jekyll. "You can leave a sandy surface, sir. Good enough for the traffic it will have to carry. And look more natural than tarmac."

Gilda and the girls and Miss Nuthall were living at the Anchor, four men were at work adapting the two buildings to their new functions. Freda's little place was receiving a new wing. Jekyll sat and watched two bricklayers at work, for there had not been sufficient frost to hold up the bricklaying.

"Give Pontius a poke, Derrek."

"Right-o, sir."

Pontius Pilate was the office

stove, so named because on all occasions, when his intervention was most needed, he refused to accept responsibility.

"Heard anything from Makins yet?"

"No, sir."

"When do you do your writing, Derrek?"

"Any old time, sir. Sometimes till one in the morning."

"Keen as that?"

"Yes."

"Best justification."

"I should say it is, sir."

Jimmie Jettison blew in, gay in a yellow pull-over and blue scarf, his legs also blue in mechanic's trousers.

"Can you spare a moment, sir? We've got the toll-gate up. It's about the colour. Shall we keep to blue and white? And I have been looking for the best places for those notice-boards."

"I'll come and criticize."

He went out with Jettison, for those notice boards—there were to be two of them a hundred yards apart—were to warn all-comers of the Bluewater prejudices. "Warning. Toll Bar. No Motor Coaches. No Motor Bikes." The toll-gate cottage, a simple two-storied building in brick, stud and timber was already in being. Jekyll looked at the gate. "Yes, paint it blue and white, Jimmie." They walked on up the road to where Jettison had planted a builder's peg.

"Second board here. The first is just at the bottom of the hill. That ought to give them plenty of warning."

"It should so, Jimmie. I don't suppose we shall have any gate-crashers."

Jettison laughed: "It would be rather a joke if Berryman tried to crash us with one of his coaches."

Said Jekyll: "It would."

SIR MARTIN MAYHEW was coming to stay for the week-end, and on the Saturday morning Jekyll received a lawyer's letter. Santer had been sent by his brother to a little shyster

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lawyer who practised impudence—strictly within the law, and when a situation suggested possible pickings. The letter said:

"Dear Sir,

"Our client, Mr. Albert Santer, has instructed us to approach you with regard to his dismissal from your service on October 27, 1934. Our client considers that he has suffered damage from the manner in which you instantly dismissed him after seven years' service. He is of the opinion that you had no adequate reason for so dismissing him."

"Our client desired to be conciliatory, but you have refrained from replying to his letters."

"An early response to our letter will oblige."

Jekyll called Ann into the library and showed her the letter. "Damned nuisance. It means I shall have to go up to town next week and put my people on to these scoundrels."

She stood in front of the fire with her arm linked in his. "Is it necessary?"

"Yes. It is pretty obvious what Santer's game is. He thinks I daren't take the case to court; they would plead that I had sacked Santer because he knew too much. They count on bluffing me into paying."

"Not a penny, J."

"But if we fight the little rascal and they take us to court, I shall be asked some very awkward questions about my—gay past. It wasn't so very gay, really."

"But if I went into the box and swore that you had told me everything before you married me?"

"Would you?"

"Of course."

He kissed her.

"Nasty business. Don't want that. All right for me, but not for you. I'll go up and see Hallam on Monday; he is pretty shrewd, and he has—teeth. He may be able to discourage Santer and his shyster."

"It is nothing but social and legal blackmail, J."

"Yes, the funny thing about Law is that it seems to have a liking for assisting the scoundrel."

Sir Martin Mayhew arrived in time for lunch, and on his way from town he had stopped his car at the foot of the local Olympus and sent in his card. All had been suavity and sweetness. Yes, Sir Martin understood that the Council were assisting Mr. Jekyll most sympathetically. Yes, it was a very interesting experiment, enlightened planning, an adventure in social service. Sir Martin smiled his grey, shrewd smile across the Jekyll luncheon table.

"No obstructions, I believe?"

Jekyll looked whimsical.

"No. Almost—we are playing at Kiss in the Ring."

The grass had the greyiness of late winter, but in the sunlight of a clear, cold February day it was like silver filigree. The horizon was pearl grey, the sea blue grey under a clear sky. Jekyll took Sir Martin down through the Moor Hall gardens, and here the old stone and the yews and ilexes and cypresses and the lead work and wrought iron were beautiful in winter. Sir Martin understood that an English garden should be planned to



EX-SERGEANT-MAJOR GADD was sitting solemnly in the middle of the road, daring the Blue Bee tanks to drive over him.

GODFREY WINN Cross-questions a MYSTERY WIFE . . Next Month

please the eye, not in the obvious June, but on a dim day in December. He quizzed Jekyll.

"You haven't any new sculpture here?"
"You mean—the sort of thing that looks like a cracked egg, but is supposed to represent a bird?"

"Yes, that sort of thing. Contorted children—at four hundred guineas a-piece. Just impertinence. One can't tell whether one is getting a front or a back view."

"Perhaps one's not meant to."

They walked down to the new cottages. Being a Saturday afternoon, all work had ceased, but they found Jimmie Jettison here with a bucket, two or three tins of distemper and a brush. He was experimenting with colour washes.

Jekyll introduced them.
"Oh, yes, I have seen some of your pictures, Mr. Jettison."

Jimmie's face was spotted with cream distemper. He looked pleased.

"This is what I call—large brush-work, sir."

"Colouring the landscape, Jimmie. I like that pale chrome splodge there. Would it be too—emphatic—in the mass?"

Jettison watched Sir Martin's face.

"Might give the effect of sunlight?"

"We'll try it."

They walked down to the Martello on Spaniard's Point. Jekyll had a key to the door of the gun-tower. They went in and ascended to the roof, and from this vantage point Bluewater could be observed like a panorama. Jekyll pointed out its main features and its fantasies, and it was then that Mayhew asked him that most pregnant question.

"How are you going to get your people?"

Jekyll gave him a whimsical side-glance.
"Propaganda. No, not the obvious puff in the public press. I think the people whom we want are a little shy of the newspapers. Ten thousand leaflets would cost us about £40 in postage."

"Just—broadcast?"

"No. Not quite to the winds. I rather think of writing personally to the management of big businesses, stores, banks, insurance companies, and of explaining Bluewater and asking them to distribute our leaflets. I suppose even the staff of the Ministry of Health might include people who would appreciate our play-ground!"

"That's distinctly a brain-wave, Jekyll."

"If one interests and captures a few individuals, they soon pass on the good news. I am thinking of getting Jettison to do one or two coloured postcards. We can have them colour printed and posted, with what the publishers call a blurb on half the front. We should work the London suburbs with them. Then, perhaps, a good poster in bold blues and whites

and Selma Dewhurst. The Articles of Association had been produced. The Company was empowered to issue £20,000 in £1 shares, and of these Jekyll was to hold 19,700 shares, his wife 295, the other associates one £1 share each. Liability, of course, was limited. The registration was going through without any friction. The Company would not be required to

issue a prospectus, but merely to file a statement, since shares were not to be offered to the public.

Mr. Hallam had one or two points to stress.

"You will have to hold a statutory meeting within three months of commencing business. Does your secretary know anything about procedure?"

"Less than I do, Hallam."

"Hadn't I better attend? Or I could send Lewis, one of our juniors, down just to sit and prompt you if necessary. He is very well up in Company Law."

"Excellent idea."

They proceeded to the Santer affair. Jekyll explained it completely in detail and implication, and Hallam saw it, as he did, as an attempt to exploit an opportunity.

"You see, Hallam, the little scoundrel thinks I can't go into court because my wife knows nothing about the skeleton in my cupboard. As a matter of fact, I opened the door before I married her. Now, naturally, I don't want to go into court for my late valet to drag out all my bachelor linen. It's no worse than most men's, but I am rather sensitive about my wife. She's about the cleanest thing I have ever met. But, if necessary, we have both agreed to fight the little scoundrel."

Mr. Hallam re-read the shyster's letter.

"Quite so. I'll have some discreet inquiries made about my brother pro. Have you any evidence that Santer was not wholly—impeccable?"

"Some of the other servants have assured us—that he had sticky fingers."

"That might be useful. Well, leave this to us. We'll obstruct them. If my brother pro. is what we suspect him to be, he won't encourage his client to be heroic—if the business looks unpromising."

"Mind, Hallam, not a penny. Santer's just a blackmailing little rascal."

"Quite so. Unfortunately, such fellows can be an infernal nuisance. Leave it to us. Yes, there are things for you to sign. Come and lunch at my club"

(Please turn to page 82)

From Me to You—xxxv

BEGINNINGS

LET me first of all wish every reader of Weldon's Ladies' Journal a very happy 1936. May the New Year start well and may it bring good health, good friends, more peace and greater happiness to each one of you.

At midnight of December 31, many will be making merry. Bells, far-flung from every corner of the Empire, will "Ring out the Old, ring in the New." Greetings broadcast. A few hours of sentiment. A panorama of memories. Reunions. Partings. Then another New Year will have had its beginning.

Beginnings in themselves are little things. But they are fundamental, vital. Think . . . The greatest musicians of all time started at some early date with just as humble a beginning as the child in the next room doing its scales and five-finger exercises. Just so many notes, no more, no less. . . .

Every letter, every book, the whole gamut of English literature has had, and will have the same beginning—the twenty-six characters of the alphabet. . . .

All colour—whether it be the primitive chalk drawing of a five-year-old on the school-room or nursery wall, the landscape slashed with the frenzy of autumn colours, the flower border ablaze with a myriad hues—all colour, with its mixtures and shadings, finds its beginning in at most the three primary colours.

How are we going to use the New Year? What shall we have to show at the end of the coming three hundred and sixty-six days? Will it have been for us merely a series of blanks—of talents unexploited, of usefulness lain idle, of everyday life unenjoyed? Or will it be a record of useful work, of fruitful efforts, of opportunities grasped, a record of sympathy, of understanding, of human kindness for anyone who may happen to need a ready hand?

However many times we may have done it before, let us again sow the seed of a good beginning, quietly, unassumingly. Chief of all, let's help it to flourish to the full.

Julia G. S.
The Editor.

and greens. I'm rather an optimist."

"Nothing else goes. Get people talking."

"The right people. We want neither the mockers nor the miseries here. And, please God, no uplift. Just play—and a feeling for things that don't belch carbon monoxide at you. I rather think we shall get the people."

Said Sir Martin: "I rather think you will."

ON the Monday, Jekyll was driven up to consult his lawyers on the Santer situation, and also to sign certain documents connected with the Bluewater Co. The Memorandum of Association included the necessary seven persons—Jekyll and his wife, Stout, Jettison, Benson, Gilda

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Is it worth a penny to save it?



'DANDERINE' insures your hair for a penny a day.

When you pay good money for a wave, 'Danderine' will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings and oily tonics, it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

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Use 'Danderine' every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it really looks clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

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189 PITT STREET, Glasgow.



Bluewater

(Continued from page 16)

BLUEWATER in being, or about to be in being, with each department and its director or directress working for finality in the matter of technique.

Gilda's Bible had been a Store List, and her problem what to stock and what not to stock in the way of groceries. Stout had been able to recommend her to a good wholesale firm, and Gilda had spent a week in London going through her stock list. She was spending the Company's money, which was Jekyll's money, and she was careful.

She invited her fellow-citizens to try to catch her out, and the game of the moment was to go and ask Gilda for something she had forgotten to stock. Jimmie Jettison would poke his head in during his comings and goings between the estate office and the new cottages. The game rather suggested charades.

"Sardines."
"Don't be silly" from Gwen.
"Dutch Cheese. Coffee essence. Pickles. Bottled mushrooms."

"Pip-pip."
"Got you?"

"We don't pretend to stock mushrooms." On the return journey Jimmie would fire off a second list.

"Tinned herring, tongue, mustard, Swiss Roll, metal polish, strawberry jam, vinegar, biscuits—what varieties of biscuits?"

"Dog biscuits, dear."
"Marmalade, matches, rice, pepper, cherry cake, emery paper, soup cubes, sauce, sausages, soap."

He scored a hit with the soap.
"Gemini, we haven't any soap."

Jimmie grimaced at the girls.
"Oh, you little dirty-dirties! Who forgot the soap? Give us all away!"

Gilda laughed.
"Thanks, Jimmie. That would have been a lapse. Try again later."

"I will."

ANN was concerned with the community's supply of eggs and spring chickens, early spring cabbages and lettuces and rhubarb. Solma was dealing with confectionery, bread, and teas.

Derrek had his new kitchen, and twenty little single bedrooms, and a chef on top, and two waitresses, and provisional contracts with a butcher and fishmonger.

Miss Nuthall had a new counter with a nice brass grill, and a girl from Westling—who had once been a G.P.O. clerk—to coach her for a month. Her tobacco counter, cases and shelves were like a child's doll's house. Bluewater teased Freda in her new capacity, especially so in the person of Derrek.

He blew in and asked her about postage to Sumatra, and a cable to the Falkland Islands. He invented new brands of cigarettes.

(Please turn to opposite page)

WELDON'S 679-1936 SERVICE COUPON

For free advice on HOME, COOKERY, HOME CRAFTS, BEAUTY and GARDENING.

Please write questions clearly, and send with this coupon and a stamped (1½d.) addressed envelope to

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30-32 Southampton Street,
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WHEN THE HANDS THAT PEEL POTATOES...



We can't all have three maids and a butler. But there is not the slightest reason why you should allow domestic occupations to destroy the loveliness of your hands... "Dish-pan hands" shame you before your guests. Yet you can so speedily soften and soothe them into supple loveliness with Glymiel Jelly. Glymiel Jelly is a scientific preparation containing special softening and beautifying ingredients, and is made by a process which is uncopyable.



GLYMIEL JELLY
TUBES 3' 6' 1' 4' . DECORATIVE JAR 2' 6'

GLYMIEL FACE CREAM is as good for your complexion as Glymiel Jelly is good for your hands. It softens... soothes... beautifies... Tubes 6d.

Carver Wilson

CAN I WASH MY HAIR?

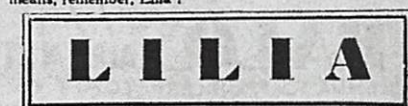
One day in October our Lady Manager's telephone bell rang. 'I want to speak to Miss Downing,' said an unknown voice on the line, 'the Miss Downing whose name appears in the Lilia advertisements.' Our Lady Manager assured the owner of the voice that Miss Downing herself was speaking. 'Then,' said the stranger without further preliminary, 'Can I wash my hair?'

Aburd and astonishing question! But only on the face of it—for the uncertainty and anxiety which prompted it were real and serious, and are shared by countless young women and growing girls. Of course, the full meaning of the question was, 'Can I wash my hair during my monthly periods without risk of upsetting the function or harm to my health?'—and thousands of women would give a lot to have an authoritative answer.

Well, here you have it—supplied by a woman doctor on the staff of a famous London hospital. She says:—

'Modern medical opinion is agreed that the healthiest way for a girl to treat the period is to disregard it—provided she always uses truly comfortable and hygienic methods of protection. Make no alteration in your ordinary healthy habits, have your bath (not too hot), wash your hair if you wish, take your exercise and carry on as usual. This function is as natural as the other functions of elimination and, with proper modern protection, should cause little more discomfort than they do.'

Remember the fundamental importance of the 'truly comfortable and hygienic methods of protection.' That means, remember, Lilia!



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SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFERS: 12 assorted Lilia towels and our two Medical Handbooks for 1/3. OR one pair lovely satin beaut Lilia Two-Purpose Panties (invisible under any gown) with removable protective shield, sizes W. and S.W.: a modern medically approved suspender belt, and the Handbooks, for 4/-. Both post free and in plain cover. Write: Miss D. Downing, (Dept. A22) Sashena, Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5.

Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

Bluewater (Continued from opposite page)

"What you haven't got Pink Eye? Do you stock Grog Blossoms?"

Bluewater was enjoying itself. But the opening day? Said Jekyll: "We must have an opening day. Send out invitations and give a free lunch. Derrek, you will have to do the lunch."

The directorate decided that there should be an opening day. And the date? May 1st. No, too chancy. Why not May 14th? The date was chosen. Jekyll invited Sir Martin Mayhew to come down and formally bless Bluewater. Would the official word be shocked? Would questions be asked in the House? Sir Martin accepted the invitation. Everybody in Bluewater sent out invitations to every possible person whom he or she could approach. Jekyll canvassed celebrities. Jimmie had friends in Chelsea.

The weather on May 14th proved unexpectedly kind to them. Until the 12th the month raged and froze and rained, and Ann, troubled about her fruit crop, used language that was most unepiscopal, but the 14th was a veritable Bluewater of days, balmy, limpid, and still. Jekyll & Co. had received some two hundred acceptances, but the weather had kept them all guessing, and no one could prophesy what the attendance would be.

Said Jekyll: "We had better budget for the full amount. Better to have a surplus on our hands than look foolish."

THE day left them neither a surplus nor a sense of folly. More than a hundred cars passed the new toll-gate where the management had installed an ex-sergeant-major as gate-keeper. The crowd included quite a number of mildly celebrated people who had been persuaded by the weather to enjoy Sussex and a free lunch. Sir Martin Mayhew brought several friends. The managing director of a big London stores had responded to a personal letter, but it was a Jettison acquaintance who produced the peach, Miss Viola Vortex, the film-star.

Jekyll, as host, became responsible for this most celebrated visitor. She was extremely smart, and even more animated. She allowed herself to be conducted through Bluewater by Jekyll, with pressmen at her heels. Miss Vortex had two adjectives of her own. A thing was either "Coruscating" or "Subtle." Apparently, she expected Bluewater to coruscate, for she began by using that adjective.

"How coruscating!"

But as she and Jekyll proceeded, she appeared to become a little perplexed. Bluewater, somehow, seemed inadequate. What was the shouting about? Bluewater was just a funny little arty place by the sea. Coruscating did not quite express it. Besides, there was no picture house; Miss Vortex could not accept Jimmie's studio as a picture house. She dropped her first adjective for the second. Bluewater became subtle.

Jekyll managed to pass Miss Vortex to Jimmie, and to attach himself to Big Business. Big Business had a sense of humour, and a rather nice fat face.

"Anything in the way of games?"

"We are making a nine-hole course in the Park. A little rough and obvious at present. To quote Miss Vortex, we hope to make it more subtle next year."

Said Big Business: "I'm a twenty. I'm sick of super-golf. I like a game. Life is sticky enough, without one having to take in with you to the bridge table and on to a first tee that is like a hotel lounge. I'd like to see one of your cottages."

He was shown a cottage, Jimmie's specially beloved, furnished with some of Gilda's furniture.

"Easy bathing?"

"You just drop down into the cove."

"Anyone booked this place?"

"No."

"Put me down for the second half of

August, and the first half of September. No telephone?"

"We rather—bar—telephones."

"Magnificent."

This was indeed a catch. Bluewater was baited for minnows, and it had caught a whale. Moreover, the whale did not want to possess the whole sea.

"Seems to me, Mr. Jekyll, you've hit the mark. This is just the sort of place for tired members of my staff. Yes, I'm rather interested in my staff. You might send me some of your literature, and a tariff."

"I most certainly will, sir."

DERREK had to feed two hundred and twenty-three people. He did it, with the sudden assistance from the Anchor. Stuck in the kitchen in his shirt sleeves with a perspiring staff, he contrived to persuade two hundred lobster mayonnaises to become two hundred and twenty-three. Champagne bottles began to look pale, and the Jekyll car hurtled up to Moor Hall and returned with a case. But everything went like the weather, blandly and blessedly.

Miss Vortex supplied the thrill.

They sat in deck chairs in the loggia and on the sands, and drank coffee and liqueurs, and smoked Company cigars and cigarettes. The sea was one of those succulent, soft, glassy seas that brim up in little, smooth, swishing splurges. Miss Vortex wanted to paddle.

"I—do—love—being a kid."

She was credited with possessing the loveliest legs and feet. She flung off shoes, and peeled stockings. Photographers seemed to arrive from nowhere. Miss Vortex paddled. Quite a number of people paddled, in spite of nobbly feet, but the gentlemen of the Pictorial Press were not interested in other people's feet. Miss Vortex did not have to pose; she was—just Viola Vortex, and next day the public was allowed to see her feet. "Viola Paddles."

And not a single member of the Press said a single word about Bluewater. There appeared to be nothing sufficiently silly or sensational about Bluewater.

But that was to follow.

Yet, at the end of the day a very tired directorate had every right to feel satisfied and encouraged. It had been their intention to enjoy a little, informal dinner at The Sunflower, but their guests had eaten Derrek out of house and home.

"Jolly good thing we budgeted for a full crowd, sir."

"You did very well, D. I hope the public will be as kind to us—when they have to pay."

The day had given Derrek a head, an ache—not a swell.

"There is going to be some guessing competition, sir. Stout says buy a refrigerator."

"We are buying rather a lot of things."

"I know, sir, but with a refrigerator you don't get caught absolutely naked."

"I should hope not."

Jekyll and Ann drove home to an improvised dinner, and walking in the garden afterwards like a couple of lovers they discussed the day. Ann was sure that it had been a fruitful day. She had found people interested, and (Please turn to page 84)

FOUR FREE PATTERNS

for Charming Frocks (two for 5-6 years and two for 15-16 years) are given inside each copy of Weldon's "GIRLS' PARTY FROCKS," T.S. 122. Price 6d., or 7d. by post from Weldon's Ltd., 30-32 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. Special Offer of Half-Price Patterns for other delightful party frocks. Also a selection of fascinating designs that can be run up in surprisingly little time with the most delightful results. Send for it now!

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The modern fashions—dresses, hats and shoes—are not designed for women with bulging hips, double chins and thick ankles. Even the most expensive gowns will not bring distinction to the fat figure. Whereas the most inexpensive little bargain looks chic and stunning on the woman with sleek, trim lines. Stop envying the bewitching slenderness of other women. Start the SAFE Kruschen treatment and obtain a lovely, svelte figure YOURSELF—look better—look younger—more stylish on less money. Read how Kruschen transformed Mrs. A. V. S.'s figure—read the letter of thanks she writes:—

As one who has derived considerable benefit from the taking of Kruschen Salts, I feel that I ought to give you a few particulars as to the results obtained, for the benefit of those who have not yet realised the value of Kruschen. Below are a few figures giving weights and measurements over the period of eight weeks taking Kruschen. I am so satisfied with the results obtained at such a trifling cost that I am perfectly willing for you to use this letter in any way you may think fit. My actual figures before and after taking Kruschen Salts were: Weight, 11 st. 6 lb.; Bust, 37 in.; Waist, 31 in.; Hips, 39½ in.; gradually reducing to the following figures: Weight, 10 st. 9 lb.; Bust, 35½ in.; Waist, 29 in.; Hips, 36 in.

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Get a 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts at your chemist's (lasts four weeks), and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

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Increased my own height to 6 ft. 3½ inches. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee 42 2s. complete. Particulars (mailed privately). Sd. stamp to E. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (P.O. Box 15).



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I've left you a light” . . .



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WITH ECLIPSOL

Nothing spoils a woman's appearance more than straggly lack-lustre hair. A little ECLIPSOL massaged into the scalp night and morning with the finger tips not only tones up the scalp and banishes dandruff, but also stimulates the roots of the hair and promotes healthy luxuriant growth.

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Bluewater (Continued from page 83)

not unemotionally so in the Bluewater experiment. Pagan it might be, a product of the Middle Sea, suggesting dolphins and white-limbed girls and young men playing upon flutes, but it was more than that, a place in which Modernism—or whatever you chose to call it—was finding itself. Bluewater, like Gilda, was out of its cave.

Said Ann: “J, I do believe—that to get anything done—you have have to get people—emotionally.”

He looked at her wickedly.

“I agree. One ought to be able to advertise Bluewater as Venusbay on Sea.”

She was a little abrupt with him. “You don't quite get my meaning.”

“Oh, yes I do. The world—as Jimmie Jettison sees it, and as I see you.”

“Don't you want to be impersonal sometimes?”

“Do you want a purely impersonal husband? Besides, you were introducing emotion as a prime mover. A blue-book wouldn't have persuaded me to risk my solvency—on Bluewater. I hope the press will give us a little puff to-morrow.”

But, as one has mentioned previously, it did not. It directed its zephyrs on Miss Vortex's legs.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Hallam and Santer's Shyster indulged in legal correspondence. Mr. Hallam was an adept in dignified and stately dalliance. Always, he allowed a week or more to elapse before replying to the Shyster's letters. He attempted to convey to the Shyster that his professional opponents were just a little amused by the Santer claims. “Dear Sir—I must confess that we fail to see how your client, etc., etc.” He created an almost whimsical atmosphere, though Mr. Hallam could be far from whimsical when he had finished playing with his mouse.

The Shyster, after attempting to ape the magnificent manners of the aristocratic firm, began to betray rudeness, to threaten, to apply pressure, and Mr. Hallam decided that the moment had arrived when the bag of cheap fruit should be squelched.

He did a somewhat unusual thing. He took a taxi to the Shysters, and confronted him.

He said: “It is our impression that your client has the impression that our client won't go into court. May I say that the impression is completely—misleading?”

The Shyster tried arrogance.

“We are taking you to court.”

“Excellent. My client is—somewhat combative. Perhaps I am being unorthodox in my professional candour, but may I say this, that if your client thinks he can command information that seems of value—”

“I beg your pardon!”

“Don't do that. I may be saving all of us some vexation. My client's wife wishes to be called as a witness. We shall call her if necessary.”

“I don't see what bearing this has on our client's case.”

“Don't you? Well, we do. Rather significantly so.”

“You don't mean to suggest, sir—?”

Mr. Hallam's smile was a “now-now, don't get on your hind legs” smile.

He said: “I often think that a little discussion between—legal representatives—might do a great deal to clarify—a crisis.”

Well, good morning, we are quite ready for service. Good morning.”

JEKYLL had become an early riser, partly because Ann was out of bed at half-past six, and partly because he was finding life so much more interesting. Ann paid early and surprise visits to the Four Firs and the Fruit Farm, and Jekyll went with her. Or perhaps they ran down to the Little Cove to bathe, and as yet the cove was completely theirs.

“Will you mind strangers in the sea?”

“Why should I?”

“Yes, why should one?”

Both socially and sensuously he was so much more alive. The little, mysterious tremors of beauty had come back to him. Never had he heard birds sing as they sang at dawn in the park and garden. This year he grew quite excited about the cuckoo. Bluewater was still a blaze of gorse, for April had been cold, and in the park there were bluebells in sheeted masses. Pear blossom, apple blossom, the whiteness of old thorn trees, tulips aflame. The renewed youth in the man sang like a thrush.

The Estate Office was beginning to receive letters. Actually, two nice lads were camping under the Appenines, and paying 5s. a week for the right to pitch a tent. They were Freda's first customers, and she was quite excited about them.

“People are coming.”

Jekyll looked roguish. Two nice lads at five bob a week and spending a few shillings in the shops, was certainly encouraging, but he was spending thousands a year.

On the Sunday before Whitsuntide, quite a number of cars passed the toll-bar free, for Jekyll had given instructions that people who had come seriously to explore were to be passed through. Jekyll was on duty in the estate office, and to him came an elderly gentleman who somewhat suggested Pan in a grey felt hat.

“Excuse me, are you, by any chance, Mr. Jekyll?”

“I am. Please sit down.”

Pan sat down.

“Just been exploring. I congratulate you.”

He went on to say that he was the creator and organising secretary of a certain club. Had Mr. Jekyll ever heard of the “Arcadians?” Jekyll hadn't, and Mr. Pan went on to explain the Arcadians. They were people who cultivated the country. For some years they had been searching for a spot in which members of the club could find inward self-expression when on a holiday. Bluewater appeared to be predestined place.

“We have nearly a thousand members, Mr. Jekyll. I should like to bring a party down. I suppose you could arrange to give us regular accommodation during the year?”

“Of course, provided you reserve it and take it.”

“Some of our people are winter enthusiasts. Do you open in the winter?”

“We are here. A winter season, of a kind, would be very useful to us.”

He took Pan home with him to lunch.

WHIT-SUNDAY. Bluewater had prepared itself for visitors, genuine and otherwise, and for possible clashes at the toll-gate, but it had not foreseen the thing which was to happen. deliberate gate-crashing and an assault upon its privacy.

Jekyll was sitting in the estate office, looking through some of Challis' figures, when the burliness of the Bluewater gate-keeper half-filled one of the small windows. Sergeant-Major Gadd had a hot and heated air.

“D'you mind coming, sir? Motor coach. Bit of a traffic block.”

It was. There, with its big nose a yard from the white bar, stood a Blue Bee coach. (Please turn to opposite page)



HERE'S a New Year Resolution that you can carry out.

Do you remember those glorious days when you furnished your first home? When you chose the right tea set but the wrong carpet. Great fun, wasn't it? But nowadays we are more worldly wise. It doesn't do to take the risk of a wrong choice... money must go its farthest, growing families need the right food, a dress fabric must be stylish.

You will find a guide, counsellor, and friend in this very magazine. Make a practice to read through its advertising pages—they tell you what is new or best in value to buy. Make it your New Year Resolution to do this with every monthly issue... a good resolution that you can carry out right through this year!

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Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)

It was full of people, and the people were making a good deal of noise, wilful and organized noise. The face of the person who sat next the driver was somehow familiar. “Told ‘em to back out, sir, and I got nothing but sauce. They’re holding up everything.”

They were. Some twenty cars were blocked behind them. There were hootings, shouts.

“Get on, can't you?”

“He can't.”

“Tell the chap not to back.”

Jekyll walked up to the motor coach and spoke to the driver.

“Didn't you see the notices? We don't take coaches.”

The person beside the driver replied:

“We—don't—see notices. We get there.”

And then Jekyll recognized both the person and the purpose. Mr. Berryman and his Blue Bees had come down in force for a day's excitement. Three more coaches were descending the hill. They had come to barrack Bluewater.

Jekyll shouted to Gadd: “Stop those other coaches.”

He reverted to Mr. Berryman.

“You are not coming in here. Back out.”

Mr. Berryman grinned at him.

“How? What?”

GADD, standing in the middle of the road, had stopped the other coaches, and Jekyll hurried along the line of cars, telling them to back in sequence. The management had foreseen some such tangle, and had provided turning space outside the toll-gate. Jekyll was directing the cars, when he heard a crack and saw the blue coach rolling on down to Bluewater. Berryman had had a steel grid fitted in front of the radiator. He had told his driver to crash the bar. Cheers came from the coach.

Jekyll swore, and then became very suave. He walked along the queue of cars.

“Drive on, gentlemen. I see it is to be a free day to-day.”

Turning at the gate-house he saw a quaint improvisation: Ex. Sergeant-Major Gadd sitting solemnly in the middle of the road, darning the Blue Bee tanks to drive over him. Jekyll went forward again and gave orders. “Great man, Gadd. Those blackguards have crashed the bar. Go and sit where it was. I'll handle these other coaches.”

Gadd, as a mobile strong point, changed his map reference, and Jekyll played Horatius.

“You are not coming in here. You can free-wheel down as far as the gate house and turn, one at a time. We're not standing any more nonsense.”

The drivers obeyed him, for somehow he did not look like a person with whom it would be wise to trifle. Ironical remarks were passed, but Jekyll shepherded the other coaches down and back, and then rejoined Mr. Gadd.

“Gadd, you've done us proud. I'm afraid you have got dusty breeches. Fetch a chair, man.”

Gadd fetched a chair from his cottage and planted it in the middle of the road.

“What about chucking those blighters out, sir?”

“Just keep sitting, Gadd. I'll send up rations and a relief. I'm going to speak to the crashers.”

He went. He found the coach drawn up outside the Anchor Inn, and empty. Stout was arguing with a small crowd in the loggia, and from the crowd Jekyll extracted—by challenge—Mr. Berryman.

“One moment, please. Get your people back into the coach and clear out.”

Berryman had come down for battle. He remembered Mr. Jekyll and that other battle.

“Who are you?”

(Please turn to page 86)



“Not at all, Mrs.

Hill. I can't bear to see

kiddies poorly and

miserable when I know that all they need is a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' to relieve their bowels and clear their systems.

What a load off your mind it must be to see them so full of fun and energy again, and with such a lovely colour in their cheeks. Always hungry too, aren't they?

That's the beauty of 'California Syrup of Figs,' it not only keeps the bowels regular but it tones up the digestion and creates a healthy appetite.

'California Syrup of Figs' is never harsh, never gripes and never weakens, like concentrated purgatives. I always feel there's a risk in taking them, whereas 'California Syrup of Figs' being a natural fruit laxative is absolutely safe.

I strongly recommend you to get the children into the routine of taking a weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' It will ward off colds and infections and act as a splendid tonic for the system. Speaking from experience, 'California Syrup of Figs' is just as good for adults, especially those who are not too robust.”

1/3 and 2/6 per bottle of all chemists. The larger bottle is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

California Syrup of Figs
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE

BEWARE OF PAIN AFTER EATING

Do you dread your meals? Are you for ever wondering what you can eat with safety and freedom from pain? Are you, in fact, living in fear and agony from stomach trouble?

Scarcely anyone escapes this scourge of modern life. Some are wise and take it in time. Others endure terrible torture—but even they can do the same as the wise ones, and find quick relief in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

An amazing volume of evidence proves that Maclean Brand does bring relief. Sufferers from gastric and duodenal ulcers and from acute gastritis have found in it a remedy worth untold gold. Their letters are documents of wonderful joy and thanks.

You can be like them. You can once more enjoy the good food that Nature intends you to enjoy. Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at once. You have only to take one dose to feel its benefit—and a short course will have lasting effect.

But it must be Maclean Brand with the signature “ALEX. C. MACLEAN” on the bottle. None without it is genuine, and you dare not risk your health by taking powder of which you know nothing. Maclean Brand is never sold loose. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles in cartons, of powder or tablets.

The Woman Gardener—

BULBS are now peeping through. To help them to form quickly the abundant roots on which beautiful flowers depend, apply a one-ounce-per-square-yard dressing of superphosphate of lime and hoe it in. Avoid the leaves when doing so, or these will be scalded. Though bulbs of all kinds are hardy, it *does* pay to mulch them with a little littery manure in very hard weather. Intense cold checks growth, and may lead to bud blindness. A mulch prevents this by stabilizing soil temperatures.

Many small gardens would be improved by a shade tree or two, or an arbour. Without one or the other, there is no place to which you can retire on a hot day. For covering rustic arbours, which should always be set where there is a good view of the flowers, there are many lovely things, such as *Wistaria sinensis*, which has large, bright green, beautifully divided leaves, and in June and July bears drooping chains of lavender, vetch-like blooms; the clematis family, including *Belle of Woking*, *Sir Garnet Wolseley*, and *Comtesse de Bouchard*. If you like something curious, choose the Dutchman's Pipe, *aristolochia siphio*; its brownish green, cup-like blossoms give quite a tropical effect. *Polygonum Baldschuanicum* is a climber which, in a few months, will cover an arbour of average size, its sprays of creamy blossoms smelling like hawthorn.

This is a good time to plant the above climbers. All of them like a rich soil. Clematises appreciate a liberal dash of lime rubble, in addition to manure. Where separate stations must be prepared, these should be 3 feet wide and 2 feet deep, and when the roots are put in, spread them evenly in all directions.

Lovely shade trees that grow quickly are the pink double-flowering cherry, *cerasus* J. H. Veitch, pink and crimson hawthorn, the delightful yellow laburnum *Vossii*, and the gorgeous scarlet oak, *quercus coccinea*. Plant them in some pivotal position, such as the centre of the lawn, the end of a path, or where paths meet. Make similar planting holes to those suggested for the climbers, buy standard specimens, and immediately after planting, support each with a firm stake.

Grow These Roses

As a keen rose grower, I observe carefully the way different varieties behave, and I recommend the following dwarf roses: Mrs. Charles Lamplough (pale yellow), Portadown (crimson), Desmond Johnson (scarlet), Golden Dawn (yellow and pink), Lady Forteviot (yellow), and Dame Edith Helen (pink). Wherever possible, make a little rose garden. Your roses will give you infinitely more

in JANUARY

by George H.
Copley, N.D. Hort.

FOLLOW our Gardening Expert's advice and your garden will be lovely all the year round.

pleasure thus than scattered about the garden singly. If you can't decide which would be the best place, or how to form the beds, send me a sketch and I will draw a plan for you showing the best scheme.

Plant roses 2 feet apart in well-prepared soil, avoiding draughty situations. Purchase your stock from a reliable British nurseryman,

for no amount of good cultivation will make constitutionally weak roses succeed. If you are remodeling the garden, planning a new garden or need advice of any kind, consult me, and I will study every point when sending a carefully considered reply. The Service Department exists for your benefit, and I do hope you will write to me about all your gardening troubles.

In a sheltered border sow first early peas of the hardy varieties, *Unique* or *Meteor*. Both these kinds are indifferent to frost, and by putting them in early you lengthen the season of our most popular vegetable. Dig deeply, manure generously, break up the soil finely, make it fairly firm, rake the surface even, and sow the seed 3 inches apart in 3 inch deep, 9 inch wide, flat-bottomed drills.

Spray all kinds of fruit trees, both tall and dwarf, with one of the tar oil washes, which you can now purchase from any seedsman. Make up a 5-per-cent. solution and cover every part of the trees with a fine spray. These tar oil washes destroy the eggs of green flies, apple suckers, and capsid bugs, and save you a great deal of trouble later on.

Readers who would like advice or suggestions for their gardens are invited to write to: George H. Copley, N.D. Hort., c/o Weldon's Service Department, 30-32 Southampton Street, London, W.C.2. Please enclose Service Coupon from page 82 together with stamped (1d.) addressed envelope for reply.

Bluewater

(Continued from page 85)

"Never mind. Clear out."

"This is a licensed house. Can't stop us being here. What!"

As a matter of fact the coach was on Stout's land, and the problem was a little complicated, and for a moment Jekyll played pawky.

"Think you are in a sanctuary? Well, you may stay here."

Berryman laughed his cut-throat laugh.

"Guess we shall. Yep."

Jekyll looked meaningfully at Stout.

"Take the ladies and gentlemen in, Archie. I may have to consult my lawyer about this."

Berryman guffawed.

"Come on, friends. We've called Bluewater's bluff."

What was in Jekyll's mind? Stout did not quite know, but he accepted the hint. The crowd trooped in. Driver and conductor were directed to the staff quarters, and when the coast was clear, Jekyll slipped swiftly into the coach. He had not driven such a machine before, but he managed it. He got the engine going and reversed the big beast out of the hotel enclosure. The driver came running, but he was too late. Jekyll was heading for the toll-house. He had to pull up for a moment there.

"Clear the road, Gadd."

Gadd had brought out the family sofa to reinforce the chair. His wife was sitting on the sofa. The domestic barricade was cleared. Jekyll drove the coach through, and taking it beyond the second notice-board, ditched it nicely and completely, leaving sufficient space for cars to pass.

Returning, he met the whole Blue Bee rout streaming up to the toll-house, Mr. Berryman leading. He was very red, and short of breath.

"What—the devil!"

Said Jekyll: "You'll find your coach in a ditch—up the road, sir. *Bon voyage!*"

Berryman spluttered at him.

"I'll get you—for this. I'll—"

"Go ahead, sir. I'll send you the bill for the gate. *Bon voyage*. No, return tickets are not available. You will have to commit assault and battery to trespass again. Shall I phone a Westling or Saxbourne garage for assistance?"

Berryman was blazing.

"You go to the devil! I'll get you for this."

But it was nine p.m. before the motor-coach was extracted from the ditch.

Affairs at Bluewater become more and more exciting. You simply mustn't miss next month's fascinating instalment!

YOUR BEST FRIEND

deserves the Best Gift . . . so why not a year's subscription to **WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL**? The magazine with the Best Fashions, Best Fiction, Home and Homecraft, Best Everything! Price 6¹/₂. Post free 9¹/₂. Canada only 7¹/₆, from Weldon's Ltd., 30-32 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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THE PEOPLE YOU WILL MEET

RICHARD JEKYLL finds new health, new life, new happiness, when he buys Moor Hall, settles down to the peaceful rhythm of life at Bluewater, and falls in love with ANN JERRARD, who runs the poultry farm at Four Firs. Jekyll buys Bluewater to rescue it from Mr. BERRYMAN, proprietor of the Blue Bee Coach Co., who wants to develop it as a go-ahead modern resort. Jekyll's plan is to turn the little artistic colony into a playground for grown-ups

who want beauty and quiet on their shillings a week. Ann enters enthusiastically into the scheme, and after a year's wedding she and Jekyll go straight about with the loyal support of the small community, including ARCHIE STOUT, the genial manager of the Golden Anchor Inn; GILDA MERRIMAN, of Ye Olde Shoppe; GWEN and MAISIE WILMER, her delightful helpers; young DERREK FIELDEN, manager of the Sunflower Café; FREDA NUTRALL, of the Blue Squirrel Craft Shop; JIMMY JETTISON, artist, and his wife, JESS, most of whom are to find more lucrative employment in the general extension.

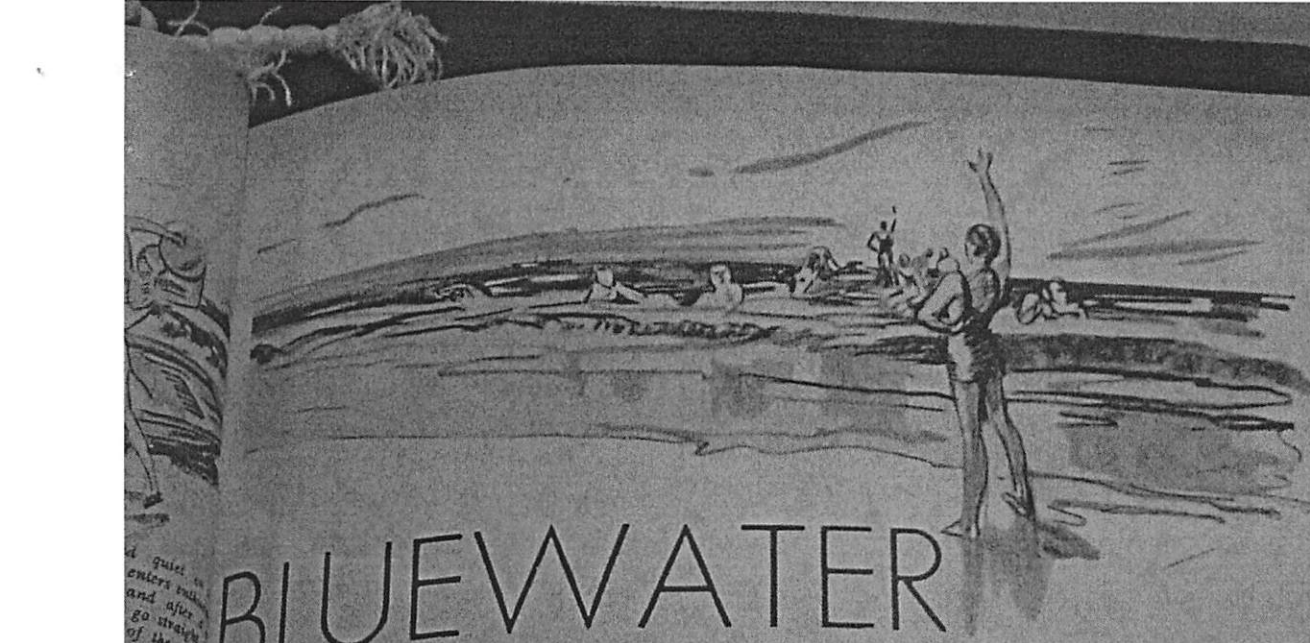
Meanwhile Jekyll has dismissed his man-servant, SENTER, owing to the latter's veiled impudence when JOY CARTER appears out of a none too creditable past in Jekyll's past. Letters with a hint of blackmail follow from Senter's legal representative, who has the wind taken out of his sails, however, when he hears that in the event of a court case Mrs. Jekyll is prepared to swear that her husband told her everything before their marriage.

The new Bluewater is formally opened. The only fly in the ointment is the menace of Berryman, who turns up one Sunday with several of his coaches, to barrack Bluewater, ignoring the notice that motor coaches are not allowed entrance. Jekyll, more than equal to the situation, allows Berryman and his companions in the first coach to alight and then, while they are seeking refreshment at the Golden Anchor, he slips into the coach and drives outside the barricade, where he discharges his duty nicely, leaving plenty of room for other cars to pass.

NOW READ ON

Ann and Jekyll watched the motor coach.

"My dear," he said, "such word, but I do believe now there is going



BLUEWATER

Continuing our Lovably Human Novel of a Beauty-for-All Crusade in Quest of the Goal of Happiness

by
WARWICK DEEPING

Author of *Sorrell and Son*, *Doomsday*, etc.

THAT was the beginning of a little private war which lasted exactly three weeks.

Bluewater prepared itself for further Berryman offensives. On the following Sunday Jekyll had men warned and ready for duty, including his garden staff, the farm staff, who could be reinforced, if necessary, by Archie Stout's waiters and kitchen hands. A stouter bar had been fitted at the toll gate, Jekyll put a night watchman on the gate in case of a night raid, but nothing happened until about twelve o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Berryman had packed his garage staff and their friends into six coaches, with food and drink, and the prospect of adventure. These six monsters rolled down Bluewater hill in convoy, and when Gadd and the gate stopped them, the drivers brought their coaches to a standstill in such formation that the road was blocked. Mr. Berryman emerged from the front coach, and opened an argument with Gadd.

"Going to let us through?"

Gadd had brought out his chair, and was sitting behind the white bar.

"What do you—think?"

He had sent his wife to warn Mr. Jekyll, who was in the estate office, and Gadd and Mr. Berryman confronted each other until Jekyll arrived. Berryman had a long white envelope which he resembled rather like a baton.

"I've got it here. Counsel's opinion. Going to make a test case of this."

Jekyll had come up with reinforcements, Stout, Derrek, and one or two of the Anchor staff.

"What can we do for you, sir?"

Berryman blustered.

"Look here, we don't want any of your peevish manners. I'm making a test case of this. I've made inquiries, and they tell me that this always was a right way."

Stout, leaning against the bar, beamed at him.

"I'm afraid they misinformed you, sir."

There was a track, but it led to four coastguards' cottages, and up there was a gate marked 'Private'. When Mr. Mallison bought the estate—

Mr. Berryman most rudely interrupted him.

"I say this is a right of way. Going to let us through?"

Jekyll smiled.

"Don't be silly, sir."

"Silly! We'll make you look damned silly," and it must be confessed that they did.

For those motor-coaches remained parked there, blocking the road, with an increasing stream of cars dammed up behind them. Mr. Berryman's crowd unloaded hampers, cases of beer, gramophones, and proceeded to spend a day in the lane. Mr. Berryman waddled up and down beside his troops, smoking cigars, and feeling that he was playing Napoleon. This fellow Jekyll should be taught a thing or two. Anti-motor-coach, was he? Motor coaches barred. They were and so was Bluewater, with an impatient and disgruntled crowd of motorists trying to extract themselves and their cars from a *cul de sac*. Jekyll and Stout, on guard at the toll-bar, agreed that the situation was becoming—interesting.

"Archie, the fellow has got us rather badly for the moment we must admit."

The situation was as serious for Stout as it was for Jekyll.

"Supposing you let them in to-day, sir, and get an injunction?"

"I'm blown if I'll let them in, Stout. I've sent Derrek off on a bike to the Westling police."

Mr. Berryman strolled down to the bar. "Afraid we're spoiling your custom, sir."

Jekyll smiled at him.

"We like it."

"What!"

"I said—we like it."

"Oh, do you? Making you look a bit of a darned fool, what? I'm a bad man to quarrel with."

Again Jekyll smiled.

"Some buccaneer, Stout. Do you mind, sir, if I alter the adjective?"

"What?"

"Might I substitute—nasty—for bad? More intimate and personal and applicable—somehow."

Some of Stout's Sunday clients were passed through the gate on foot, but a number of possible patrons extracted their cars and went elsewhere. Jekyll did not know it, but pressmen were present, and on the morrow one of the penny dailies was to produce photos and blurb about "The Battle of Bluewater." This particular paper worked the stunt for two week-ends. It gave Bluewater the kind of puff it did not desire, and caused the management and S. M. Gadd much trouble. Hundreds of casual cads on wheels assembled to witness and assist in further gate-crashing.

Shortly after one o'clock the Westling police inspector and a constable arrived on bicycles. Jekyll explained the crisis to the inspector as to a friend.

"Can you do anything about it, Inspector?"

(Please turn to page 21)

Bluewater (Continued from page 17)

The inspector could do very little. He could request Mr. Berryman to remove his coaches, but the road was a private road, and the police could apply no pressure. "I'll ask him to move, sir." "I'm afraid that won't be much use, Inspector. This obstruction is a deliberate one, at once, sir, in the High Court I should apply for an injunction against the High Court. And you can sue for any damage."

Needless to say, Mr. Berryman refused to move his coaches, though he was in the illogical position of insisting upon the road as being a public road. "It isn't, sir, it is a private road, or I should shift you."

"I say that we have a right to go down to the sea." "Does he—own the blessed sea?" "My coaches are here as a protest." "The Berryman rank and file had laughed and heaved, and it took up the air." "Does he—own the blessed sea?"

They began to sing in chorus: "Let's go down to the sea, darling. Let's go and bathe in the sea." Since the police remained at the toll-gate, the Berryman crowd poured along the hillside, and throwing down a light wire fence, invaded Bluewater. About a hundred of them marched down to the beach, made free use of the sunflower chairs, and bathed in a state of nature.

Jekyll and his people were helpless. They could not give battle to the crowd or control it. Stout had to supply quite a number of the gentlemen with drinks, and Berryman and his immediate supporters demanded dinner.

"Licensed house. Guess you don't want to lose your licence, what?"

The motor-coaches remained in the road till close on eight o'clock when their crews, cheering and victorious, climbed aboard, and one big vehicle after another made use of the turning space outside the toll-gate. Jekyll watched them go. They gave him ironical cheers, and back-chat. "See you next week, old dear."

There was no doubt about it, the honours of the day rested with the Berryman clan, and if this sort of invasion might be expected to repeat itself the situation was serious.

Jekyll drove up to London next morning to instruct Mr. Callan to apply instantly for an injunction against the Blue Company.

There were pictures in the *Daily Rapid* and in the *World's*.

The Battle of Bluewater. The People's Motor Cars Challenge Success. The Right of Way to the Sea.

A Socialist Journal seized on the opportunity to stress the selfishness of the propertied classes. Here was a gentleman planting a Sussex beauty-spot for private profit, and barring the workers from everybody's sea. Did not the country repudiate the iniquity of allowing a privileged and idle class to use the land? Until God's earth belonged to the Socialist.

Jekyll took the trouble to write to the editor and enlighten him as to the inspiration of Bluewater, but the editor did not write to Mr. Jekyll, neither did he publish his letter.

Jekyll did not realize it at the moment, but this forceful policy, instead of damaging Bluewater, was displaying it as a quarry to the understanding few. Here was a place that was to be peace, and the privilege of a minority to pursue and enjoy peace. Bluewater was defying the motor-coach world, motor and loutishness. It was refusing to be a flypaper, sticky human mess, or a motor-rally. Hundreds of people wanted to play, without blowing trumpets and letting loose speakers, began to know about Bluewater. Some of them even received literature upon the experiment and seen Jettison's gently coloured postcard pictures of the place. While the Law proceeded to function, Jekyll and his men took counsel together. Jekyll had watched those who were going round and depart. He had his plan, and he told it to Stout and Derrek and S. M. Gadd.

They have to be prepared for another assault on Sunday. Let

Lovely Trees

How lovely are the trees!
Lovely past all telling—
Orebards pink with bloom;
Pine woods, warm, sweet
smelling.

Tender green of beech—
And silver birch in spring
Like a green cascade,
When leaves and catkins
swing.

And sleeping winter trees,
Etched against the sky,
What lovelier than these
When winter winds sweep by?
S. H.



on see if we
can't have
the last
laugh."

He enlarged upon his plan.

"Trap 'em, what!"

"Oh, great, sir." Red-headed

Derrek had hustled one young man out

of the Sunflower loggia on the previous Sunday, and he was out for battle.

They worked at night by the headlights

of a car, all the Bluewater males assisted by Stout's staff. They dug two trenches, one on either side of the turning space in front of the toll-gate so that there was no room for a big vehicle to turn. They dug another trench ten yards inside the toll-bar, and concealing the material among the gorse bushes, roofed the trench with battens strong enough to carry anything but a motor-coach or lorry. They camouflaged the timber carefully with a film of road metal, and rolled it in.

Said Derrek, "They'll be in a bit of a tangle if they come down here in a convoy. No place to turn, and half a mile of steep and winding lane behind 'em. I hope they come."

They did come. Also the Press, also scores of casual cars to reinforce the Press and add to the confusion. All Bluewater paraded, men and women, including the visitors at the Anchor. The world on wheels got itself utterly jammed in the defile. One motor coach and two cars managed to ditch themselves. An indignant and rowdy crowd swarmed at the toll-gate.

Berryman, mouthing and masticating, harangued his own people and Jekyll's people.

"Infernal exploiters. Keeping the public out. I'm a self-made man, I'm a working man . . ."

Bluewater appeared amused.

"Yes, you can grin. Charge the gate, Johnson, smash through."

Bluewater, prepared by Jekyll for some such manoeuvre, appeared to flinch. The driver of the coach was hesitant. Berryman swung himself up.

"Here, I'll be responsible."

Cheers from the crowd; Press photographers jostling for snaps. Berryman put the coach at the bar and snapped it. The coach rolled on; its fore-wheels passed over the concealed trench, but its rear wheels broke through. The huge vehicle sat down on its tail.

After that—the laugh was with Bluewater. Police arrived, and warned the crowd at the gate. Access to Bluewater was denied to the other coaches by the vehicle that was sitting on its tail.

Jekyll went up to a seething Berryman.

"Be so good as to remove your property, sir."

"You go to—"

ARE YOU LIKE A FILM STAR? . . . CASH PRIZES Next Month

"Well, if you can't remove your property, sir, please remove yourself. You are trespassing. The law is as to trespassing. The inspector smiled up and said: 'Mr. Jekyll, that Bluewater was private property.'"

"Mr. Jekyll, is within his rights, sir. Better keep your temper and clear out. . . . On that Sunday the crowd did not crash the defenses. To fast, the crowd, after the Bluewater, became a fashion parade. The anti-Berryman laugh was against the Blue Bee Co. Besides, there was an extra ordinary mix-up in the lane, and everybody's problem was the untimely of the knot. S. M. Gild had carried all his chairs and the sofa out into the road, and Jekyll and Bluewater—sat there and watched a private performance of the casual crowd on wheels attempting to wriggle and back rather like a snake in a hole. Dust, noise, hootings, and some heated argument, the shouting of advice.

"Back, there—you with the bread pan!"

"How can I back when . . . The police did the best they could, but it was five o'clock before the tangle sorted itself out, and the last of the Blue Bee coaches finished reversing up half a mile of lane. Mr. Berryman went with it, ignoring young Derrek's insistent reminders that he had left part of his property behind him.

Victory and the laugh were with Bluewater.

An injunction against the Blue Bee Co. was granted to the Bluewater Co.

The derelict motor coach remained there for three days, while a breakdown gang jacked it up and repaired a broken back axle.

The Bluewater Co. commenced an action for trespass, damage and wilful obstruction against the Blue Bee Co., and later they won their action.

The Press proceeded to forget the battle of Bluewater in exploiting a particularly noisome murder.

For two or three week-ends Bluewater was vexed by a casual crowd on wheels.

Jekyll had another bar erected on the estate boundary, with a sentry-box and an ex-police constable in charge of it.

"Strictly Private. The Anchor Inn—and Bluewater Residents and Guests—only."

"No Motor Coaches."

"No Motor Bicycles."

From Me to You—xxxv SEARCHINGS

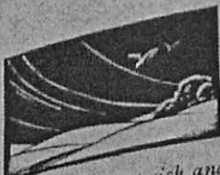
FEBRUARY. Almost spring-time. Birdsong. . . . love songs. . . . happiness. . . . Happy as the day is long! Happy as a bird! That's how we want to be, isn't it? We spell it in many different ways, but rich and poor, highborn and lowly, it's happiness we are after! Always searching for happiness.

I'm sure if you and I and every human soul were forced to carry a passport, each indicating clearly our intended destination, I fancy we should see the word "Happiness" larger, clearer, brighter than ever we do now. You see, we so often believe we are heading for happiness. But we are not all of us good travellers. We lose our sense of direction. We misinterpret the sign-posts. We over-shoot the cross roads. We get hypnotized into thinking that one original main road so easy, so pleasant will eventually join our original main road again. And more often than not, even those who are the most sincere and experienced of travellers, find themselves faced with sadness, disappointment, disillusionment, keenly aware of happiness missed.

Yet why should this be? Think. Isn't it, perhaps, because far too many people to-day estimate happiness by pounds, shillings and pence? True, money does oil the wheels. Money is a good servant. But money is not a good master. Neither does power or success alone make for real happiness. Only the blind folly of misguided souls will tell you that it is so—bad travellers who see in these side roads a kind of mirage, which falsely promises that money can buy all things, including happiness, that power and success will attract all things including happiness. All of which to me is so far removed from the truth.

Some people may search, with a primitive, childlike belief in a cash box or in a bank book. It may find them new friends, experiences, sensations. But by itself, no amount of money will ever buy real love, peace of mind, or romance of the soul which is the very source of real happiness.

Gilda Cox S.
The Editor.



Selma and Aubrey. Sometimes street people would come running along the beach to join up with the Sunflower crew. Campers came down from the Appennin trailer and caravan folk from the various cottagers from Culverin Cove. To the Bluewater world Jekyll was known as The Rajah himself.

Coming to the surface after a dive, he found himself shaking his head almost in Gilda's face.

"Hallo. Good morning. How's sugar?"

She was treading water, arms extended, her fair hair piled under a blue cap.

"We'll have to go to a butcher's shop."

"Terrible necessity, I say, it is rather amazing. I believe the show is catching on."

She laughed.

"I should rather think it is."

Jekyll, Ann, Gilda, the girls, half a dozen young things, and a white-moustached veteran swam out to the raft. There was not room for everybody on the raft, so Jekyll and Ann cruised round. Maisie splashed her feet in the water. Gwen waved to Derrek. The veteran had managed to haul himself up next to Gilda.

He said, "I shall come here every year."

"Oh, do," said Gwen.

"You run up such nice bills."

"Mercenary child."

"Oy!" shouted someone, "don't tickle," and fell off the raft.

Jekyll and Ann swam back with Bluewater burning in the summer sunlight. Some of Stout's people were surriding behind two motor-boats. Figures in bright coloured wraps were descending the grass slope above Culverin

Cove. They saw June and Jettison running to join them.

Said Jekyll, "Jimmie's getting fat and almost prosperous looking."

Ann smiled. "Isn't it splendid? When I think of a year ago. And it's all due to you."

The beach huts had been brought nearer the Sunflower, and to "Aphrodite" one of the Sunflower nymphs brought the Jekylls their early morning tea. Ann poured out, and Jekyll, sitting on a cushion, watched the summer crowd swimming, lounging and exercising. The horizon was pearly; the day promised to be hot.

"My dear, touch wood, but I do believe out show is going."

She looked at him as a woman can

his wife down to bathe from The Sunflower. Other people were bathing from the Sunflower Beach, tobogganing down the water-shoot, using the high board, or playing with absurd rubber horses. It was a merry crowd, and pleasant in its play, and the Jekylls regarded it as their crowd. This early morning splashing party in the sea was becoming part of Bluewater's day. Derrek served early tea to those who desired it. He was becoming a very busy young man, a colourful young man who was providing a hundred or so lunches a day, and giving a weekly dance with an orchestra hired from town.

Everybody bathed at this hour, those who had work to do, and those who had not. Gilda and the girls, the Jettisons,

Santer could do you any harm?"
 "But for a devoted wife, my dear!"
 "Devoted wives are out of date."
 "Are they? I'll write to *The Times* about it."

THE year gave Sussex a perfect summer and when Jekyll stood on the hill above Culverin Cove he could see the Book of Mallison as amended by Jekyll like an illuminated page shining in the sun. People were bathing; people were playing tennis on the two new hard

posed that he could consider himself a popular managing director, yet had he used the word popular to unsentimental Ann she could have corrected him. Popular, indeed! He was Bluewater's pet lamb, its utter gentleman, its Uncle. Jekyll was on his way to relieve Derrek for the day. The question of reliefs had become a problem, for Derrek was on his feet at all hours; Gilda and the girls served from nine till seven, except on

Sundays and early closing day. How quaint! Bluewater and Jekyll enjoyed an early closing day! He had instituted himself a relief, and in doing so and in fitting himself to be capable of relieving the others, he was learning a number of things. Why did people come in and buy two three-half-penny postage stamps instead of purchasing a three shilling book? Finance? He enjoyed his hours in the shops. He did not put on a white apron, but he wore a white tennis pull-over and white trousers.

"What can I get you, madam?" It was a great game, and all these others—staff and guests—seemed to enjoy playing it with him. He played host at the

My Motto for 1936

Dear Readers,

Thank you for your wonderful response! Mottoes, mottoes—by every post they have come pouring in. Some gay, some quaint, some beautiful, some brave—nearly all helpful. Yes, this was certainly a popular contest. A good many of the mottoes were unfortunately duplicated and for obvious reasons these have had to be ruled out. Even so, the final choice has been anything but simple. However, to make it easier, instead of a few half-guinea prizes I am giving twelve, and they will be sent off to reach readers early in the New Year. Each month during the coming year I shall publish one motto in *Weldon's Ladies' Journal*, and the lucky prizewinner will have the pleasure of knowing that her choice is the guiding thought for the month to many, many thousands of readers.

My choice for this month comes from F. M. W., Sidmouth:—

*"He started to sing,
 As he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done—
 And he did it."*

Such a helping, cheerful thought for many days to come, isn't it? An easy one to remember, too.

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—The names of the Prizewinners and full details of another Post Card Contest will be found on pages 91 and 92.

courts and the two old ones. Against the firs of the Appenines white tents stippled the hillside. Caravan Valley was full of the green tilts of the trailers and motor-caravans. A faint sound of laughter floated from the beach. People were passing in and out of Gilda's shop where Anne's fruit and vegetables and eggs occupied one-half of the building. Fruits of the earth! A Sunflower Girl in a white frock was serving iced drinks to sun-bathers. Up in the Park four elderly gentlemen were playing baby golf. Bluewater wore a garland.

Stout was enjoying a record season. A firm of publishers had accepted Derrek's novel.

Derrek and Gwen were engaged. Jimmie had sold another picture, and was preparing for an autumn show.

Would-be gate-crashers were rare and unformidable.

Miss Nuttall had mishandled only one telegram.

He met smiling faces everywhere. Rather pleasant, that. They might call him The Rajah, even the Rajah of Bong, but they were glad to see him. He sup-

Sunflower, and supervised the lunches. He would walk into Freda's and shoo her out. "Now then, Squirrel, nuts. My show this afternoon."

Every day he made a tour of the whole estate. He chattered to the campers and the caravaners and to the crowd on the Sunflower Beach.

"Any complaints?"

"No, Mr. Jekyll." "Anybody any suggestions to make?"

He was always keen to get suggestions. Could a bunker be placed at the seventh green? Oh, certainly. The Moor Hall course should be more subtle next year. Could Mr. Benson organize an American Tournament? Of course, that was Mr. Benson's business. He inspected the car park, and the garages, and the camp sanitation, and the butcher's shop, which was a side-show from Westling. He interviewed would-be cottagers. He helped Ann to pick fruit. He had no leisure at all for dyspepsia or for philosophy. He went to bed tired, and got up with an appetite for the next day's adventure.

(Please turn to page 93.)



The Woman Who Knows!

noticed how in every street there is a woman to whom other women turn to seek her advice. Neighbourly that she is more practical, full of common sense, naturally competent in needle crafts and mother-love, reformed on home and personal

the type. Envious, isn't she? of friends, gets lots out of life. Her secret? I am convinced that she is observant; she is a reader of her favourite magazine, every page. She never misses an advertisement. She asks for samples and that's the way to keep up to date on what is new and cheap for money.

For example, these offers in your magazine...

Beautiful catalogue, "Land and Lawn," with dates, offered gratis by...

page 94

Beckwith endorses Castard. Send part of ticket to obtain large...

page 64

of their Blancmange favourite family Jaxa-MINT, will send...

page 86

Pay ask PREMIER OF JOURNALISM lesson and full details...

page 75

Buy Book, "Peter and Peter," offered gratis to every...

page 87

Service Offer

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Bluewater

(Continued from page 28)

Bluewater's finance was becoming fascinating. On his calculation the possible and probable profits £370. And his private expenses totalled about £3,000 a year!

He had queried all these items, but when figures were produced at one of their board meetings, Stout appeared gently amused by Jekyll's estimates.

"I think we are going to do better than that, sir, especially if you increase the cottage accommodation. I see you have estimated the Sunflower profits at two hundred."

"I try to be conservative, Stout."

"Have you seen Derrek's figures for August?"

"Not completely so."

"He's been keeping them up his sleeve, I think. Report, Mr Secretary."

"We've made a profit of over a hundred and fifty in August."

"Extraordinary!" said Jekyll.

"Well, I've served over fifteen hundred lunches, sir, and over a thousand suppers. Then there was a profit on the pension terms for the residents. And a profit on the dances. Then casual drinks and teas, and early teas."

Jekyll looked pleased.

"We are rearing a wonderful baby."

"I think Gilda has been keeping things dark. Own up, Gilda."

"August profits roughly fifty-seven pounds."

"Besides, next year, when we really get going—"

Jekyll laughed. "Don't tell me that Beauty and Peace are going to pay!"

"I'll bet you a—"

"Case of fireworks, Stout."

"All right, a case of fireworks, sir, that in a couple of years we may balance things, and begin to show a profit."

"Pay dividends on our shares, what? Income tax, and surtax, my dear chap! And they'll put up our assessments."

"We ought to do it. I've talked to dozens of the people here. It's not a mere stunt. I believe next year we could treble our takings if we had the room."

Jekyll looked at his wife.

"Hypothetical profits! Ann and I don't wish to work for a profit. If there ever should be a profit I suppose we could distribute it in bonuses?"

"Very generous, sir, but—"

"We're getting an amazing amount of fun out of this place. It's cured my indigestion. Don't put that down in the minutes, Derrek."

"No, sir."

"Besides, Stout, you're not making a penny out of the Bluewater Co."

"I'm making more than a penny at my hotel. Your show seems to help my show, sir. I've no grouse."

Their chairman looked at the faces of his fellow directors.

"Has anybody a grouse? You see, I—"

Gilda gave him her Mona Lisa smile.

"I can't say that I have heard anybody grouching. If I do—"

"Yes, please report."

"No. If I do—I'll hand them over to some of our young things for treatment."

Look out for the thrilling last instalment of this fascinating novel next month.

WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL

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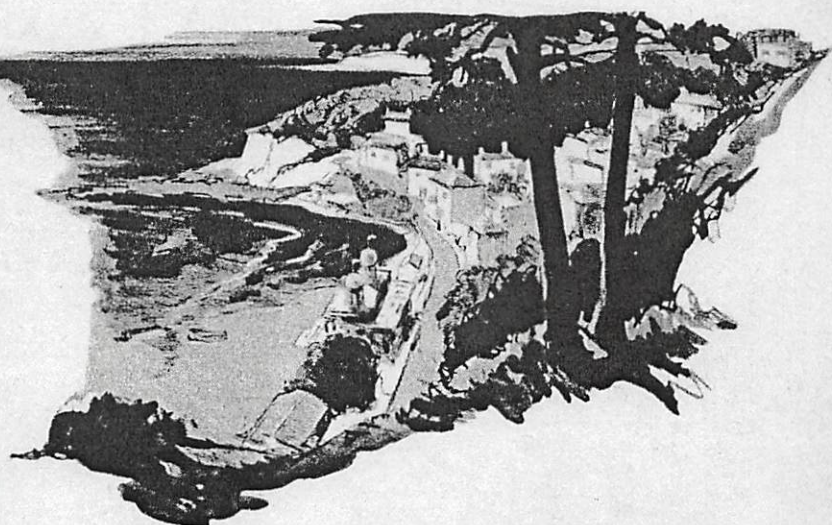
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THE PEOPLE YOU WILL MEET

RICHARD JEKYLL finds new health, new life, new happiness, when he buys Moor Hall, settles down to the peaceful rhythm of life at Bluewater, and falls in love with ANN JERRARD, who runs the poultry farm at Four Firs. Jekyll buys Bluewater to rescue it from MR. BERRYMAN, proprietor of the Blue Bee Coach Co., who wants to develop it as a go-ahead modern resort. Jekyll's plan is to turn the little artistic colony into a playground for grown-ups who want beauty and quiet for thirty shillings a week.

Ann enters enthusiastically into the scheme, and after a quiet wedding she and Jekyll go straight ahead, with the loyal support of the small community, including ARCHIE STOUT, the genial manager of the Golden Anchor Inn; GILDA MERRIMAN, of Ye Olde Shoppe; GWEN and MAISIE WILMER, her delightful helpers; young DERREK FIELDEN, manager of the Sunflower Café; FRED A NUTHALL, of the Blue Squirrel Craft Shop; JIMMIE JETTISON, artist, and his wife, JUNE; most of whom are to find more lucrative employment in the general extension.

Meanwhile, Jekyll has dismissed his manservant, SANTER, owing to the latter's veiled impertinence when JOY CARFAX appears out of a none-too-creditable page of Jekyll's past. Letters with a hint of blackmail follow from Santer's legal representative, who has the wind taken out of his sails, however, when he hears that in the event of a court case Mrs. Jekyll is prepared to swear that her husband told her everything before their marriage.



The new Bluewater is formally opened. The only fly in the ointment is the menace of Berryman who, ignoring the notice that motor-coaches are not allowed entrance, barracks Bluewater with his coaches. The private war that ensues lasts for three weeks, when Jekyll is driven to take out an injunction against the Blue Bee Coach Company, and wins the action.

The publicity involved displays Bluewater as a sanctuary to the understanding few, and Jekyll and his supporters are overjoyed to find that not only is their "show" well and truly going, but that it is yielding a very substantial profit.

NOW READ ON

BLUEWATER

The last great instalment of a Human Drama in which
Love and Loyalty find the Starry Road to Happiness.

by
WARWICK DEEPING

Author of "Sorrell and Son," "Doomsday," etc.

THE Jekylls were going down to the Sunflower to dine and dance. Ann had put on a new frock, one of those simple yet seductive sheaths that pleased both herself and her husband. As she came down the stairs she had a glimpse through a Georgian window of the sun setting over the sea. Jekyll was waiting for her in the library, and as she crossed the hall she saw him sitting at his desk, black dinner-jacket, white collar, sleek black head very vivid against the green and gold of the grass and the trees.

Suddenly, he put his head and shoulders back and laughed, spontaneous, irresponsible laughter, no mere cynical cackle, but a jocund, rolling sound. It infected her. She too wanted to laugh—but at what?

"Merry, J.?"

"Hallo!"

"What's the joke?"

"Come and look."

She bent over him, her hands on his shoulders.

"No, I won't spoil your hair. What's the funny book?"

He drew her hands down.

"One of my philosophical sages. I dragged him out into the light—while you were putting the final touches. Heavens, but the fellow is funny!"

She read: "There are twenty-seven Categories of Explanation. (1) That the actual world is a process, and that the process is the becoming of actual entities. Thus actual entities are creatures; they are also termed 'actual occasions.'"

She, too, laughed.

"What on earth does it mean? Am I an actual occasion?"

"I think I'll call you a categorical imperative. But what solemn and pompous balderdash most of it is. I used to live with fellows like this and take 'em seriously. Come along, Mrs. Categorical imperative, let's go and dance!"

UPPER Street, Islington, on a windy Sunday morning, shabby shops even more shabby when asleep, waste paper blowing about, orange peel and banana skins in the gutters. Empty pavements, empty roadway, an occasional red bus lumbering by; a few flashy-looking louts loafing outside closed shops. Leaves drifting from the trees on Islington Green. The suggestion of a world in pawn.

Mr. and Mrs. Santer strolled from the direction of Highbury as though Islington was flat beer and stale fish. Santer had the puffy and pasty face of a spirit-drinker. His wife's complexion and temper were more fiery. For some months they had been "obliging" a gentleman in Highbury Park.

Santer yawned. Upper Street was as dead as Dickens. He glanced at his wife with a kind of secret malevolence, as though realizing her as an "actual occasion." And then a cheerful sound tickled his ears. Outside a radio shop half a dozen young men were listening to the nasal bleatings of a loud-speaker. Santer's little bun face brightened. Here, at last, was something live and vocal.

Santer was a radio-fan. He paused to listen and to scrutinize the sets in the

shop window. His wife paused with him, but sulkily so.

She said: "Come on. No use gaping at what you can't buy."

Santer was silent, and his silence provoked her.

"If you hadn't been too clever about old Jekyll you could have had one of them new sets."

Santer's eyes were unpleasant.

"I haven't finished with him yet."

"He's finished with you."

"Oh, has he! I belong to the bulldog breed."

His wife let out a ribald, whinnying laugh.

"Bulldog, you!"

"Don't you make any mistake. I'm going to get even with him. You wait."

"I've been waiting nearly a year. If you'd been a he-man, he wouldn't have chased you out of the 'ouse with your tail between your legs."

Santer strolled on. "Better take a couple of your liver pills. I've answered that advertisement about that place at Saxbourne."

"Saxbourne! Why Saxbourne?"

"My idea. Didn't I tell you I hadn't finished with him yet?"

"Not much chance of—our—going to Saxbourne."

"And why not?"

"We've no luck. Besides——"

"Besides what?"

"References."

"I've got his snicky character. 'Mr. Santer has been with me for seven years; he left because he desired a change.' He thought that funny, I suppose. I'll make him look funny one of these days."

"Well, I don't see—us—going to Saxbourne."

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But in her prevision Mrs. Santer proved to be wrong. Colonel Copready, of The Bungalow, Saxbourne, interviewed the Santers, and actually selected them to be his body-servants from among some forty applicants. The smug and brisk servility of Santer somehow fooled the dear old gentleman.

The Santers went into residence in November. They were to receive a hundred pounds a year and their keep.

WINTER did not prove to be the dead season that Bluewater might have expected it to be. A few "Arcadians" occupied the cottages for odd periods, and they were not such odd people as the world supposed. They tramped and played mild golf and watched the birds in Moor Hall grounds, and even volunteered for labour on the land. Old Pan, looking flamboyant and wild of head, as though proclaiming a new creed, harangued Jekyll.

"Can you deny, sir, that the winter is more satisfying than summer? Silver filigree instead of a lot of cottonwool dyed green. One can see a tree and a bird. Give me a wood in winter."

Jekyll did not contradict him. He smiled and nodded understandingly. Why argue with people? Why cultivate words? Why not emulate the practical scientist, who, after watching the philosopher struggling in the sweet and sticky mess of his own wordiness, returns contentedly to his lab? Live, laugh, dance, dig, but do not disinter your subconscious sins. People talked too much, and wrote too much. Words, words, new things, new names for things. So much of the world's so-called culture was just—jargon.

Quite a number of Bright Young Things came down to spend week-ends at the Sunflower. Some of them bathed. All of them danced. The weekly dances were now held on Saturdays. Ten more cottages were being built above the Little Cove, and a dozen more bachelor bedrooms added to the Sunflower. Jimmie Jettison gave a picture-show in town, and to his own surprise pleased both the critics and the public. Stout was making additions to the Anchor, Aubrey Benson busy rendering the Park Golf Course more subtle. Two nice flying lads attempted to persuade Jekyll to present Bluewater with an aerodrome. "So topical, you know, sir, just to be able to buzz down for a bathe."

Jekyll held up hands of mock horror.

"God forbid! No, you don't, my lads. If there is one thing I won't have here, it is buzzing accommodation for your beastly bluebottles."

They did not quite believe him.

"Just a landing ground."

"I'll put up a gun and blow you to bits if you bring your motor-bikes on wings down here."

Ann was planting half an acre of strawberries, and putting in a hundred young Cox's Orange and Wagener apples, and experimenting with a new motor-cultivator, and satisfying herself that her underlings used the tar winter spray instead of emptying it into a ditch. "What we knows—we knows, and what we don't knows—we don't want to know." Ann insisted upon Sussex knowing, or doing what it did not want to do. That



DERREK watched them coming over the sunlit hill. Did he still love Ann—that calm,

way lies progress, the coercing of the lazy many by the masterful few.

Should she have a baby?

She and Jekyll discussed the point—not as eugenists, but as two people who were too interested in other problems to be able to give all their attention to that most primitive nuisance.

"I can't quite see myself as a mother."

Jekyll confessed that he had never visualized himself as a father. He would be rather too much of a joke as a father.

"I think I would rather postpone it, J., until I have everything going as I want to."

"Someone has said, my dear, that a house without children is like a garden without flowers."

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Don't talk that stuff to me. Sir

Martin would call it a Slobberism."

"And so do I."

COLONEL COPREADY, of Saxbourne, was something of an eccentric. He had built himself a monstrous concrete bungalow with two little crenellated towers on the edge of the sea, and about a furlong beyond the point where social Saxbourne ceased. His age was seventy-one, and if he was not quite senile he was sufficiently so to accept the Santers at their own valuation. He drank three whiskies and sodas a day—one at six p.m., one with his dinner, and one before going to bed. Santer also drank whisky, and watered the colonel's bottles, and agreed with him sympathetically when the dear old man criticized the modern spirit. "This post-war whisky, Santer!"



serene, strong Ann, whose face was like the face of the morning? Yes, yes, and no.

"Yes, sir, they tell me it has no body, sir. I never drink it myself."

"Like the young people, Santer."

"Yes, sir. No guts, sir; excuse me."

Colonel Copready had one passion, and that was fishing. He kept a boat in a concrete boat-house, and he had installed an ingenious contraption for launching it so that he could deal with the boat himself—a slipway, tackle, and a small windlass. Even in winter he would launch his boat on calm days and potter about in it, using a couple of short sculls. He kept the slipway greased and the windlass oiled, and since he was rather squat and short and had a fondness for wearing a sou'-wester and a brown oilskin, the Santer christened him The Crab.

But they cultivated Colonel Copready. "This ought to be a cushy job."

They set out to make it so. They purred over the old gentleman, and warmed his under-clothing and were careful about his hot bottle at night. Mrs. Santer mothered him, mended his socks, and made a point of cooking the wretched fish he brought in. Colonel Copready told the other old gentlemen at the Saxbourn Club that he had secured a couple of treasures.

Santer kept a bicycle. He was allowed one evening and one afternoon a week, and on the free afternoon he took short country rides, but he did not pedal in the direction of Westling and Bluewater.

Colonel Copready understood that Santer had joined the Saxbourn Junior Conservative Club, and that on his free evenings Santer went to play billiards there. As a rule, he did nothing of the

kind. He took his bicycle and rode under the cover of night through Westling to the country behind Bluewater. He would leave his bicycle in a hedge and explore on foot, and if there was a moon, so much the better. The Bluewater wire fence was easily penetrated, and Santer prowled like some surreptitious animal. The sand-hills and the gorse-bushes made concealment easy, and Bluewater at ten o'clock on a winter's night did not teem with humanity. Santer had a key to the back door of the bungalow, and could slip in when he pleased.

The vindictive little animal's idea of the moment was to set one of the Bluewater buildings alight, but a case that he happened to read in his Sunday paper provided him with a more potent inspiration. The fellow in the paper had been a fool, and had bungled his precautions. He had not worked out his details with careful precision; he had left finger-prints behind him. And the idiot had used paper and ink that could be identified. Santer was not going to be caught that way. But, as a matter of fact, he was nearly caught one night by Derrek, prowling at the back of the Sunflower. Derrek had been out on a love occasion; he and Gwen were to be married in the spring. He heard something scuttle into the sandhills beside the path.

"Hallo, who's that?"

Derrek had a torch with him. Santer had slithered into a hollow place and was lying in the sand-grass, and Derrek's probing torch did not touch that particular cavity. Lucky for Santer, for Derrek was a stout lad, and he had a temper; but the incident scared Santer so thoroughly that he abandoned his night visits for a month.

But he went to work astutely. Occasionally, he was given a whole day off, and he travelled to London, ostensibly to visit an invalid sister. He bought a bottle of cheap ink in Fulham, a pen in Islington, a packet of unstamped postcards in Bloomsbury, a box of drawing pins in the Strand. His caution was meticulous. He wore gloves when he handled these articles. He locked them away in an old suitcase. He concealed them even from his wife.

BLUEWATER was asking for an English spring, an April mood as the poets understood it, March drought, sweet showers, the cuckoo calling to a green world, birds at their orisons with the sun rising in splendour out of the sea. Three previous springs had seemed so much in sympathy with the world crisis, bleak and bleary and tempestuous, no muslin in May, and rain as thick as tariffs. And Bluewater had its spring; such a season as Keats or Shelley might have given it. Even the blackthorn winter brought but a short spell of north-east wind, and the purpling trees became gold and green against blue skies.

To Jekyll this spring had much of the freshness of childish things. He might call himself a laughing cynic, but within the hard shell of his cynicism a wonder at the beauty of life had been re-born. Actually, he picked primroses; he asserted that he had never seen such primroses before, and sent them down to Gilda, there were blue pools under the oak trees in the park where bluebells grew. He

WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL

discovered a grove of wild cherries near the sandpit. Ann's orchard was a mass of blossom, and she was all the more happy about the blossom because it had been sprayed with arsenate of lead against the caterpillar of the winter moth.

With regard to the blue-bells, Jekyll spoke to Aubrey Benson. "You might mark them 'ground under repair' and allow players to lift. No niblicks among the blue-bells."

Aubrey reassured him.

"As a matter of fact, sir, our members have agreed to lift and drop."

"Then we really are Arcadians, Aubrey."

Jekyll bought a saddle-horse and took to riding about the estate. He was talking of selling the Bentley and keeping a little eight-horse baby in its place. The Rolls would remain. He had had to buy Ann a light lorry for her farm work. The blue van still functioned from the Four Firs.

Bluewater prepared for an Easter season and obtained it. The weather was mild, the gorse aflame, and enthusiastic Arcadians and campers arrived. The Sunflower was full; the old cottages were occupied, and the new ones would be available in May. The Bluewater Management had arranged to allow a limited and chosen number of day visitors through the toll-gate at the nominal charge of one shilling, but these privileged ones had to produce a card of introduction signed by some other Bluewater enthusiast. There was little trouble at the toll-gate now. Ex-Sergeant-Major Gadd had not to reinforce the bar with pieces of domestic furniture.

Gwen and Derrek were married in March, took a fortnight's honeymoon on the Riviera partly at Jekyll's expense, and were back in April to tackle what promised to be a halcyon season. Gwen was to help her husband with the Sunflower, for Derrek was overworked. Staffs had to be enlarged, and accommodation for them provided. Aubrey Benson took over the accounting and secretaryship from Derrek.

Then, early in May, two things happened.

Jekyll was thrown when riding among the sandhills, and broke a leg, and Derrek discovered the snake in the grass.

DERREK had been getting up at six to run across to the estate office and write up his accounts and portions of a new novel, before handing over to Aubrey Benson. On this particular May morning he had put the key into the keyhole

of the office door before he noticed the card fastened to the door. Some creative abstraction had been worrying him.

He stared at the card. It was the size of an ordinary postcard, and was fixed neatly to the door by two brass drawing-pins. Some message or announcement was hand-printed upon it in black ink.

Derrek read. The thing was too foul to be rendered

He went down in slippers and dressing-gown, and in the lounge Derrek produced the card.

Stout read it and then sat down on the padded arm of a chair.

"Let's think, my lad. Of course, one ought to bring in the police. No, but damn it! A sensation is just what the swine wants. I wonder who the devil—who could . . .?"

They looked at each other.

"No one belonging to the place."

"Not likely. Is it likely?"

"No. Someone who sneaked in at night. Say, Stout, he or she may try it again. If one could catch the beast!"

"Absolutely. Look here, D., supposing we keep quiet about this. Don't tell your wife. We'll bring in Jimmie and Aubrey. It ought to be a gentlemen's show. One of us ought to patrol each night." Derrek's face showed that he was more than ready.

"Yes, that's the idea. But we don't know what we are going to catch, if we can catch anything. You or I might be able to make it pretty rough for the swine, but Jimmie is not exactly a bruiser."

"Well, supposing Jimmie and Aubrey were to do a night together, and you and I alternate nights alone. You see, one of the most important things is that if any more of these nice advertisements go up, someone responsible should find them and take them down before the world's stirring."

Stout slipped the card into a pocket of his dressing-gown. He got up and started moving towards the door.

"I'll lock up this bit of poison in my safe. I do feel, D., that the one man who shouldn't know, if we can help it, is the victim."

Derrek looked fierce.

That same night they began their secret patrolling of Bluewater, and especially did they watch the road leading into the estate. Nothing was seen or heard of any prowler, and yet, on the fourth morning, a very sleepy Jimmie Jettison found another of those pleasant cards pinned on the doorway of Gilda's shop. With fastidious fingers that seemed to shrink from the unclean thing, he unpinned it and crossed the sandhills to the Anchor.

When Archie Stout saw the thing, he rubbed his full chin. The four of them took counsel together in Aubrey's shop. It was Derrek who suggested laying a film of sand at the toll-gate to take the impression of a foot. If the prowler came by the gate . . . They decided to bring Ex-Sergeant-Major Gadd into the quest, but without telling him all that could be told.

"Someone is getting into the place at night, Gadd. Yes, one or two funny things have happened. We want to make



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ABOUT
ME!

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in detail. It did not merely suggest, it asserted that—Derrek stared at the thing. Who was the loathsome beast who had pinned up this filthy text, with Jekyll's name attached? He glanced quickly over either shoulder, and then proceeded to withdraw the pins and remove the piece of pasteboard. Had anyone else seen it? Probably not; which was a blessing. Supposing one of the girls . . . Yes, it was lucky that he had come across early.

He examined the card carefully, and then slipped it into his breast pocket. He opened the office door and looked in, and saw that nothing had been disturbed. Well, this was serious. Serious? It was a piece of incredible blackguardism. He re-locked the office door, reflected for a moment, and then walked off towards the Anchor.

Archie Stout was also an early riser, but not quite so early as Derrek. He was in the thinking-about-getting-up phase when he heard a voice outside his window.

"Mr. Stout!"

"Hallo!"

"Can you come down? Something rather serious."

Stout rolled out of bed and appeared at the window.

"Not a burglary? No. I'll let you in. You can watch me dress."

TWO PICTURES to Treasure of ROYAL FATHER and SON The Late KING GEORGE V and KING EDWARD VIII

sure whether he comes in by the toll."

Gadd did not think very much of Derrek's strip of sand. He knew a better trick than that—strands of fine black cotton stretched between the posts of the toll-and-wicket-gates. He placed his threads, and sat up half the night; but in the morning those strands were unbroken.

Apparently, Blue-water's prowler slipped in under the wire fence, for Stout found the next card pinned to a pillar of the hotel loggia, and Gadd's spider's web had not been touched.

ANN heard the birds singing in the gradual stealth of the dawn. She slept with her blind up and the window wide, and from her bed she could see the edge of the sun above a green hill that looked all black. She slipped out of bed and went to her window and saw those fingers of yellow light feeling their way into the garden below her. Dew, and the sweet, cold smell of the dawn, and the sea like an opal. She had work to do, much work, Jekyll's and her own, and life was good.

She went on bare feet to the communicating door between her husband's room and hers. The door had been left ajar in case he should need her and call to her in the night. She listened.

"Ann!"

He was awake. She slipped round the door.

"Did I wake you?"

She saw his dim face.

"How did Tennyson put it in 'Maud'? I think I must hear you like that. What's the day?"

"Perfect."

"Let me see it. The old leg has been behaving like a gentleman. Going farming?"

She raised his blind, and went and kissed him. For a supposedly irritable man he had borne his affliction like a saint.

"I'm going to get early tea; like some?"

"Love it. I say, what a pageant that sky is. I think it has done me good to be tied by the leg. One just lies like a kid and wonders. Fuss and fury seem rather futile."

"You've been such a lamb."

"The lamb has a beast of a beard on him."

"Has he? Does it matter?"

It did not matter. She went whistling downstairs into the kitchen quarters where everything was as still as the dawn. When you loved, even unshaven chins and

untidy heads were of no account save as part of your rich compassion. She put the kettle on, and found two trays ready in the pantry; she cut bread and butter. Yes, life was about as good as it could be. She went upstairs, strong and straight in her green gown, a tray in either hand, and not a single drop of milk was spilled.

He could not see her standing on the step staring with bent brows at something that was pinned upon the door.

SHE had slipped the unclean thing into her bosom. Her face was strange and fierce. Striding almost like a man, she struck across the park with the dew upon her shoes. Dew, sunlight, oaks in young leaf, the grass glittering and grey, a singing of birds. Beauty, yes; what beauty—and the unclean thing in her bosom!

Thank God she had been the one to find it.

Never had she known such anger, both passionate and cold. This incredible thing! Who...? What should she do? Her original purpose carried her halfway across the park, but there it veered like the wind. She retraced her steps. She walked round the house, scrutinizing every door and window. She went down through the garden and over the hill to Culverin Cove. She could not keep this thing to herself. She needed a friend, and the friend she chose was Stout.

Early though it was, she found an Anchor porter sweeping out the loggia.

"Mr. Stout up yet?"

"No, madam."

"Will you tell him I want to see him? I'll wait here."

Stout was with her in five minutes. He knew at once when he saw her face that the poison had reached her. She was immeasurably calm. She stood up.

"Let's go on to the jetty, Archie."

Standing by the white rail, she drew the thing from her bosom and handed it to him.

"I found—this—pinned to the Moor Hall door."

Stout's face looked strangely crumpled. He read the card, folded it in two, and thrust it into a trouser pocket.

"How utterly damnable! This isn't the first!"

"Others?"

"Yes; they are stuck up at night. We didn't tell you. We've been scouting around at night, trying to catch the scoundrel."

"Who?"

"Oh, Derrek and I and Jimmie and Aubrey. We took the thing on. We decided—that—the one person who should not know—"

With her hands rigid on the white rail (Please turn to page 104.)

From Me to You—xxxvii

Homage

FIVE minutes before midnight. . . . Not even a January moon to shed a fugitive beauty over the sad stillness of the night when a nation was bereft of its King.

Our King, our Nation. Our sadness, our loss. As a national family we seem one with the death and rigour of winter.

He has passed. Our King, whose voice has echoed and re-echoed through every home here in the Mother Country and in the far-flung outposts of the Empire. . . . His message is finished. . . . His voice is silent.

More than any other, perhaps, the words of his last Christmas message will live long in the memory of every man, woman and child of this generation. Do you remember listening to him? . . .

"I send you all, and not the least to the children who may be listening to me, my truest Christmas wishes, and those of my dear wife, my children and grandchildren who are with me to-day."

His was no flimsy world of phrases. He used ordinary words which ordinary people could understand. His was a world of service—of royal, loyal service, by deed and by word. A world peopled with human understanding and human kindness. The world of the real, simple, human, family man.

He is gone. . . .

But his memory lives. And, as we as a nation are mourning our loss and thinking with deep-rooted affection of the poignant sorrow of our beloved Queen Mary, the sorrow of every member of the Royal Family, may we look with loyalty, confidence and hope to our new King, Edward VIII.

May he be to us a living memory of his father, a great King, a great leader—above all, a great man.

God Save Our King.

Julia G. S.
The Editor.

"Too much light, J.?"

"No, I love it."

"I want to be up at the Four Firs at half-past six, and pay a surprise visit."

She poured out his tea for him, and tucked a cushion under his pillows.

"How's that?"

"Perfect. If you have time to-day, darling, you might see how that lad in the camp is, the one with 'flu.'"

"I will."

She came in to take his tray before going out on her early round. She kissed him.

"Like a book?"

"No, I'll just lie and stare."

He heard her go whistling down the stairs, and the opening and closing of the front door. What a clean, fine mate she was, and so much kinder than the girl!



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Bluewater

(Continued from page 28)

she seemed to breathe in deeply.

"Thank you, Archie."

"My dear, we—"

"It doesn't seem credible somehow—
that . . . Who can it be?"

Stout looked grim.

"That's what is making us see red. We
haven't an idea. We think someone sneaks
in at night, but we can't find where or how.
It can't be anyone in Bluewater. We haven't
brought the police in, Ann. We thought—
yes, if we could catch the devil ourselves and
twist his neck and soul—it would be . . .
Yes, you know what I mean. We don't want
your husband to know."

She looked Stout straight in the eyes.

"Thank you, Archie. You see, I'm very . . .
And that this—should be said of him—of all
men. Oh, it's too beastly, too cowardly—
too . . ."

He nodded at her. "We are going to do
our best to catch the swine and smother his
lies. I'm glad you came to me, Ann. It
took some courage."

"Courage? Oh no, Archie, not courage."
He understood.

It was Stout's night on duty, and he shared
it with a full moon and a cloudless sky,
and a sea that was like glass. Stout had gone



STARDUST . . .

by

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into the sandhills behind the Sunflower and
spread himself on a hummock among the
tussocks of grass. The night was brilliant
and still; too brilliant, it seemed to him, for
any prowler to arrive.

He had pulled a piece of grass and was
sucking it when some sound other than that
of the sea slipped into the circle of his aware-
ness. He turned over and sat up. The sound
that he had heard came from the sea; it was
faint and rhythmic, the distant beat of a pair
of skulls.

Stout scrambled up. For so big a man he
ran swiftly and noiselessly to the Sunflower,
and up its steps. Derrek was sleeping alone
on a camp bed in the loggia. Stout bent over
him and touched him.

"All right, D. Quiet!"

Derrek sat up.

"Hallo! Anything—?"

"Quiet! Listen! Hear anything?"

The sound had become more distinct.

"A boat out there."

"Supposing the creature comes from the
sea?"

"By gemini!"

Derrek swung his legs out of bed and slipped
on a pair of canvas shoes. He had gone to
bed in trousers and shirt. Motionless, and
gazing seawards, they listened. The sound

(Please turn to opposite page)



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for the whole family."

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HALO AIDS TO HAIR CULTURE

See page 105

Bluewater

(Continued from opposite page)

seemed to be passing across Bluewater Bay, but they could not distinguish the boat.

"Come on. He may be making for the cove."

"Got anything?"

"A knuckle-duster and a torch."

They slithered off together, keeping to the sandhills and in touch with that faint sound. If the boat were making for Culverin Cove, then it would soon become visible—but the sound went on. They climbed the path across Spaniard's Point, and on the ridge among the gorse bushes they paused and stood at gaze. The martello tower bulked black below, and suddenly Stout pointed.

"There! See?"

Derrek nodded.

"By Jove, he's making for the Little Cove. He's coming in. Run!"

Stout held him a moment.

"D., take the torch. If he lands he'll come up the path through the gorse. I'll grab him. If he's the man, we've got to catch him with one of those poisonous things on him. See? I'll hold the devil—while you search."

"Right-o! Please God it is!"

THE gorse was high here, but they crouched as they made for the path that climbed in zig-zags from the Little Cove. They placed themselves about fifty yards above the beach—one on each side of the path and crouching in the furze. They could distinctly hear the strokes of the sculls, and suddenly the sound ceased. The boat was gliding in. There was the clink of a metal rowlock, and the faint grinding of the keel on the shingle.

The man from the boat was level with them when Stout sprang.

The fellow hissed like a snake, writhed back, and blundered into Derrek. Stout had gripped one arm, the other eluded him for a moment; it was groping for a pocket. Stout caught the wrist and dragged the hand clear.

"Got him!"

He held the fellow's wrists in his big paws.

"Search, D.!"

The three figures seem to strain and twist like a dark knot.

"Damn you, would you?"

The fellow's teeth were in Stout's right wrist. He bit like a rat. Stout jabbed an elbow forward into his face. There was a sharp cry from Derrek.

"Breast pocket. Can you hold on?"

"Yes. Show a light. Stand still, you swine! If you bite me again, I'll kill you."

Derrek's torch flashed. Its beam blazed on the piece of white card he held.

"It's—the fellow!"

"Let's see his face."

The beam lit up the man's face.

"Santer!"

"You swine!"

And then Stout struck. For a moment, the little white smudge of a face hung in the light of the torch before it sagged back into the darkness. Santer went down into the swell of a gorse-bush. He lay there.

"Santer! Show the card."

Derrek passed torch and card to Stout.

"You're bleeding, Archie."

(Please turn to page 107)

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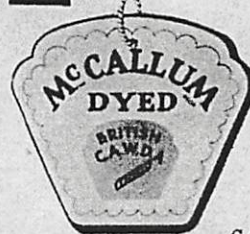
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W.J.L. 7

Bluewater (Continued from page 105)

"The thing bit like a rat. By heaven, this is it, all right!"

Derrek stood over Santer. He plugged the toe of a shoe into Santer's ribs.

"Get up! By Jove, you've knocked him out, Archie! I hoped I should get one in."

Stout was stuffing the card into a trouser pocket. He turned the torch on the black bundle below.

"He's coming to. Well, we've got the rat—and now the problem."

Said Stout: "Why did you play this foul trick, Santer? Sulky? Nothing to say? Well, I suppose you will be put away for some years. And let me tell you that you will deserve every day of it. Now get up."

"He sacked me because I knew too much. I should say he's sorry."

The thing could still spit venom. Derrek's head gave a jerk of anger. He had been allowed no blow.

"Sorry? So you think—no, as a matter of fact we have rather spoilt your poison plot."

His red head would have led him to say too much. Stout was more shrewd. A thing like Santer should be treated more silently and grimly.

"All right, D. He will know. We had better get on with the job. And where did you and your boat hail from?"

"I'm not answering any questions."

"Not. Oh, very well! That will come later. March!"

Stout led, with Derrek following on Santer's heels, and ready to tread on them. They went over the crown of the headland and saw all Bluewater in the moonlight, and that supple sea, and the black bulk of the tower below them.

Stout spoke. "Got the key of the martello, Derrek?"

"No."

"Run and get it. I'll carry on with this."

Derrek went at a trot down the hillside, and Stout, with a big fist on Santer's collar, swung him round.

"This way."

When they came to the tower, Stout thrust Santer off.

"Sit down!"

Santer sat down. The last trickle of venom had leaked from him. He huddled up and shivered.

"Going to lock me in there, Mr. Stout?"

Stout was laconic.

"Best place—till they find you a cell."

DERREK had come back with the key. It was Stout who unlocked the door, and flashed the torch over the tower's interior. The place was being used as a kind of lumber store, and its one window was closed by padlocked shutters. Derrek pushed Santer in.

"Better search him, Derrek."

Santer was searched. He did not protest. He stood there limply, the little mean soul of him less than stale, cold fish.

"Can't you gents give me a chance?"

Derrek, going through Santer's pockets, threw back his head.

"A chance? You?"

His scorn snapped into a short, sharp laugh.

"Sense of humour lacking. No, there's

no knife or tool on him, Mr. Stout."

"Good. I'll go and 'phone the police. I'd like you to stay on guard, Derrek."

"I'll stay."

They locked Santer in with the lumber, the cobwebs, and the darkness.

In the moonlight, Stout nodded at Derrek. He beckoned; they went down to the edge of the sea where little flat waves ended each in a moist prattle. From out yonder came the beat of a screw as some "tramp" in ballast ploughed down the Channel. Stout stood very still, with the sea washing close to his feet.

"Do you see light, Derrek?"

"Just how? Are you going to 'phone?"

"No."

Derrek's chin swung round.

"Ah, I see. You think the reptile's scotched?"

"I—rather—think so. Let him have six hours alone in that cave, waiting. The little skunk. But why should we have to broadcast his smell?"

Derrek picked up a stone, paused, and tossed it into the sea.

"Like that? Sunk for good? Can one be sure?"

"Pretty sure, I think. We shall have scotched him both ways."

STOUT drove up to Moor Hall at six. There was a little mist in the park, but the tops of the oaks were smoky gold. He left his car halfway up the drive and walked to the house. He rang.

It was Ann who opened the door, an Ann who had been in the kitchen making early tea. She looked questioningly at Stout's grim, tired, jocund face.

"We've got him."

He saw the flash of her eyes.

"Who?"

"Santer."

"Santer!"

"Yes. He was using a boat and landing in the Little Cove. We've locked him in the tower. Yes, red handed, one of the vile things on him."

Stout's smile was shrewd.

"We wanted you to know early. No, we haven't done anything. It's your choice, my dear."

She stood looking into the sunlit and misty park with wide, grave eyes.

"Thank you, Archie, I understand. I'll come down."

"You'll see him?"

She nodded. "It's my pleasure."

And then she laughed, but her mouth and eyes were tender.

"His tea, Archie."

I want to take it up. He need not know. You wouldn't mind a cup?"

He looked at her steadfastly.

"Splendid. You're what I thought a stout wench should be—splendid!"

And again she laughed.

"Not too much sugar, Archie. Sit in the hall. No talking; he has quick ears."

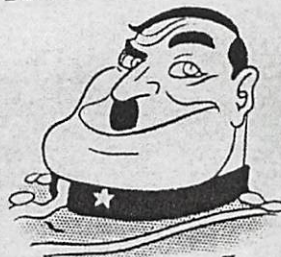
DERREK was sitting on the grass, and when he saw the two figures coming down over the sunlit hill, he stood, with the key of the tower in his hand.

Did he still love Ann—that calm, serene, strong Ann, whose face was like the face of

(Please turn to page 109)



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GLYCERINE

JELLY

INSTANTLY ABSORBED

Bluewater

(Continued from page 107)

the morning? Yes, yes, and no. Stout's sweater was in wrinkles, and in the swagger of him there was a kind of jovial splendour.

No one spoke. Ann smiled at Derrek, held out a hand. Calmly, she went to the door and unlocked it. Stout and young Fielden, watchful, drew away.

Ann saw a little blinking, blotched face, scared eyes, fingers that plucked at a button. Santer was sitting on a box, his knees sagging together. He looked what he was—obscure, slimy, mean. She spoke sharply, quietly.

"Santer, stand up!"

He got to his feet, toes turned in, but he did not utter a word.

"Why did you do this infamous thing?"

Mere malice? Yes, I suppose so. Ashamed?"

He blinked at her.

"Answer!"

He moistened his lips, and seemed to give a slight jerk of the head, but no words came. Her voice was level and cold and quiet, and the two waiting men could hear everything she said. They looked into each other's eyes. She was both merciless and merciful.

She had finished. She stood back from the door, just where the sunlight fell.

"Now—go! Some things are not worth while. And remember..."

Santer was snivelling. He came out like some subterranean thing into the light of the morning. He dabbed with a handkerchief.

"My chance, madam..."

"Take it—get back into your boat."

And Jekyll never knew.

THE END.

Those Charm-full Forties

(Continued from page 97)

charm of middle years. So write to me, please—soon. Be brief but lucid. You'll find the Service Coupon on page 87.

But charm doesn't forget hands and arms and elbows. Indeed, it is an accepted fact that hands are rather a 'give-away' on the score of age. Yet believe me, they needn't be. Regular judicious care will keep your hands as young as it will your face. If we make it our business to see that they are well-manicured, smooth and firm then all will be well. Avoid being careless in the matter of soap! A good soap, please. Plenty of warm water. Pin a whole lot of faith to a good nail brush and never forget to dry thoroughly. Finally, a good reliable hand-lotion or cream every time you wash your hands. Then at night I do strongly recommend the regular use of some good emollient cream. Constant washing washes away the natural oils, but if a good nutritious hand cream is always used at bedtime, the tissues are maintained in a good healthy condition which is largely the secret of a youthful-looking hand. Space forbids my going into the details of a good home manicure but again, if any readers want help, well, just write, will you?

There are times, too, when a *soignee* head, a good skin, and good features, yes, and pretty hands have been definitely marred by un-pretty elbows. Take my advice. A gentle scrubbing with a good brush (not too stiff a one—I know of an excellent brand) and the frequent rubbing with half a lemon plus a little of your skin food well worked in at bedtime and if your elbows have made you a little conscious of them in your evening or semi-evening frocks, well! you need have those qualms no longer.

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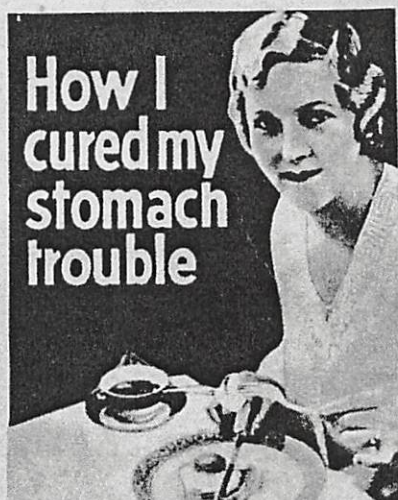
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INECTO

On the Cinematograph

By
WARWICK DEEPING

A hand was laid upon my shoulder. I turned and saw Jeanne Rigaud. "Raoul, you have killed him!"

I HAD walked out into the garden of the Villa des Violettes, for in the saloon Jeanne was to repeat that part in which Sylvestre makes love to her, and I had not the patience to see him play that part.

Old Bonthron, our chief and our dramatic artist, was watching them, while Paul Luvigny turned the handle of the "mitrailleuse."

I hated Sylvestre, and I know that he hated me. In this great society drama that we were staging for the cinematograph I was the hero and Sylvestre the rogue. But what did that matter? He made love to her, and in real life I had not the advantage that I had in the play. But though I shirked watching them, I could not escape from the sound of their voices as I walked under the mimosa trees.

Sylvestre acted well, because he was in earnest. It was a dramatic moment in the play. I stood still and listened.

Then I heard old Bonthron's voice, testy and impatient.

"*Tiens—tiens!* It is spoilt, it is no use. *Sapristi!* mademoiselle; but you are a bit of wood. It is absurd!"

Old Bonthron was a tyrant, but Mademoiselle Jeanne Rigaud was a woman who knew her value. Half France was in love with her. No queen of the Théâtre Française could carry herself more proudly than she did.

Her voice rang out.

"Did you not see? It is abominable! Sylvestre cannot behave himself."

They were all speaking at once.

"I tell you I play my part—as an artist."

"As a beast! I will not be touched by him, monsieur."

"*Sapristi!* you women are the devil. Sylvestre here may be a little too violent."

"Too violent, indeed!"

She laughed; she was furious; her laughter thrilled me.

"I will not act with him unless he asks for pardon. What!—he may handle me like that, and I may not resent it? I tell you he shall go down on his knees."

I could not help myself; I climbed the terrace steps and strolled in through the window.

Old Bonthron was trying to soothe her; Paul Luvigny was laughing behind his machine; Sylvestre stood with his arms folded, sulky and defiant.

He turned and saw me, and his glance was like the stab of a foil.

"Here is the good Raoul, the hero, the fine fellow!"

He shrugged his shoulders, laughed, and turned again to Jeanne.

"Mademoiselle, I will go on my knees to prove to Raoul here that I am no villain."

Sylvestre could be droll enough when he pleased. He went on his knees to Jeanne Rigaud, winked at old Bonthron, and in half a minute he had us laughing. Jeanne put her anger away, and covered it as a woman can cover her wrath.

They played the scene again, and this time old Bonthron was delighted; but as for me, I felt sick at heart, for Jeanne seemed to throw herself into the part. It was as though Sylvestre's boldness had inflamed her, piqued her into answering a passion that blazed on his pale face and in his reckless eyes.

For a moment I did not know what to believe—what to think. I went out into the garden, and walked up and down under the trees.

I heard old Bonthron praising them.
 "That was great—magnificent! Always quarrel, my children—if it brings such fire."

Jeanne laughed.

"Sylvestre excelled himself. But I am tired. Raoul can make love to me to-morrow."

That evening I was sitting at a table outside the Café de Paris when someone swung a chair forward and sat down at my table. I glanced up. It was Sylvestre.

He had an amused, triumphant air.

"Do you see pictures in the pavement, my friend, that you stare so hard? You should change parts with me, Raoul; play the villain; that face of yours would send old Bonthron crazy."

His insolent eyes maddened me.

"An idea," I said; "but Mademoiselle Jeanne might not be pleased."

He laughed.

"I will ask her," he answered; "we are becoming very good friends."

He drew a note out of his pocket, and read it with an air of vainglorious ostentation. Then he stared me in the face and smiled.

"I will ask her to-night, little fellow. She will soon be ready to listen to all that the noble Sylvestre says."

He drank the coffee he had ordered, lit a cigarette, pushed his chair back, and bowed to me ironically.

"You know nothing of women, dear Raoul; you do not know how to conquer. One must conquer them by brute force. Such is life."

He walked off, swaggerer and dandy that he was, swinging his cane, his head in the air; but his thrust had pierced my guard; a furious jealousy possessed me. I followed him.

Perhaps he was playing a game with me; perhaps he had counted on my following him, but I was determined to see whether he had been boasting, or whether he had told me the truth.

Sylvestre took the streets that led up towards the suburb of St. Genevieve on the hill overlooking the sea. He did not trouble to look back; I knew instinctively whither he was going. The northern sky was full of quiet stars, but to me they were like red sparks flying from a huge furnace. I was a Southerner, with the hot blood of the South in my heart.

Sylvestre paused at the iron gate that closed the steps leading up to the villa where Jeanne Rigaud was staying. He looked back, but I do not think he saw me, for I was under the deep shade thrown by an ilex tree. Sylvestre disappeared, and I stood there, half tempted to make a mad fool of myself.

Then I heard footsteps coming up the road, the footsteps of a woman. The *frou-frou* of her dress was like the rustling of wind in the trees. The next moment she had reached the place where the ilex cast its gloom, and even in the dim light I recognized Jeanne Rigaud.

She saw me, and stopped dead, for I made rather a sinister figure there lurking in the shadow, with my back flattened against the wall.

"Jeanne, do not be afraid."

She started towards me, her eyes shining in her pale face.

"You! Is it you?"

Her voice thrilled me; it was as though she had touched me with her hand.

"Yes. I should not be here, but the devil tempted me."

"He is here, then?"

"Who?"

"Sylvestre."

I had a moment of horror. Then Sylvestre had not been boasting; she had given him that letter, and had told him to come to her at her villa!

But she broke the ice of my jealousy as though it were glass.

"He is here. You followed him. Quick, come with me."

She caught my arm, but she did not draw me towards the gate, but back by the way she had come, along the steep road between the gardens. Her fingers gripped like a man's. She was breathing quickly as though she had been running.

A half-ruined shrine stood among some cypresses beside the road. She drew me in among the trees so that we were hidden by the shrine.

"So it has come to this! It is better that you should know the truth, Raoul. I have hidden it too long."

"The truth! Sylvestre boasted to me——"

"The wretch! Raoul, Sylvestre is my husband."

"Your husband—Sylvestre!"

"Yes."

I was mute, amazed, on the edge of a

storm of selfish rage. And then I saw the way her head dropped and how her hands hung limply; the pride had gone out of her. I might have struck her, and I do not think she would have blamed me.

Anger turned to pity as I looked at her, the passionate pity of a lover.

"Jeanne, I have no right to be angry, even to ask questions—"

She flung out her hands.

"Yes—you shall know. I was a mere slip of a girl then, and my *dot* was good. Well, he married me—the beast!—and then—well—I left him. But when I was becoming famous he hunted me down, though I refused to recognize him as my husband. I gave him money to keep it secret. He made me persuade old Bonthron to take him into our company. I could not get rid of the man, though I could manage him—till—till you came, Raoul, and fell in love with me—mad fellow that you are!"

I caught her hands, for even in this desperate confession of hers I heard a cry that went to my heart.

"Jeanne, how could I know? Was I to blame? My God! I could not help loving you."

"The fault was mine. I should have warned you—and yet—"

Sylvestre's wife though she was, I took her in my arms; for she was weeping now—this woman of exquisite pride and sensitive vanity. I wanted to comfort her, even while I loved her. It was not the meaner self in me that clamoured to be expressed.

"Jeanne, what can I do? Tell me!"

"Nothing—nothing."

I thought of Sylvestre's insolent eyes and sallow, sensual face.

"It is sacrilege—such a marriage!"

Then she told me how Sylvestre had persecuted and humiliated her, how he had taken a devil's delight in making her suffer, how he had taken her money and spent it in sordid adventures.

"And I have bribed him to save myself the horror of living with him, but he grows more greedy and extravagant."

I felt horribly helpless. There was one way of salvation, but somehow I could not bring myself to speak of it to Jeanne. Moreover, I dreaded Sylvestre's evil temper. He was capable of killing her rather than she should escape.

"I can go away, Jeanne," I said—"see you no more."

She clung to me like a child.

"No—no, Raoul, do not desert me. I trusted no man till I learnt to trust you. Life would be the same—even worse. He would taunt me, and be more insolent than ever."

"If you desire it, Jeanne, I will stay near you, and try not to show my love."

She smiled at me.

"Ah, Raoul, I could not ask for that. I do not think that I should desire it; nor would Sylvestre be deceived; he is sly as the devil."

Then an idea came to me—an idea that was desperate enough in itself, in that I should sacrifice everything in setting Jeanne free. I stood very still, thinking, while she looked up into my face.

"Raoul, what is in your heart?"

My eyes must have frightened her.

"Nothing—nothing. I must try and think of how I can help you. I have made up my mind to help you, Jeanne. And now I will take you to your villa, and wait in the road to make sure that Sylvestre behaves himself."

My will had become the stronger. She seemed to lean on me, to count on my initiative, and so I led her back up the road between the gardens, to where the ilex tree threw its heavy shade.

"I shall stay here—on guard," I said in a whisper. "Good night, dear heart."

She held my hands for a moment.

"Good night, Raoul; do not desert me."

She entered the gate, and climbed the steps leading to the villa, and I stood there, listening.

Sylvestre must have been waiting there in the garden, for I heard him welcome her with that mocking voice of his. The night was so still that I could hear all that was said.

"You are late, my dear. Yes, I have given myself the pleasure of calling on you, and smoking a cigar in your charming garden."

Jeanne answered him very quietly.

"Yes, I am late. I passed Raoul on the road, and we exchanged a few words."

Sylvestre laughed.

"So the fool followed me! Jealous! *Mon Dieu!* I played a pretty trick upon him. But listen to me, my little one:

that fellow grows too affectionate. I am going to snuff him out—make him evaporate. I shall make love to you, and you will accept me as your favoured lover. *Sapristi*, that is a jest—making love to one's own wife! But you understand me, my Jeanne?"

"I understand; yet I may refuse."

"Oh, no, madame will not refuse; I can make her life too distressing! You will be cold to Master Raoul; you will snub him; you will give all your smiles to me. I know how to suppress that fellow."

Jeanne did not answer him for a moment, but when she spoke her voice was level and self-restrained.

"Be careful, my friend; I may find it worth my while to tell people the truth."

He laughed cynically.

"Oh, no, that will not happen! Besides, Sylvestre would still be Sylvestre—and your husband. What is more, my sweet, I am not the man to let you play tricks with me; I am not going to be put in a corner; I shall not let any lover of yours open the cage and set the bird free. I would wring the bird's neck rather than that should happen."

"You were always a boaster," she said.

He answered her viciously.

"I am not boasting, my Jeanne. Let me warn you that you will not get rid of me, and you will do as I please."

I crept down the road when I heard Sylvestre descending the steps, and hiding myself behind the shrine among the cypresses, I waited for him to pass. He went by with the easy saunter of a man well pleased with himself, the glowing end of his cigar a sinister point of fire.

I mocked at him grimly—in my heart.

"You are so clever, my friend—such a bully; but you are at the mercy of a man who knows how to love. Yes, I shall not hesitate; Jeanne shall be free."

Next morning I made my way to the Villa des Violettes. The sky was as clear as a great crystal, and the sea like



She came, a tall, slim figure in black, moving through the trees

lapis lazuli. The scent of the mimosa was heavy on the air. Never had I seen Nature more tranquil and more beautiful; the earth had a happy solemnity—a solemnity that helped me to be calm. I was surprised at my own tranquillity; I knew that I was going to sacrifice myself for Jeanne's sake; that my love for her had sworn that she should be free.

In the garden I picked a few violets, and put them in my buttonhole. The perfume made me think of the scent of a church.

Then I heard Sylvestre's laughter, and my mood hardened. We were to stage the duel scene in our piece, the scene in which we fought with foils on the villa terrace. It was the climax, the moment when the rogue got his deserts.

Old Bonthron was bustling about, Luvigny getting his machine ready. Several other members of our troop were present, men who were to play the part of our seconds. Sylvestre was sitting astride a chair, smoking a cigarette, telling doubtful stories and laughing like a satyr. Jeanne had not arrived. Her part was to come in at the death.

Sylvestre's face took a mocking expression directly he caught sight of me.

"Hallo, little fellow, so you are going to kill me this morning! *Sapristi*, but we ought to change parts—you and I; but I'll be generous, since you win only in the play."

I smiled at him. His taunts did not wound me that morning.

"Be happy, Sylvestre," I said, "for your life has no sadness."

Old Bonthron was in a bustling mood.

"Come along, come along, let us get to work. Bring me the foils, Pierre. Are you ready, Luvigny?"

"Ready, monsieur."

So the staging of the scene began, and in five minutes Sylvestre and I were playing our parts in that mock drama that was to end in a tragedy. I was a good swordsman, so was Sylvestre; but I had made up my mind to kill him, and I felt Fate in my wrist.

The formalism was over; Sylvestre and I stood face to face, our foils crossed, while Luvigny worked the "mitrail-leuse."

Sylvestre mocked me.

"How you would like to kill me, my child!"

I said nothing; it was for the sword to speak, the tongue was superfluous.

Then it was that Sylvestre must have seen death in my eyes. His face blanched; he gave ground a little; we were fencing furiously.

Old Bonthron was delighted.

"Splendid — magnificent! A little longer."

Sylvestre was flinching. I saw that he would pretend to be hit, that he would fall, and that my chance would be gone. I pressed him mercilessly.

"*Sapristi*, Raoul, are you mad?"

Then the point of my foil caught him below the heart. He staggered, thrust out his arms, and fell forward with a cry of despair.

For a moment there was silence; no one moved. Old Bonthron stood and stared, his mouth wide open. Luvigny had ceased to turn the handle of the machine. Then they made a rush for Sylvestre, and crowded round him, but I kept my place, the point of my foil resting on the stones.

A hand was laid upon my shoulder. I turned and saw Jeanne Rigaud. I do not know whether I was pale, but her face was the colour of milk.

"Raoul, you have killed him!"

Her voice was a hoarse whisper. I nodded. She gripped my arm.

"It was an accident. Tell them it was an accident."

I closed my eyes. There was something of the fanatic in me that morning.

"No. I have shown you that I can love. I have set you free. Do not forget."

Old Bonthron was on his knees, and waving those big, fat hands of his.

"My God, he is dead! What a disaster; but what a film!"

He got up, blinking his eyes.

"Raoul, my friend, how did it happen? This is a bad business, though it was an accident."

Jeanne had drawn aside, but I could hear her breathing like one in anguish. I knew that she was willing me to hide the truth.

I set my teeth.

"It was not an accident. I meant to kill him!"

They stood and stared at me like stupid creatures who had lost their wits. I remember noticing that the whites of old

Bonthron's eyes were yellow, and that Luvigny's cravat was all awry.

Old Bonthron was the first to recover himself.

"You killed him! It was not an accident! But what will you do?"

"Give myself up to the police. It was fate. I could not help myself."

I threw the foil away, and, turning, met Jeanne Rigaud's eyes.

She thrust out her hands, appealing to them all.

"He is mad! Look at his face."

I put on my coat.

"No, I am not mad," I said. "I am proud. I give no reasons, I betray no secrets. Monsieur Bonthron, perhaps you will come with me to the police."

I saw Jeanne try to utter my name as I turned away, but no sound came from her lips. Old Bonthron came blundering along with me, and the good soul was weeping.

I did not see Jeanne again till the day of my trial. For two days I had her face before me, a white and suffering face. I pleaded guilty, but I would not tell them why I had killed Sylvestre. It was Jeanne who told them that.

My eyes had implored her to keep silence. She knew that I was ready to sacrifice myself. She would not accept my sacrifice. She told them the truth.

* * * *

It was a sentimental sentence. They sent me to prison for three years.

* * * *

I was free again, and I had that letter of hers in my hand. It had been given me that morning, and as I stood in the grey "place" under the plane trees, with the fountain playing and the children chasing each other, I felt like a dead man who had been brought back to life. Perhaps prison life makes one either a cynic or a brute. Sometimes I had doubted her promises, and I waited there under the plane trees for her to come.

She came, a tall, slim figure in black, moving through the sun-splashes and the shadows under the trees. Her face had a white radiance. She was the same Jeanne, but she had changed.

And then she spoke to me, holding my hands in hers, and at the sound of her voice my manhood lost itself. I broke down; children stopped and stared.

"Raoul—*mon pauvre!*"

She called a cab that was waiting near the fountain. By then I had mastered myself, but it was she who told the driver where to go.

"Into the country, where one may walk by the river."

We held hands, but we did not speak; it was as though we were following the dead. Once more I saw the green glooms of the woods, the fields where the harvest was ripening, the pure blue sweep of the sky. Awe fell upon me. I wanted to get out and throw myself on the grass, to fill my hands with the brown earth, to lie on my back and stare at the sky, to feel myself human, a creature whom God would pity.

The driver drew up by an orchard, where a wooden gate led into a meadow. He pointed with his whip.

"Over there, by the poplars, there is a river; a path runs beside it."

He looked at me curiously, but not unkindly; we were no ordinary lovers wandering over the fields; the man seemed to guess that I stood in need of pity.

Jeanne dismissed him with a *pour-boire* that made him happy. He saluted us and drove off.

Jeanne Rigaud took my hand. We were in a green solitude; not a living thing was to be seen save the red-brown cattle grazing in the fields. The path led us to where a stream ran between two rows of poplars, a quiet, glassy stream, in which the trunks of the trees and the blue sky were reflected.

"It was good of you to remember me to-day."

She pressed my hand.

"Did you think that I could forget?"

I dared not look into her eyes, for the shadow of that tragedy seemed to lie between us. I did not know how the woman in her regarded life, whether I had lost her in setting her free.

"Raoul, why are you afraid?"

"Afraid!"

"Yes."

I stared at the river as though the pebbles in its bed were words that might help me.

"No, I am not afraid. But life has overwhelmed me to-day. I do not know what to say to you, Jeanne—whether happiness is possible—"

She put her hands on my shoulders, and we stood face to face.

"Raoul, look into my eyes."

I obeyed her. They were very wonderful eyes, but more serious and more kind than of yore.

"That is why I have waited, Raoul, to make happiness possible for you. You sinned for my sake, and yet the sin was mine. We must help each other, Raoul; but what we should have called happiness three years ago is but a poor shadow of the thing that I desire. I have never acted since that day, Raoul; I have the money that I made; I have tried to use it upon unfortunates—to spend myself. Yes, away yonder in the south I have a villa, vineyards, and olive groves. I have filled the villa with sick children from the cities. You shall turn farmer,

Raoul; we will grow flowers for the great cities, flowers for the people who make perfumes."

I looked into her eyes. She was showing me visions—amazing, wholly unbelievable visions.

"But, Jeanne—I cannot. You give everything; I bring nothing."

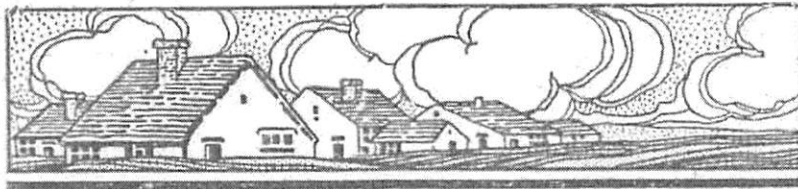
She uttered a cry of pain.

"There, will you desert me, refuse to help me to live as I desire? What is this money that fools scramble for? Raoul, for three years I have worked that God might think that we might be forgiven."

I caught her to me.

"Oh! my desire; I do not deserve this."

"Nor I, Raoul. But if God had no mercy, could men and women live?"



THE LOVER SINGS

LITTLE LOVES

MY "Little Loves," how warm you lie
In lavender and pot-pourri;
In petal-dust of memory,
Fade slowly, as the years drift by,
Dear little loves.

For in your touch I find again
The wonder-deeds youth dreams in vain,
A meeting's joy—a parting's pain—
A shattered hope—a maid's disdain
Of little loves.

How treasured dead adventure, now!
Betrothal ring; repented vow;
When sands of life are running low,
Like ghosts at twilight, to and fro,
Come . . . little loves

CLAIRE D. POLLEXFEN.

THE COST

JUST as a song that lives awhile and dies
Leaves here and there the ghost of a
refrain;
Just as a picture, vanished from the eyes,
Imprints some hidden canvas of the brain;
Just as the best of man lives on
After the heart and hands are gone,
So is my love left aching that may ne'er
be told again.

Just as, when summer sun gives place to storm,
The peaceful sea grows doubly tempest
tossed,
So I, who basked and found the sunshine
warm,
Am doubly chilled that now the warmth is
lost.
We loved, and you have gone your way
Leaving the price for me to pay;
Leaving a world of emptiness: that is the
cost.

NORMAN DENNY.

Same as "The Idea!" in The Grand

Dukie

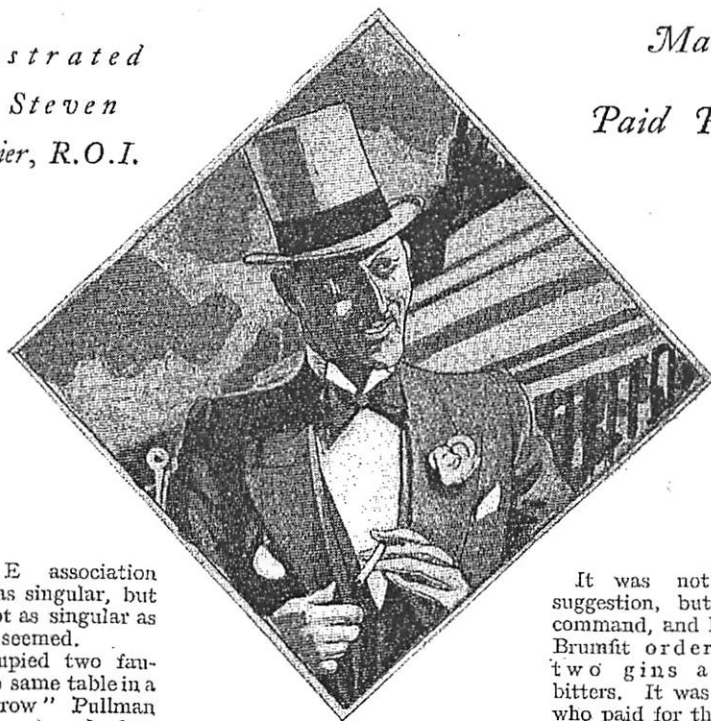
AN Experiment in Social

Climbing (and Second

Marriages) wherein a certain

Paid Piper called the tune too often

Illustrated
by Steven
Spurrier, R.O.I.



By
Warwick
DEEPING

THE association was singular, but not as singular as it seemed.

They occupied two fauteuils at the same table in a "Golden Arrow" Pullman car, and the porter who had dealt with their hand baggage looked to the taller of the two gentlemen for his tip.

But it was Mr. Brumfit who tipped him. Reginald Duke, Esq., was unfolding a copy of *The Times*, for which Mr. Brumfit had paid twopence.

"Thank you, sir."

Almost it might have been assumed that Mr. Brumfit was Reginald Duke's secretary or valet, a snuffy attachment to the sleek splendour of the essential toff, for Mr. Brumfit was short and stocky and bald, with a crumpled and commercial face, a most undistinguished person. On the other hand, Mr. Duke was so distinguished that he wore his distinction like his clothes. He was one of those big, handsome, highly coloured men with a Roman nose and blue eyes that were just a little insolent. He was the kind of man who could wear a grey topper at Ascot, and wear it at an angle. He had an air of serene deliberation. In speech he was abrupt and slangy.

He was dressed in a dove-grey suit, grey silk collar and tie, and on the table lay a pair of new wash-leather gloves. Mr. Brumfit was dressed in brown, a bad brown, and his tie was blue. Mr. Brumfit's figure and his tailor had not been able to agree. In fact, in Mr. Duke's opinion the only thing that fitted him was the name of Brumfit.

Mr. Duke looked over the top of *The Times* at his companion's blue tie. It offended him. Really, he would have to speak to the old man about his ties. You could not perpetrate that sort of hash at the "Imperial" at Biarritz.

He said, "What about a little drink, Thomas?"

It was not a suggestion, but a command, and Mr. Brumfit ordered two gins and bitters. It was he who paid for those little drinks. It was he who produced

the tickets, and who settled for the lunch.

"Cigars."

The attendant produced cigars, and Mr. Duke selected the most expensive cigar. No one would have assumed that it was not his right, for his distinction was so obvious.

He lit his cigar and settled himself comfortably into his seat.

"Going to be a bit bright on the ocean, Thomas?"

Mr. Brumfit looked a little depressed. He was not a good sailor, but Mr. Duke had no qualms.

"Well, we've got a cabin."

"Naturally. Hallo, Cynthia's staying at the 'Imperial.'"

Mr. Brumfit's muddy blue eyes stared.

"Who's she?"

Mr. Duke was momentarily interested in the society news and he withheld his answer.

"Never heard of Cynthia Carfax?"

Mr. Brumfit had not.

"World's best cutie."

"Cutie?"

Really, Mr. Brumfit's ignorance was abysmal. Mr. Duke blew opulent smoke.

"Yankee for vamp—or that sort of thing. Utter stylist, of course. No C3 about Cynthia."

MR. BRUMFIT was being educated. The need for it was apparent, and Mr. Brumfit's capacity to pay for it beyond question, and as a business man Mr. Brumfit knew that the quality of goodwill can be included in a firm's assets. Mr. Brumfit was a widower with two daughters, and it is highly probable that but for the candour of these two young women Mr. Brumfit and

Reginald Duke, Esq., would have remained unacquainted, but beneath Mr. Brumfit's crumpled surface a sensitive ambition lay concealed. He might be worth five hundred thousand pounds, but he was a common little fellow. He had not felt himself to be a common little fellow when Florence was alive. Florence Brumfit had been a comfortable sort of woman who had been satisfied with the splendour of the "Monopole" at Brighton and a house at Kingston Hill. Misses Brumfit were not satisfied with such suburban swagger.

They were restless young women, and Mr. Brumfit had spoilt them, with girding at the greediness of the younger generation. Actually, he had overheard the girls discussing him.

"Dad's got no style."

He had been given to understand that a progressive parent would have possessed a house somewhere near Berkeley Square, and another house at Frinton, and yet another house somewhere in Surrey.

Had Florence been alive Mr. Brumfit would have been able to lay the beginnings of an inferiority-complex upon his comfortable bosom. She would have reassured him, and never had he felt until he had lost her how reassured he was. Commonplace and pleasant as a mother could be. But Mr. Brumfit was a man who had always attacked at the throat and planted his flag. He had been a climber, if socially uninspired, and the discontents of Irene and Moira had provoked in him an absurd combativeness. No style, hadn't he! Well, what about it?

Hence, sundry strange activities, and election to "Blacks," and various political adventures. "Blacks" and many other serene institutions were desperately in need of the support of a man like Mr. Brumfit. "Blacks" had been cunning its members for financial support, and as a new member Mr. Brumfit had responded generously.

It was at "Blacks" that he had met Mr. Reginald Duke. He had lost touch

Mr. Duke at cards, and felt flattered. Mr. Duke was the of man whom Irene and Moira would have hailed as a useless lamb. He was and he wasn't. He had no fleece to be sheared. He was one of those curious products of progress, a gentleman who had found that the profession of gentleman required him to become an expert with the shears.

"The briny's a little brisk to-day, Thomas." Mr. Brumfit eyed him as he might have eyed a vicious contract. The fellow was so damned of himself, and Mr. Brumfit could not but admire the facility with which he allowed his travelling companion to pay.

For Mr. Brumfit and Reginald Duke had entered into a social contract, and since the modern world—or a part of it—has been to cultivate a dreadful frankness, it may be said that Mr. Duke agreed to act as Mr. Brumfit's sal cicerone. Mr. Brumfit had been very shy of suggesting a relationship. He still buttoned up all his buttons at an age that tends to go without unbuttoned. With confidence he had proposed to Mr. Duke that Mr. Duke should be his guest.

MR. DUKE was fifty-five years



THE lady regarded him as a specimen. She was a very competent product

younger than Mr. Brumfit, and sufficiently near to the new candour to be able to turn it to practical effect. He might be perfectly dressed, but he had no false shame about the buttons of his sophisticated soul. He would unfasten the lot for a fiver. It was foolish to be fastidious when you had to live upon your wits. Besides, Mr. Duke was one of the best looking men about town, and there were quite a number of women who were ready to keep him in countenance. "Dukie" was a dear; so good looking, so wicked and amusing, and so nice to go about with.

Mr. Brumfit pondered, but for an hour or so his reflections were interrupted by *mal de mer*. Mr. Duke did not suffer. He walked about the boat, smoking a cigar, and remaining impeccably pink of face. The old fellow was making a dreadful exhibition of himself in cabin No. 7, and Mr. Duke left him there.

At Calais Mr. Duke repeated the refrain.

"What about a little drink, Thomas?"

Mr. Brumfit was needing a stimulant.

"Good idea."

He was feeling pretty rotten, and quite ripe to be stood a drink by a sympathetic friend, but Mr. Duke did not produce any money. He was looking with bland disapproval at Mr. Brumfit's blue tie and yellow face. They clashed most horribly. Really, he would have to tell the old man about that tie.

Mr. Brumfit drank and paid.

Mr. Brumfit arrived at Biarritz at eight o'clock in the morning, and he arrived with a headache. It was his first experience of a night on a "sleeper," and his face and his tie still clashed. Mr. Duke looked pink and smooth and ready for anything. They drove to the "Imperial" in the hotel bus.

Mr. Brumfit felt more like going to bed, and he said so.

Mr. Brumfit went to bed in the luxurious suite which he was to share with Mr. Duke. He did not say, "Damn the fellow, Brighton's not half a bad place." He felt sick and rather sad. He remembered that in the old days, poor Florrie would have fussed over him consolingly, and brought him a cup of tea and a couple of aspirins. Poor Florrie, the best sort that ever was! He could have whimpered like a small boy for his mother.

He got up for lunch, and not in the best of tempers. He decorated himself with the same blue tie. Damn it, the man who paid could call the colour. He arrived in the magnificent lounge just as Mr. Duke was ordering two cocktails for himself and a lady.

"Put 'em down to No. 33."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Brumfit waddled across a half acre of carpet to the corner where Mr. Duke and the lady were seated. She was a very complete product. She reminded Mr. Brumfit of one of those perfect peaches that are displayed on the *à la carte* table, and are somehow suggestive of soap.

Mr. Duke tucked a monocle into his eye.

"Ha, here's our warrior. Well, Thomas, got off the green vet? Meet—C.C."

Mr. Brumfit gave a little bob at the hips. The lady regarded him as some specimen.

"De-lighted."

She blew smoke in his direction. She smiled. She patted the padded arm of her chair.

"Sit right down, old dear."

Mr. Brumfit, looking coy and crumpled,

was satisfied with another chair.

"Have a cocktail, Thomas."

"It's an idea."

"Waiter, another side-car. Yes, put it down to 33."

Mr. Brumfit managed to smile. He



"No. 33 has
gone; sir."
"Gone?"
"Yes, he left
this morning,
sir."
Mr. Dick
dropped his
monocle.
"Well, I'm
damned!"

Now, the Imperial Hotel at Biarritz has the reputation of being one of the most fashionable hotels in Europe. Kings and Emperors

Ministers and Grand Dukes have been among its patrons, and though Mr. Bannan fit was a rich man the Imperial household did house richer men than he. Not that the relativity of riches worried him. Socially he was quite a simple soul, missing his dear Florence, and regretting that he had allowed himself to be provoked into social strivings by two rather dominant daughters.

He did rather wish that Irene and Moira would marry, but all they seemed to do was to dash about in sports-motor cars with various casual young men, and always—the old man paid.

Mr. Brumfit might suppose that at a certain age you were expected to pay for everything.

Obviously, that was Mr. Reginald Duke's assumption.

Mr. Brumfit had brought his golf with him. He was a twenty-by-county and when he and Mr. Duke drove to the Chiberta club it was Mr. Brumfit who paid the green fees and the caddy.

"What about a hundred-hole, Thomas?"

and watched Mr. Duke eating asparagus that cost fifty francs per person extra.

Afterwards they danced and played bridge. Mr. Duke had collected quite a little party: Miss Carfax, a Mrs. Pitman, and a large man called George. Mr. Duke ordered little drinks for everybody, and everything was put down to No. 33. Mr. Brumfit played bridge, and his partner was Mrs. Pitman, a dark and decisive grass-

so good looking, such a lad, so witty, danced like a pro, had such sex appeal. Cynthia Carfax and Margery Pitman were quarrelling over him, and Mr. Duke was quite capable of telling them in person that they were a couple of bloody fools. He was very much attached to that sanguinary adjective.

He used it on Mr. Brumfit. In a moment of pique, and after the Imperial had presented him with his first bill, he had suggested to Mr. Duke that he—Mr. Duke—might pay for the ladies' cocktails.

"Don't be a fool, Thomas. It's your privilege. What's the use of having twenty thousand a year?"

Mr. Brumfit's jaw had dropped. Well—really! And to be perfectly candid this ornamental person was nothing but a damned sponger, a lounge lizard who was "taken up" by the women.

Mr. Brumfit ceased to play bridge, and though he continued to play golf, he shed

Mr. Duke, and found a pleasant potterer of his own age. But he was not enjoying himself; he had begun to realise that Mr. Duke's circle regarded him as a figure of fun to be exploited. He was both angry and miserable, and very lonely.

On the afternoon of the ninth day Duke and Co. had gone down to gamble at the casino. The day was dreary, windy and wet, and Mr. Brumfit, feeling depressed, went down to the lounge to enjoy a solitary tea. A waiter brought him tea, but carried the patisserie tray past Mr. Brumfit's table as though Mr. Brumfit could not be allowed cakes, and Mr. Brumfit was peeved. Damn these fellows! They were quick enough to serve Mr. Duke. Almost he shouted,

"Here—cakes."

The waiter reproved him politely.

"At once, sir, when the lady has been served."

Mr. Brumfit understood that he had put his foot in it. Someone at the next table was expecting the cakes, a plump, pleasant person in black. The lady was a Mrs. McGavin, Rebecca McGavin, and this was her third day at the Hotel Imperial. Mr. Brumfit had observed her, and she had observed Mr. Brumfit.

He got up and apologised.

"Very sorry, very rude of me."

She smiled at him.

"It's quite all right. I shan't empty the tray!"

She was a jocund person with a natural colour and kind eyes, one of those women who arrive at fifty without regarding the crisis as a sort of railway accident. Obviously she had a nice taste in cakes, and did not worry about her weight; she selected three.

Mr. Brumfit's impulse was to applaud. It seemed to him that the lady had a sympathetic eye and a cream-bun temper, and she was a cushion, not a knife-edge.

He dared to address and remark to her, "Dreadful weather."

She agreed with him, and when the waiter brought the tray to Mr. Brumfit he too chose three cakes.

"Very bad for one, I suppose."



Mr. Brumfit did not say it was an idea. He asked what Mr. Duke's handicap was.

"I'm a ten. I'll give you a half."

Mr. Duke won seven hundred francs from Mr. Brumfit on the first round. That evening he told Miss Carfax that it was

as easy as taking candy from a child.

"Priceless old rabbit."

Miss Carfax supposed that rabbits were useful rodents, and that keeping a rabbit might be quite profitable.

"My dear, it's quite legitimate. The thing ought to pay for being what it is."

Mr. Duke said "Quite so," and ordered more cocktails and had them put down to No. 33.

They dined à la carte. It was much more expensive, but no decent person would do anything else. There was music, and the leader of the orchestra, a suave

Jew, came to Mr. Brumfit's table and asked to be allowed to play something by request. He addressed himself

to Mr. Reginald Duke.

"What's it to be, Thomas?"

Mr. Brumfit had no ideas. He might as well have asked for "Home, Sweet Home."

Mr. Duke supplied the omission.

"L'Après-Midi"—I think."

Mr. Brumfit sat and looked depressed,

widow. They lost. Mr. Brumfit's bridge was rather like his golf. He had to hand out some thirteen hundred francs, and though he did not know it, Mrs. Pitman's loss was merely a debt upon paper.

He went to his room that evening a little puzzled as to the profits of the adventure.

"What the devil do—I—get out of it?"

A sitting-room separated his bedroom from the bedroom of Mr. Duke, but in the distance he heard sounds of splashing and of song. Mr. Duke was singing in his bath, the bath for which Mr. Brumfit paid, and Mr. Brumfit, getting into a pair of electric silk pyjamas, thought of those days when he had been accustomed to wear a night-shirt. He felt sad.

At the end of a week Mr. Brumfit, while becoming more and more exasperated by the plump insolence of Mr. Duke, could not refrain from marveling at it. The fellow was amazing. Everybody called him "Dukie," and clustered about him and listened to him, and the ruder he was to them the more they seemed to like it. He was quite unshameable; he had the cheek of the devil; women became silly about him. Dukie was

"But isn't that rather—pleasant?"
Mr. Brumfit crumpled up his face at her.

"So glad to hear you say that. So comforting."

Again she agreed.

When he had finished his tea Mr. Brumfit lit a cigarette, and with an air of shy audacity slipped into the chair next hers.

house at Kingston Hill, and his two daughters.

He said, "Great responsibility having daughters. When my poor Florence was alive—things were different. Fact is—you don't mind being bossed a bit by your wife, but when—"

Again Mrs. McGavin agreed.



THEY were very happy—together. They had tea on the terrace of the Hotel Marlborough, and the conversation turned on Mr. Brumfit.

"May I?"

"Well, I think so."

He presented his cigarette case.

"No, I don't smoke."

Mr. Brumfit said that he was glad she didn't smoke. He was fed up with vivacious vamps who were all face powder and cigarette ash.

They talked. In five minutes they had told each other their names and exchanged family histories. Mrs. McGavin was a widow with no children, and had a house in Richmond. Mr. Brumfit mentioned the

"Yes, you see, young things know everything. We don't."

And Mr. Brumfit laughed. He thought that this was one of the wittiest things he had heard for years.

"That's the whole show—in a nutshell. My girls—"

"Why don't you get them married?"

"My dear lady, that seems to be about the last thing—"

"Ah—yes, plenty of bathing dress, and strolling on the sands—but no going in off the pier."

"That's exactly it. When I met Florence—I went in off the deep end."

Mrs. McGavin smiled.

"So did I."

Their conversation grew more intimate and more animated, and at half past six they were still talking, and Mrs. McGavin was asking Mr. Brumfit a question.

Why—exactly—did you come here?" Mr. Brumfit looked puzzled.

"I'm blessed if I know. And you?"

She laughed.

"I think I'm just as blessed as you are."

But this sudden friendship ripened so rapidly that Mr. Duke and his circle were soon aware of it, and he was greatly amused. Mr. Duke could not help but say to himself: "Old Thomas has got off with good luck."

"Sarah," for there was neither romance nor reverence in Mr. Duke. He reduced her to ridicule and a dozen oysters and a glass of old liqueur brandy. It did not matter to him that Mr. Brumfit's affair with the widow could affect him in any way, for it was quite possible that socially he might be of use to Mrs. McGavin. Actually, he laid Miss Carfax a bet that she would cut in and cut out Mr. Brumfit. He tried it. He said to Mr. Brumfit: "Introduce me to the lady, Thomas."

Mr. Brumfit demurred. Mr. Duke was too universal, and Mr. Duke grew suspicious and accused him playfully of being jealous. Mr. Brumfit took on the challenge.

"All right."

But he thought it his duty to warn Mrs. McGavin. He suggested that Mrs. McGavin should not play bridge with Mr. Duke's party, unless, of course, she was an expert.

Mrs. McGavin laughed. She was no expert to be shorn. She had observed and studied Mr. Reginald Duke, and when he was introduced to her she was charming to him. She listened to his doubtful stories and his impertinent personalities, and she had Mr. Duke catalogued and labelled. For there had been days when Mrs. McGavin had owned and run a hat shop in Jermyn Street, and what Mrs. McGavin did not know about men was not worth knowing.

She had Mr. Duke nicely fooled. She knew that he would go back to his own shop and say: "The old geezer's quite good. Toss you for her and a dozen free cocktails, George."

Actually, Mr. Duke did say something of the sort. He asked Mrs. McGavin to play bridge, and she consented on the understanding that Mr. Brumfit was her partner. They sat down to oppose Mr. Duke and Miss Carfax, and the extraordinary thing was that not only did Mrs. McGavin hold the most devastating hands, but when she did happen to hold a bad one she extracted herself and her partner with fine finesse.

Mr. Duke and Miss Carfax were nearly two thousand points down on the evening. Miss Carfax paid Mrs. McGavin, but Mr. Duke offered Mr. Brumfit an I O U. Mr. Brumfit accepted it with an air of triumphant complacency.

NEXT day he hired a car and drove with Mrs. McGavin to Cambo. They wandered along the river, and in the spring woods Mrs. McGavin picked primroses, with Mr. Brumfit assisting. They were very happy together. They had tea on the terrace of the Hotel Miramar, and the conversation turned to Mr. Duke.

Mrs. McGavin referred to him frankly as "a pink and white cad about town," and Mr. Brumfit did not contradict her. In a moment of candour he confessed to his own foolishness and deplored it, but Mrs. McGavin did not scold him.

"You're too kind-hearted, Tom. The fellow's just a swell sponger. That sort

always has been and always will be. He just lives on Sackville Street and a monocle and supreme swank."

"He's very well connected. His father was Lord——"

"Quite so. I knew the old rascal. Sold himself to half a dozen company promoters. He was expelled from his club."

Mr. Brumfit opened his eyes wide.

"You're a very exceptional woman, Rebecca."

She laughed.

"I am."

They returned to the "Imperial," and just before the shops closed Mr. Brumfit dashed out and bought a large bunch of carnations. He carried them home himself, and in the lounge he met Mr. Duke, and Mr. Duke's monocle fixed itself on that floral tribute.

"Very nice, Thomas. Where have you been this afternoon?"

Mr. Brumfit felt like saying "What the hell is that to do with you?" but he informed Mr. Duke that he had been to Cambo.

Mr. Duke looked amused, and with deliberation extracted a white carnation from Mr. Brumfit's bouquet, and put it in his own buttonhole.

"Oh, you dog, Thomas. The merry widow—what! Do you know what they do at Cambo?"

Mr. Brumfit was growing hot.

"We picked primroses."

Mr. Duke guffawed, and gave Mr. Brumfit a gentle dig in the ribs.

"Primroses! primroses! And you had tea at the hotel."

"We did."

"And did it include a bedroom?"

Mr. Brumfit moistened his lips, glared, and felt tempted to smack Mr. Duke's pink face.

He said, "That's a nice joke, isn't it? I haven't much sense of humour, but I'll think it over."

He did. He thought it over with Mrs. McGavin, though he did not describe the incident to her. He confessed that he was consumed by a burning desire to settle with Mr. Duke, and also, perhaps, to teach Mr. Duke a lesson. Mrs. McGavin questioned him as to some of the details of the partnership, and Mr. Brumfit began to see the light.

"Did you take return tickets, Tom?"

"Yes."

"Whohasthem?"

"I have."

"And what about the bill?"

"It's due—the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. McGavin admitted that Biarritz was a delightful place and the "Imperial Hotel" one of the best managed hotels in Europe, but she had spent two months at Cannes, and hotels had begun to bore her. She was ready for the spring in her garden at Richmond; yes, she was very fond of her garden, and even though an English spring was temperamental it had the familiar face of a friend.

"I think I shall travel on Thursday."

Mr. Brumfit was both homesick and disillusioned. Kingston Hill would not have been a bad sort of place in the absence of Irene and Moira.

"I might join you on Thursday."

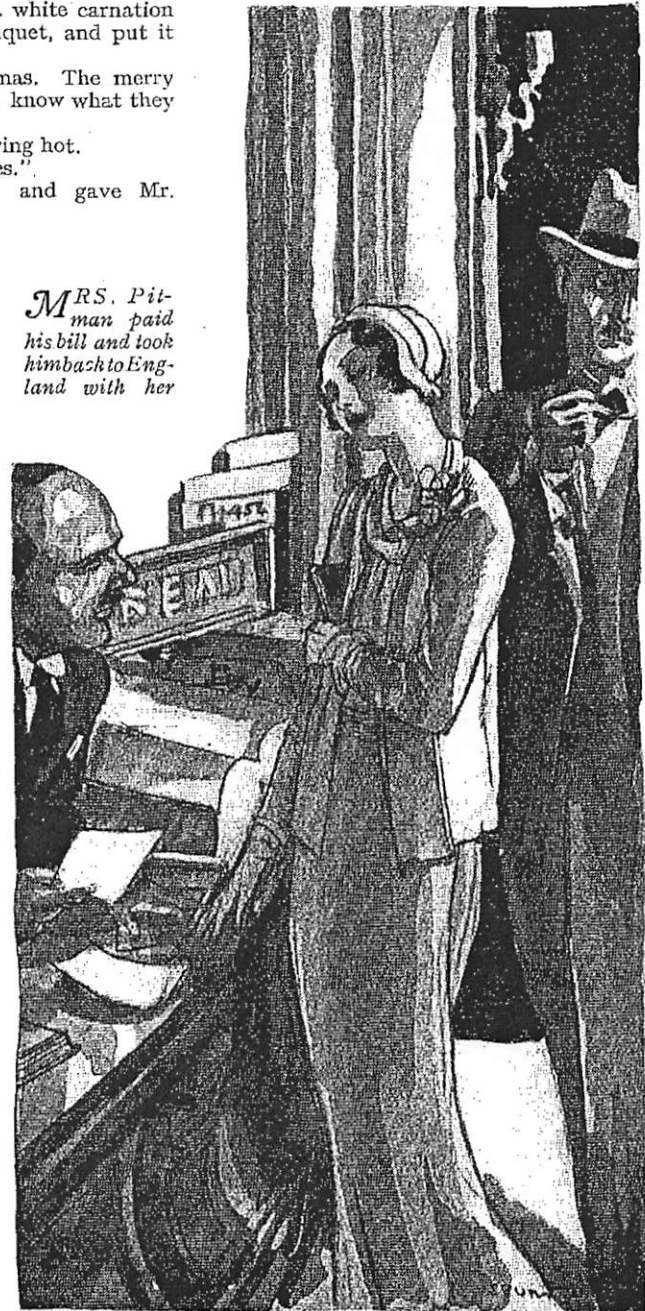
"Do. Let's play at secrets. We'll catch the 9.35 to Paris. And Mr. Duke need not know."

"You mean—I should——?"

"Exactly. Leave him to pay for himself."

"But he'll find out."

"Why should he? Pack at night. What time does (Continued on page 92)



MRS. Pitman paid his bill and took him back to England with her

his highness deign to get up in the morning?"

"Not till nine."

"We shall be out of the hotel by nine. But, my dear, I wish I could stay behind and see his face."

"I expect he'll make trouble at our club."

"Can't you live without a club?"

"As a matter of fact I hate the damned place, but when your house is a kind of hotel and night-club combined——"

"Well, I should resign from both clubs. Give the girls a thousand a year each, and take a small flat in town."

Mr. Brumfit said: "It's an idea."

So, on the night of Wednesday he had a few words with a discreet manager, and paid his part of the week's bill, and packed like a thief in the night. Mr. Duke came back late from the casino and made a great deal of noise while he was undressing. He was still asleep when Mr. Brumfit, having dealt with his *petit déjeuner*, had his luggage carried down, and joined Mrs. McGavin in the lounge.

"How is Breezy Bertie?"

"Still asleep, I think."

"Splendid. You haven't been soft-hearted, have you?"

"No, I haven't been soft-hearted—in that case."

The hotel bus carried them to the station, and by the time that Mr. Duke was having his bath, the Paris Express and Mr. Brumfit

Dukie (Continued from page 13)

and Mrs. McGavin were somewhere between Bayonne and Dax. Mr. Duke was not playing golf that morning. He strolled downstairs about eleven, and spent the morning flirting with Margery Pitman under a red and yellow umbrella on the terrace.

At half-past twelve they carried their affair into the lounge.

"What about a little drink, Marge?"

"Rather."

Mr. Duke called the cocktail waiter and ordered two Martinis.

"Put 'em down to No. 33, Georges."

The white-coated cynic who presided over the American bar administered a shock to Mr. Duke.

"No 33 has gone, sir."

"Gone!"

"Yes, he left this morning, sir."

Mr. Duke dropped his monocle.

"Well I'm damned!"

He was still more damned when he found out the facts. He had been left without tickets and with his week's bill to settle. There was—too, the question of tips. Mr. Duke had not tipped a soul in the place.

He was furious; he was hurt. He squealed. He squealed to Miss Carfax and Mrs. Pitman. Women were always so sympathetic.

"The old swine has left me with the baby."

And the strange part of it was that both ladies joined him in abusing Mr. Brumfit.

"Poor Dukie. What a dirty trick!"

Mr. Duke's indignation was quite sincere.

"Yes, selling your soul to the old blighter and he welshes you like this! No sense of decency. Filthy old commercialist."

Biarritz has a very rocky coast, and Mr. Duke was very much on the rocks; and the fascinating fellow had to be rescued by a woman. It had happened before, and on many occasions. Mrs. Pitman paid his bill and took him back to England with her, stopping in Paris for three days in order that Mr. Duke might cancel some of his indebtedness.

But Mr. Duke was not quite his "clever" self. The "sponge" seemed to be too full of water. Mr. Brumfit had left him in the bath.

Mr. Brumfit took Mrs. McGavin's advice. He disposed of the house at Kingston Hill, stored his furniture, pensioned Irene, and Moira, and rented a small flat in town, but he did not remain very long in this flat. Mrs. McGavin's house at Richmond was as pleasant and as comfortable as its mistress, and in October Mr. Brumfit entered upon his second adventure in matrimony.

The marriage was completely successful.

END

Pease, Prince Stigman, and H.E.S.E.

(9)

THE IDEA!

Their conversation became more intimate and at half-past six, Mrs. McGavin asked Mr. Brumfit a question.

"Why—exactly—did you come here?"

"I'm blessed if I know. And you?"

She laughed.

By

WARWICK
DEEPING

THE association was singular, but not as singular as it seemed.

They occupied two fauteuils at the same table in a "Golden Arrow" Pullman car, and the porter who had dealt with their hand baggage looked to the taller of the two gentlemen for his tip.

But it was Mr. Brumfit who tipped him. Reginald Duke, Esq., was unfolding a copy of *The Times*, for which Mr. Brumfit had paid twopence.

"Thank you, sir."

Almost it might have been assumed that Mr. Brumfit was Reginald Duke's secretary or valet, a snuffy attachment to the sleek splendour of the essential toff, for Mr. Brumfit was short and stocky and bald, with a crumpled and commercial face, a most undistinguished person.

On the other hand, Mr. Duke was so distinguished that he wore his distinction like his clothes. He was one of those big, handsome, highly coloured men with a Roman nose and blue eyes that were just a little insolent. He was the kind of man who could wear a grey topper at Ascot, and wear it at an angle.

He had an air of serene deliberation. In speech he was abrupt and slangy.

He was dressed in a dove-grey suit, grey silk collar and tie, and on the table lay a pair of new wash-leather gloves. Mr. Brumfit was dressed in brown, a bad brown, and his tie was blue. Mr. Brumfit's figure and his tailor had not been able to agree. In fact, in Mr. Duke's opinion the only thing that fitted him was the name of Brumfit.

MR. DUKE looked over the top of *The Times* at his companion's blue tie. It offended him. Really, he would have to speak to the old man about his ties. You could not perpetrate that sort of hash at the "Imperial" at Biarritz.

He said: "What about a little drink, Thomas?"

It was not a suggestion, but a command, and Mr. Brumfit ordered two gins and bitters. It was he who paid for those little drinks. It was he who produced the tickets and who settled for the lunch.

"Cigars."

The Idea!

The attendant produced cigars, and Mr. Duke selected the most expensive cigar. No one would have assumed that it was not his right, for his distinction was so obvious.

He lit his cigar and settled himself comfortably into his seat.

"Going to be a bit bright on the ocean, Thomas?"

Mr. Brumfit looked a little depressed. He was not a good sailor, but Mr. Duke had no qualms.

"Well, we've got a cabin."

"Naturally. Hallo, Cynthia's staying at the 'Imperial.'"

Mr. Brumfit's muddy blue eyes stared.

"Who's she?"

Mr. Duke was momentarily interested in the society news and he withheld his answer.

"Never heard of Cynthia Carfax?"

Mr. Brumfit had not.

"World's best cutie."

"Cutie?"

Really, Mr. Brumfit's ignorance was abysmal. Mr. Duke blew opulent smoke.

"Yankee for vamp—or that sort of thing. Utter stylist, of course. No C3 about Cynthia."

MR. BRUMFIT was being educated. The need for it was apparent, and Mr. Brumfit's capacity to pay for it beyond question, and as a business man Mr. Brumfit knew that the quality of goodwill can be included in a firm's assets. Mr. Brumfit was a widower with two daughters, and it is highly probable that but for the candour of these two young women Mr. Brumfit and Reginald Duke, Esq., would have remained unacquainted, but beneath Mr. Brumfit's crumpled surface a sensitive ambition lay concealed. He might be worth five hundred thousand pounds, but he was a common little fellow. He had not felt himself to be a common little fellow when Florence was alive. Florence Brumfit had been a comfortable sort of woman who had been satisfied with the splendour of the "Monopole" at Brighton and a house at Kingston Hill. The Misses Brumfit were not satisfied with such suburban swagger.

They were restless young women, and Mr. Brumfit had spoilt them, while girding at the greediness of the younger

generation. Actually, he had overheard the girl's discussing him.

"Dad's got no style."

He had been given to understand that a progressive parent would have possessed a house somewhere near Berkeley Square, and another house at Frinton, and yet another house somewhere in Surrey.

Had Florence been alive Mr. Brumfit would have been able to lay the beginnings of an inferiority-complex upon her comfortable bosom. She would have reassured him, and never had he realised until he had lost her how reassuring so commonplace and pleasant a woman could be. But Mr. Brumfit was a man who had always attacked at the breach and planted his flag. He had been a climber, if socially uninspired, and the discontents of Irene and Moira had provoked in him an absurd combativeness.

No style, hadn't he! Well, what about it?

Hence sundry strange activities, an election to "Blacks," and possible political adventures. "Blacks," like many other serene institutions, was desperately in need of the support of men like Mr. Brumfit. "Blacks" had been dunning its members for financial support, and as a new member Mr. Brumfit had responded generously.

It was at "Blacks" that he had met Mr. Reginald Duke. He had lost money to Mr. Duke at cards, and felt flattered. Mr. Duke was the kind of man whom Irene and Moira would have hailed as a priceless lamb. He was and he wasn't. He had no fleece to be sheared. He was one of those curious products of progress, a gentleman who had found that the profession of gentleman required him to become an expert with the shears.

"The briny's a little brisk to-day, Thomas."

Mr. Brumfit eyed him as he might have eyed a dubious contract. The fellow was so damned sure of himself, and Mr. Brumfit could not but admire the facility with which he allowed his travelling companion to pay.

For Mr. Brumfit and Reginald Duke had entered into a social contract, and since the modern world—or a part of it—has chosen to cultivate a dreadful frankness, it may be said that Mr.

By Warwick Deeping

Duke had agreed to act as Mr. Brumfit's social cicerone. Mr. Brumfit had been very shy of suggesting such a relationship. He still fastened up all his buttons in an age that tends to go about unbuttoned. With diffidence he had proposed to Mr. Duke that Mr. Duke should be his guest.

MR. DUKE was fifteen years younger than Mr. Brumfit and sufficiently near to the new candour to be able to turn it to practical effect. He might be perfectly dressed, but he had no false shame about the buttons of his sophisticated soul. He would unfasten the lot for a fiver. It was foolish to be fastidious when you had to live upon your wits. Besides, Mr. Duke was one of the best looking men about town and there were quite a number of women who were ready to keep him in countenance. "Dukie" was a dear; so good looking, so wicked and amusing, and so nice to go about with.

Mr. Brumfit pondered, but for an hour or so his reflections were interrupted by *mal de mer*. Mr. Duke did not suffer. He walked about the boat, smoking a cigar and remaining impeccably pink of face. The old fellow was making a dreadful exhibition of himself in cabin No. 7 and Mr. Duke left him there.

At Calais Mr. Duke repeated the refrain.

"What about a little drink, Thomas?"

Mr. Brumfit was needing a stimulant.

"Good idea."

He was feeling pretty rotten and quite ripe to be stood a drink by a sympathetic friend, but Mr. Duke did not produce any money. He was looking with bland disapproval at Mr. Brumfit's blue tie and yellow face. They clashed most horribly. Really, he would have to tell the old man about that tie.

"Chin-chin, Thomas."

Mr. Brumfit drank and paid.

But it did occur to him to wonder whether Mr. Reginald Duke would put a hand in his own pocket, or whether the fellow intended to travel to Biarritz on Mr. Brumfit's petty cash. A chap might be expected to pay for his own newspapers and produce an occasional tip,

but Mr. Duke did none of these things. He did not even make a show of fumbling. He travelled like some serene and royal personage to whom life's base metal was wholly and inevitably Brumfit.

Mr. Brumfit arrived at Biarritz at eight o'clock in the morning, and he arrived with a headache. It was his first experience of a night on a "sleeper," and his face and his tie still clashed. Mr. Duke looked pink and smooth and ready for anything. They drove to the "Imperial" in the hotel 'bus.

"Better have a drink, Thomas."

Mr. Brumfit felt more like going to bed, and he said so.

"Well, peepy-bys, old man. By the way, when you get up try and find another tie. That thing makes me think of Brighton."

Mr. Brumfit went to bed in the luxurious suite which he was to share with Mr. Duke. He did not say: "Damn the fellow, Brighton's not half a bad place." He felt sick and rather sad. He remembered that in the old days poor Florrie would have fussed over him consolingly and brought him a cup of tea and a couple of aspirins. Poor Florrie, the best sort that ever was! He could have whimpered like a small boy for his mother.

He got up for lunch, and not in the best of tempers. He decorated himself with the same blue tie. Damn it, the man who paid could call the colour. He arrived in the magnificent lounge just as Mr. Duke was ordering two cocktails for himself and a lady.

"Put 'em down to No. 33."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Brumfit waddled across a half acre of carpet to the corner where Mr. Duke and the lady were seated. She was a very complete product. She reminded Mr. Brumfit of one of those perfect peaches that are displayed on the *à la carte* table and are somehow suggestive of soap.

Mr. Duke tucked a monocle into his eye.

"Ha, here's our warrior. Well, Thomas, got off the green yet? Meet—C.C."

Mr. Brumfit gave a little bob at the hips. The lady regarded him as some specimen.

"De-lighted."

The Idea!

SHE blew smoke in his direction. She smiled. She patted the padded arm of her chair.

"Sit right down, old dear."

Mr. Brumfit, looking coy and crumpled, was satisfied with another chair.

"Have a cocktail, Thomas."

"It's an idea."

"Waiter, another side-car. Yes, put it down to 33."

Mr. Brumfit managed to smile. He began to understand that everything would be put down to No. 33, not only Mr. Duke's drinks, but the drinks of his interesting ladies.

"Had a peep-by, Thomas?"

"Yes, just a nap."

Mr. Duke was regarding his tie.

"Say, my dear, how does the neck-swipec strike you?"

Miss Carfax ogled Mr. Brumfit.

"Perfectly priceless, too utterly sweet."

Now, the Imperial Hotel at Biarritz has the reputation of being one of the most fashionable hotels in Europe. Kings and Prime Ministers and Grand Dukes have been among its patrons, and though Mr. Brumfit was a rich man the Imperial had housed and did house richer men than he. Not that the relativity of riches worried him. Socially he was quite a simple soul, missing his dear Florence and rather regretting that he had allowed himself to be provoked into social strivings by two rather dominant daughters.

He did rather wish that Irene and Moira would marry, but all they seemed to do was to dash about in sports-model cars with various casual young men, and always—the old man paid.

Mr. Brumfit might suppose that at a certain age you were expected to pay for everything.

Obviously that was Mr. Reginald Duke's assumption.

Mr. Brumfit had brought his golf clubs with him. He was a twenty-by courtesy, and when he and Mr. Duke drove over to the Chiberta club it was Mr. Brumfit who paid the green fees and the caddies.

"What about a hundred francs a hole, Thomas?"

Mr. Brumfit did not say it was an idea. He asked what Mr. Duke's handicap was.

"I'm a ten. I'll give you a half."

Mr. Duke won seven hundred francs from Mr. Brumfit on the first round. That evening he told Miss Carfax that it was as easy as taking candy from a child.

"Priceless old rabbit."

Miss Carfax supposed that rabbits were useful rodents, and that keeping a rabbit farm might be quite profitable.

"My dear, it's quite legitimate. The old thing ought to pay for being what he is."

Mr. Duke said "Quite so," and ordered two more cocktails and had them put down to No. 33.

They dined *à la carte*. It was much more expensive, but no decent person could do anything else. There was music, and the leader of the orchestra, a suave young Jew, came to Mr. Brumfit's table and asked to be allowed to play something by request. He addressed himself to Mr. Reginald Duke.

"What's it to be, Thomas?"

Mr. Brumfit had no ideas. He might have asked for "Home, Sweet Home."

Mr. Duke supplied the omission.

"'L'Après-Midi'—I think."

Mr. Brumfit sat and looked depressed, and watched Mr. Duke eating asparagus that cost fifty francs per person extra.

Afterwards they danced and played bridge. Mr. Duke had collected quite a little party: Miss Carfax, a Mrs. Pitman, and a large man called George. Mr. Duke ordered little drinks for everybody, and everything was put down to No. 33. Mr. Brumfit played bridge, and his partner was Mrs. Pitman, a dark and decisive grass-widow. They lost. Mr. Brumfit's bridge was rather like his golf. He had to hand out some thirteen hundred francs, and though he did not know it, Mrs. Pitman's loss was merely a debt upon paper.

He went to his room that evening a little puzzled as to the profits of the adventure.

"What the devil do—I—get out of it?"

A sitting-room separated his bedroom from the bedroom of Mr. Duke, but in the distance he heard sounds of splashing and of song. Mr. Duke was singing in his bath, the bath for which Mr. Brumfit paid, and Mr. Brumfit, getting into a pair of electric silk pyjamas, thought

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of those days when he had been accustomed to wear a night-shirt. He felt sad.

AT the end of a week Mr. Brumfit, while becoming more and more exasperated by the plump insolence of Mr. Duke, could not refrain from marvelling at it. The fellow was amazing. Everybody called him "Dukie" and clustered about him and listened to him, and the ruder he was to them the more they seemed to like it. He was quite unshameable; he had the cheek of the devil; women became silly about him. Dukie was so good looking, such a lad, so witty, danced like a pro, had such sex appeal. Cynthia Carfax and Margery Pitman were quarrelling over him, and Mr. Duke was quite capable of telling them in person that they were a couple of bloody fools. He was very much attached to that sanguinary adjective.

He used it on Mr. Brumfit. In a moment of pique, and after the Imperial had presented him with his first bill, he had suggested to Mr. Duke that he—Mr. Duke—might pay for the ladies' cocktails.

"Don't be a fool, Thomas. It's your privilege. What's the use of having twenty thousand a year?"

Mr. Brumfit's jaw had dropped. Well—really! And to be perfectly candid this ornamental person was nothing but a damned sponger, a lounge lizard who was "taken up" by the women.

Mr. Brumfit ceased to play bridge, and though he continued to play golf, he shed Mr. Duke and found a pleasant potterer of his own age. But he was not enjoying himself; he had begun to realise that Mr. Duke's circle regarded him as a figure of fun to be exploited. He was both angry and miserable, and very lonely.

On the afternoon of the ninth day Dukie and Co. had gone down to gamble at the casino. The day was dreary, windy, and wet, and Mr. Brumfit, feeling depressed, went down to the lounge to enjoy a solitary tea. A waiter brought him tea, but carried the patisserie tray past Mr. Brumfit's table as though Mr. Brumfit could not be allowed cakes, and Mr. Brumfit was peeved. Damn these fellows! They

were quick enough to serve Mr. Duke. Almost he shouted,

"Here—cakes."

The waiter reproved him politely.

"At once, sir, when the lady has been served."

Mr. Brumfit understood that he had put his foot in it. Someone at the next table was expecting the cakes, a plump, pleasant person in black. The lady was a Mrs. McGavin, Rebecca McGavin, and this was her third day at the Hotel Imperial. Mr. Brumfit had observed her, and she had observed Mr. Brumfit.

He got up and apologised.

"Very sorry; very rude of me."

She smiled at him.

"It's quite all right. I shan't empty the tray!"

She was a jocund person with a natural colour and kind eyes, one of those women who arrive at fifty without regarding the crisis as a sort of railway accident. Obviously she had a nice taste in cakes and did not worry about her weight; she selected three.

Mr. Brumfit's impulse was to applaud. It seemed to him that the lady had a sympathetic eye and a cream-bun temper and she was a cushion, not a knife-edge.

He dared to address a remark to her, "Dreadful weather."

She agreed with him, and when the waiter brought the tray to Mr. Brumfit he too chose three cakes.

"Very bad for one, I suppose."

"But isn't that rather—pleasant?"

Mr. Brumfit crumpled up his face at her.

"So glad to hear you say that. So comforting."

Again she agreed.

WHEN he had finished his tea Mr. Brumfit lit a cigarette, and with an air of shy audacity slipped into the chair next hers.

"May I?"

"Well, I think so."

He presented his cigarette case.

"No, I don't smoke."

Mr. Brumfit said that he was glad she didn't smoke. He was fed up with vivacious vamps who were all face powder and cigarette ash.

They talked. In five minutes they had told each other their names and exchanged family histories. Mrs.

The Idea!

McGavin was a widow with no children, and had a house in Richmond. Mr. Brumfit mentioned the house at Kingston Hill and his two daughters.

He said: "Great responsibility having daughters. When my poor Florence was alive—things were different. Fact is—you don't mind being bossed a bit by your wife, but when—"

Again Mrs. McGavin agreed.

"Yes, you see, young things know everything. We don't."

And Mr. Brumfit laughed. He thought that this was one of the wittiest things he had heard for years.

"That's the whole show—in a nutshell. My girls—"

"Why don't you get them married?"

"My dear lady, that seems to be about the last thing—"

"Ah—yes, plenty of bathing dress, and strolling on the sands—but no going in off the pier."

"That's exactly it. When I met Florence—I went in off the deep end."

Mrs. McGavin smiled.

"So did I."

Their conversation grew more intimate and more animated, and at half-past six they were still talking, and Mrs. McGavin was asking Mr. Brumfit a question.

"Why—exactly—did you come here?"

Mr. Brumfit looked puzzled.

"I'm blessed if I know. And you?"

She laughed.

"I think I'm just as blessed as you are!"

But this sudden friendship ripened and ripened so rapidly that Mr. Duke and his circle were soon aware of it, and became greatly amused. Mr. Duke could say: "Old Thomas has got off with good old Sarah," for there was neither romance nor reverence in Mr. Duke. He reduced life to ridicule and a dozen oysters and a glass of old liqueur brandy. It did not occur to him that Mr. Brumfit's affair with the widow could affect him in any way, for it was quite possible that socially he might be of use to Mrs. McGavin. Actually he laid Miss Carfax a bet that he would cut in and cut out Mr. Brumfit.

He tried it. He said to Mr. Brumfit: "Introduce me to the lady, Thomas," and Mr. Brumfit demurred. Mr. Duke

was too universal, and Mr. Duke grew whimsical and accused him playfully of being jealous. Mr. Brumfit took on the challenge.

"All right."

But he thought it his duty to warn Mrs. McGavin. He suggested that Mrs. McGavin should not play bridge with Mr. Duke's party, unless, of course, she was an expert.

Mrs. McGavin laughed. She was no lamb to be shorn. She had observed and studied Mr. Reginald Duke, and when he was introduced to her she was charming to him. She listened to his doubtful stories and his impertinent personalities, and she had Mr. Duke catalogued and labelled. For there had been days when Mrs. McGavin had owned and run a cigar shop in Jermyn Street, and what Mrs. McGavin did not know about men was not worth knowing.

She had Mr. Duke nicely fooled. She knew that he would go back to his own set and say: "The old geezer's quite gay. Toss you for her and a dozen free cocktails, George."

ACTUALLY, Mr. Duke did say something of the sort. He asked

Mrs. McGavin to play bridge, and she consented on the understanding that Mr. Brumfit was her partner. They sat down to oppose Mr. Duke and Miss Carfax, and the extraordinary thing was that not only did Mrs. McGavin hold the most devastating hands, but when she did happen to hold a bad one she extracted herself and her partner with fine finesse.

Mr. Duke and Miss Carfax were nearly two thousand points down on the evening. Miss Carfax paid Mrs. McGavin, but Mr. Duke offered Mr. Brumfit an I.O.U. Mr. Brumfit accepted it with an air of crumpled complacency.

Next day he hired a car and drove with Mrs. McGavin to Cambo. They wandered along the river, and in the spring woods Mrs. McGavin picked primroses, with Mr. Brumfit assisting. They were very happy together. They had tea on the terrace of the Hotel Miramar, and the conversation turned on Mr. Duke.

Mrs. McGavin referred to him frankly as "a pink and white cad about town," and Mr. Brumfit did not contradict her.

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In a moment of candour he confessed to his own foolishness and deplored it, but Mrs. McGavin did not scold him.

"You're too kind-hearted, Tom. The fellow's just a swell sponger. That sort always has been and always will be. He just lives on Sackville Street and a monocle and supreme swank."

"He's very well connected. His father was Lord——"

"Quite so, I knew the old rascal. Sold himself to half a dozen company promoters. He was expelled from his club."

Mr. Brumfit opened his eyes wide.

"You're a very exceptional woman, Rebecca."

She laughed.

"I am."

They returned to the "Imperial," and just before the shops closed Mr. Brumfit dashed out and bought a large bunch of carnations. He carried them home himself, and in the lounge he met Mr. Duke, and Mr. Duke's monocle fixed itself on that floral tribute.

"Very nice, Thomas. Where have you been this afternoon?"

Mr. Brumfit felt like saying: "What the hell is that to do with you?" but he informed Mr. Duke that he had been to Cambo.

Mr. Duke looked amused, and with deliberation extracted a white carnation from Mr. Brumfit's bouquet and put it in his own buttonhole.

"Oh, you dog, Thomas. The merry widow—what! Do you know what they do at Cambo?"

Mr. Brumfit was growing hot.

"We picked primroses."

Mr. Duke guffawed and gave Mr. Brumfit a gentle dig in the ribs.

"Primroses! Primroses! And you had tea at the hotel."

"We did."

"And did it include a bedroom?"

Mr. Brumfit moistened his lips, glared, and felt tempted to smack Mr. Duke's pink face.

He said, "That's a nice joke, isn't it? I haven't much sense of humour, but I'll think it over."

HE did. He thought it over with Mrs. McGavin, though he did not describe the incident to her. He confessed that he was consumed by a

burning desire to settle with Mr. Duke and also, perhaps, to teach Mr. Duke a lesson. Mrs. McGavin questioned him as to some of the details of the partnership, and Mr. Brumfit began to see the light.

"Did you take return tickets, Tom?"

"Yes."

"Who has them?"

"I have."

"And what about the bill?"

"It's due—the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. McGavin admitted that Biarritz was a delightful place and the "Imperial Hotel" one of the best managed hotels in Europe, but she had spent two months at Cannes, and hotels had begun to bore her. She was ready for the spring in her garden at Richmond; yes, she was very fond of her garden, and even though an English spring was temperamental it had the familiar face of a friend.

"I think I shall travel on Thursday."

Mr. Brumfit was both homesick and disillusioned. Kingston Hill would not have been a bad sort of place in the absence of Irene and Moira.

"I might join you on Thursday."

"Do. Let's play at secrets. We'll catch the nine-thirty-five to Paris. And Mr. Duke need not know."

"You mean—I should——?"

"Exactly. Leave him to pay for himself."

"But he'll find out."

"Why should he? Pack at night. What time does his highness deign to get up in the morning?"

"Not till nine."

"We shall be out of the hotel by nine. But, my dear, I wish I could stay behind and see his face."

"I expect he'll make trouble at our club."

"Can't you live without a club?"

"As a matter of fact I hate the damned place, but when your house is a kind of hotel and night-club combined——"

"Well, I should resign from both clubs. Give the girls a thousand a year each and take a small flat in town."

Mr. Brumfit said: "It's an idea."

So, on the night of Wednesday he had a few words with a discreet manager, and paid his part of the week's bill, and packed like a thief in the night. Mr.

The Idea!

Duke came back late from the casino and made a great deal of noise while he was undressing. He was still asleep when Mr. Brumfit, having dealt with his *petit déjeuner*, had his luggage carried down and joined Mrs. McGavin in the lounge.

"How is Breezy Bertie?"

"Still asleep, I think."

"Splendid. You haven't been soft-hearted, have you?"

"No, I haven't been soft-hearted—in that case."

The hotel bus carried them to the station, and by the time that Mr. Duke was having his bath, the Paris Express and Mr. Brumfit and Mrs. McGavin were somewhere between Bayonne and Dax. Mr. Duke was not playing golf that morning. He strolled downstairs about eleven, and spent the morning flirting with Margery Pitman under a red and yellow umbrella on the terrace.

At half-past twelve they carried their affair into the lounge.

"What about a little drink, Marge?"

"Rather."

Mr. Duke called the cocktail waiter and ordered two Martinis.

"Put 'em down to No. 33, Georges."

The white-coated cynic who presided over the American bar administered a shock to Mr. Duke.

"No. 33 has gone, sir."

"Gone!"

"Yes, he left this morning, sir."

Mr. Duke dropped his monocle.

"Well, I'm damned!"

HE was still more damned when he found out the facts. He had been left without tickets and with his week's bill to settle. There was,

too, the question of tips. Mr. Duke had not tipped a soul in the place.

He was furious; he was hurt. He squealed. He squealed to Miss Carfax and Mrs. Pitman. Women were always so sympathetic.

"The old swine has left me with the baby."

And the strange part of it was that both ladies joined him in abusing Mr. Brumfit.

"Poor Dukie. What a dirty trick!"

Mr. Duke's indignation was quite sincere.

"Yes, selling your soul to the old blighter, and he welshes you like this! No sense of decency. Filthy old commercialist."

Biarritz has a very rocky coast and Mr. Duke was very much on the rocks, and the fascinating fellow had to be rescued by a woman. It had happened before, and on many occasions. Mrs. Pitman paid his bill and took him back to England with her, stopping in Paris for three days in order that Mr. Duke might cancel some of his indebtedness.

But Mr. Duke was not quite his cheery self. The "sponge" seemed to be too full of water. Mr. Brumfit had left him in his bath.

Mr. Brumfit took Mrs. McGavin's advice. He disposed of the house at Kingston Hill, stored his furniture, pensioned Irene and Moira, and rented a small flat in town, but he did not remain very long in this flat. Mrs. McGavin's house at Richmond was as pleasant and as comfortable as its mistress, and in October Mr. Brumfit entered upon his second adventure in matrimony.

The marriage was completely successful.

FAIRY-LED

WAS it the moon, the waving wheat,
The cottage roses in the dew
That made life take a quicker beat
So lovely as to seem untrue?
The Green Folk must have snared my feet—
Or was it you? . . . Or was it you?

VORRIE CAIRN

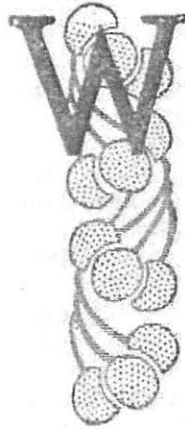
J. Brumfit

Long Complete Novel

The Case of John Stretton

*He was one of the wreckage left by
the War, subject to terrible brain storms.
Ought he to marry?*

By Warwick Deeping



WHEN Dr. Rollin Beal of Wimpole Street told Bartholomew Stretton that his son's future was a complex problem old Bartholomew heartily agreed with him.

"It isn't as though we had had anything like it in the family," said the old man. "You seriously believe it's the war?"

Beal was turning over the pages of his case-book. He gave one rapid glance at the old man sitting in the Chippendale arm-chair, his hands rubbing his knees, his face suggesting a sudden falling in of the cheeks and mouth. For this affair had reduced old Stretton to perplexed and flaccid helplessness.

"All the same, I don't understand it," he said.

Beal's quick eyes returned to the pages of the book. His austere face softened perceptibly. "I don't suppose you do," he thought. "How could you—you with your pretty, old pink face, your house at Esher, your three thousand a year, and your comfortably successful family? It is the first blow below the belt that life has given you, and it has knocked you out." He paused, one page of the case-book held between forefinger and thumb.

"The danger is," he began, and then he hesitated, his eyes fixed on old Stretton's eyes.

The elder man continued to polish the knees of his trousers.

"He'll murder someone—what?"

Beal nodded.

"That is the danger. Remember, he is not to be considered responsible during these brain storms."

"Good heavens!" said old Stretton, staring straight at Beal, "that doesn't help much, does it? Look here, the boy was the gentlest of the whole lot. I don't understand it, and my not understanding it makes me feel that I'm locked in, don't you know—in the dark—helpless—a horrible feeling, doctor. We have got to do something haven't we, or we shall have his mother out of her mind?"

Beal passed a hand across the open book as though he were smoothing a crumpled page.

"Of course. We must co-operate. But you think that if I could explain your son's condition to you?"

Old Stretton slapped his knees.

"That's it. What have you got in that book there, doctor?"

"A complete history of your son's case, and my explanation of it. Supposing you read it; I have a patient waiting for me; I shall be back in half an hour."

He handed the book to Mr. Stretton.

"There are records of other cases there, but of course you will respect them."

"Of course," said old Stretton, pulling out a pair of pince-nez. "sacred ground, my dear sir. Must say I appreciate this—this frankness."

"That's all right," said the doctor, moving towards the door.

Dr. Rollin Beal's record of John Stretton's case was a compact, complete and sympathetic history of all that had happened to Bartholomew Stretton's youngest son, both during the war and after it. As an alienist, Beal was the most thorough of men. He gathered his evidence wherever it was to be found, and in John Stretton's case he had reduced it to a reasoned and self-explanatory statement of the affair.

It is unnecessary to quote it in full. Looked at through old Stretton's eyes it resolved itself into several vivid and almost tragic incidents, moments of tense strain or of emotion strung like beads on the thread of the narrative.

It opened with a letter written in confidence to Dr. Beal by one of Stretton's fellow officers, a Lieutenant Rendall, who had served under Stretton in the same company.

"You have asked me to be quite frank, and I will try to tell you everything. I remember the day quite well—when Stretton was knocked out. I think you ought to know that we had been in the line for ten days, and that we had had a most damnable time, for when you had captured new ground the Germans gave you no rest, and you gave them none. Bursts of savage shelling, counter-attacks to repel, the ground like chaos, everything difficult—rations, water, getting the wounded away. Stretton had been fine—but he was feeling the strain. We had a nasty angle to hold, and as a company officer he never spared himself.

"It was about seven in the morning when

THE CASE OF JOHN STRETTON

all of us rushes out; something violent happens. That is how I read your son's case. As you know, he has only a very vague recollection of what he does in these rare storms of violence. In every other way he is absolutely normal."

Old Stretton nodded. Beal's simple paraphrasing of the technicalities had helped him to understand.

"Yes, I see all that."

He rubbed his chin.

"And those two words at the end? Prognosis and treatment? You have left them blank."

"I should have put a question mark after each," said the doctor. "We have got to face the facts."

And then he found old Stretton's eyes fixed on him pathetically.

"I am afraid I have shocked you! But in facing these facts we travel a long way towards safety. Obviously. We have got to place your son in such a position that he will not be exposed to the particular set of circumstances which are liable to produce these storms. We must try and help him to strengthen—close—this leak in his self-control. Do you see?"

Mr. Stretton saw this very clearly.

"I'll do anything—anything, doctor. Money is no object. Do you suggest a home?"

"The very last thing. Your son is a healthy man; it is our business to provide him with a healthy life. Now, has he any particular aptitude, inclination?"

Old Bartholomew looked worried.

"I don't know. He just sits about. We can't get him to talk."

And then his face brightened.

"Look here, doctor, he likes you, he believes in you. I know you are a busy man, but couldn't you come and spend the week-end with us? I'd send up the car—and you might be able to get at what is at the back of his mind. This last confounded affair seems to have stunned him—like a blow on the head, you know."

Beal turned to his desk, and glanced at his book of appointments.

"I could manage the Saturday evening and Sunday," he said.

"Then—you'll come?"

"Yes."

Old Stretton got up on his short legs like an excited and grateful dog.

"That's good of you, doctor, that's really good of you. I shan't forget it."

II

THE LIMES, Esher, was what Dr. Rollin Beal had expected it to be—a big red house in a big and highly polished garden, a most comfortable house, precise without being fussy. It had the atmosphere of relaxation which belongs to people who have finished

the serious work of life, and whose interests have ceased to be vivid and vital. Bartholomew Stretton and his wife had grown to resemble each other in their pink and whiteness, and in their placidity. Rose, the last unmarried daughter, big and buxom, was addicted to bright-coloured jumpers, golf and dogs.

There remained that unknown quantity, that bit of quicksilver, of dangerous elemental stuff, John Stretton. Beal had a glimpse of him as the car rolled up the drive—a longish, thin and rather intense young man with a fine drawn face and deep-set eyes. He was lying full length in a cane chair under one of the cedars. He had dropped a book on the grass, and it lay open but face downwards—like life—listlessly discarded.

"Wrong, quite wrong," thought this man of the world who was also an alienist; "the fine instrument is unstrung. Too much relaxation, too much sympathy of the feather-bed variety. I'm glad I came."

No man can be great at his work unless he is intensely interested in it, and Beal was that. He was sensitive, intuitive, and very vital; he had a woman's temperament and the brain of a man.

"Dr. Beal—God bless you for coming."

He held Mrs. Stretton's soft, pink hand, and looked into her Dresden blue eyes.

"Please," he said, "I am not the doctor to-day. Will you try and remember that."

"Just so, just so." And old Bartholomew nodded at his wife's elbow. "Camouflage, my dear. I take it you want the boy to think?"

"I wish him to be himself. I'm here as a friend. I want to be left alone with him—sometimes."

The two Strettons looked at each other, and bobbed their dear old heads like two dolls worked by the same wire. They had grown so close together that life for them was a simultaneous affair, a perpetual duet.

"Dinner is at half-past seven, Beal."

"May I stroll out and have a chat with John? I suppose he knew that I was coming?"

"Oh, yes; we told him."

Often it had been Rollin Beal's lot to be met with suspicion rather than as a friend; for those who are sick in mind may see in the physician the judge and arbiter of their fates, the man who denies to them the precious privilege of sanity. John Stretton had this feeling of suspicion. He hid it, because he feared it; it was like a shadow across his instinctive liking for this other man. He smiled, but behind his smile was the animal's fear of the cage.

"So they have dragged you all the way down here?"

Beal felt the slackness of the other's hand-grip.

"A doctor must get away from himself—sometimes! Do you think that I am always seeing patients?"

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and bought a small estate in Berkshire in the name of his son. The estate consisted of one large farm, two smaller farms, a medium-sized country house, and about a hundred acres of woodland. The farms and the country house were left in the occupation of the tenants. Twenty acres of woodland and two large meadows formed John Stretton's playground, and there he pitched his tent.

Rollin Beal motored down to see him at the end of the first fortnight. Beal made a detour and stopped at Kingsbury, where an old hospital friend of his was in practice—a quiet, shrewd countryman named Mellor. He had written to Mellor and described John Stretton's case, but he wished to see Mellor in person.

Mellor was interested; he had served during the war.

"Turned squatter! Well, that's an original idea. But what about the isolation?"

"That is the one thing which worries me. I want you to keep an eye on him—but without making a parade of it. I shall warn Stretton that I have a friend down here, and so break the ice for you."

"Where is he—exactly?"

"Beyond a place called Hadworth, in the pine woods above Roman's Farm."

"Oh, the Viner's Farm. I attend there. Very decent people the Viners. But what is he living in?"

"A tent—at present. Old Stretton is having a section bungalow sent down and erected in the rough. The lad's idea was a log hut built by himself, but the building byelaws got in the way of that. A big firm are responsible for the bare erecting, and Stretton is to do the rest."

"And this is September. What about the winter?"

"It's possible that he may put up at one of the farms. The whole business is an experiment, Mellor; but, after all, you have to experiment, and sometimes our results are only approximate. Life in London was the worst possible atmosphere for him—overstimulating, over-exciting. I had to choose—for the man's sake—between some such experiment as this and a possible detention at some future date in an asylum. You see?"

Mellor saw it very clearly.

"My fear would be boredom—loneliness. I suppose he will get to know a few people?"

"Why not! You will like the man. That is the tragedy of it: he is so very likeable. And down here it seems to me highly improbable that he will be jostled by the particular kind of personality which is so dangerous to his self-control. Personally I believe Stretton will make good. He is out to make good. He understands the position, and realizes that the future is in his own hands."

"I'll do all that I can to help," said the Kingsbury doctor.

"I know you will, Mellor. Most men are helped by not being fussed; that's why I am glad you are here."

Rollin Beal drove on to observe the beginnings of this experiment, but by the time that he had passed the village of Hadworth his physician's phraseology and his scientific attitude had become superfluous. He dropped them, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they dropped from him instinctively. It was at three o'clock on a serene September afternoon, and into the landscape crept a gradual mystery, a wildness of detail and of outline which had not been imposed by the commercial hand of man. The lane ran between high hedges, the hedges of little farmsteads with their meadows and orchards, pleasant and secret places in which people might live pleasant and secret lives. No crowding here, and between these little farms wild Nature had thrust stretches of furze and heather and glimmering groves of self-sown birches. Yellow ragwort and golden rod grew thick in the grassy spaces. Blackberries ripened and fell unpicked. Sometimes a rabbit scuttled across the road from one fern patch to another.

The ground ascended. Northwards the battlemented and mysterious woods overhung the gentler lowlands. The bracken became a sea, dappled over with sunlight and the incipient gold of its autumn livery. Scotch firs stood red throated against the blue. And suddenly the lane ended, and ended in nothingness. It melted out in a stretch of turf shadowed by scattered birches and clumps of furze. Modernity, conventionalism had dwindled to a trickle and disappeared.

But a white gate in a hedgerow spoke of man. On the top bar was painted in black letters, "Roman's Farm."

Beal left his car and his chauffeur at the lane's dead end, and, opening the white gate, walked up to Roman's Farm. He saw a red roof behind a tangle of orchard trees, a white fence, a blaze of sunflowers and Michaelmas daisies, a heather-thatched porch. The place pleased him; it was soaked in silence and repose.

A carter was leading a horse down to a pond. Emerging from the farmyard gate came another man, heavy and slow and placid. He had a grizzled beard, and quiet eyes of blue in a brown face. He wore an old, sun-bleached Panama hat and a black alpaca jacket. Beal placed him instantly.

"Excuse me, are you Mr. Viner?"

It was Mr. Viner.

"I am looking for Mr. Stretton's camping-ground."

Mr. Viner appeared vaguely amused.

"The young man from London—my new landlord. If you go straight up to the woods you'll see his tent and a whole clutter of stuff."

Beal answered the smile in the farmer's

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thread — the human purpose — had begun to diverge. It was diverging at that very moment, and Beal knew nothing of this little streak of fire which would eat out so different and so much more poignant a pattern. A young man running through the fern, carrying a common white milk-jug! A September landscape, blue hills in the distance, the red roof of a farmhouse, an orchard heavy with fruit, a white gate, an old red brick porch thatched with heather! A young man, rather breathless, raising a hand to the rusty black knocker of a half-opened door!

Then, for three short seconds, a man and a girl looking at each other with surprised eyes.

"Excuse me, can I have some milk?"

She took his jug and filled it for him,

even while Beal was struggling with a sulky Primus stove, and bothering his head with scientific yet human map-reading. Stretton had seen Jessie Viner, and she had seen John Stretton.

IV

STRETTON came back much more slowly, and Beal, noticing this leisureliness, set it down to consideration for the milk.

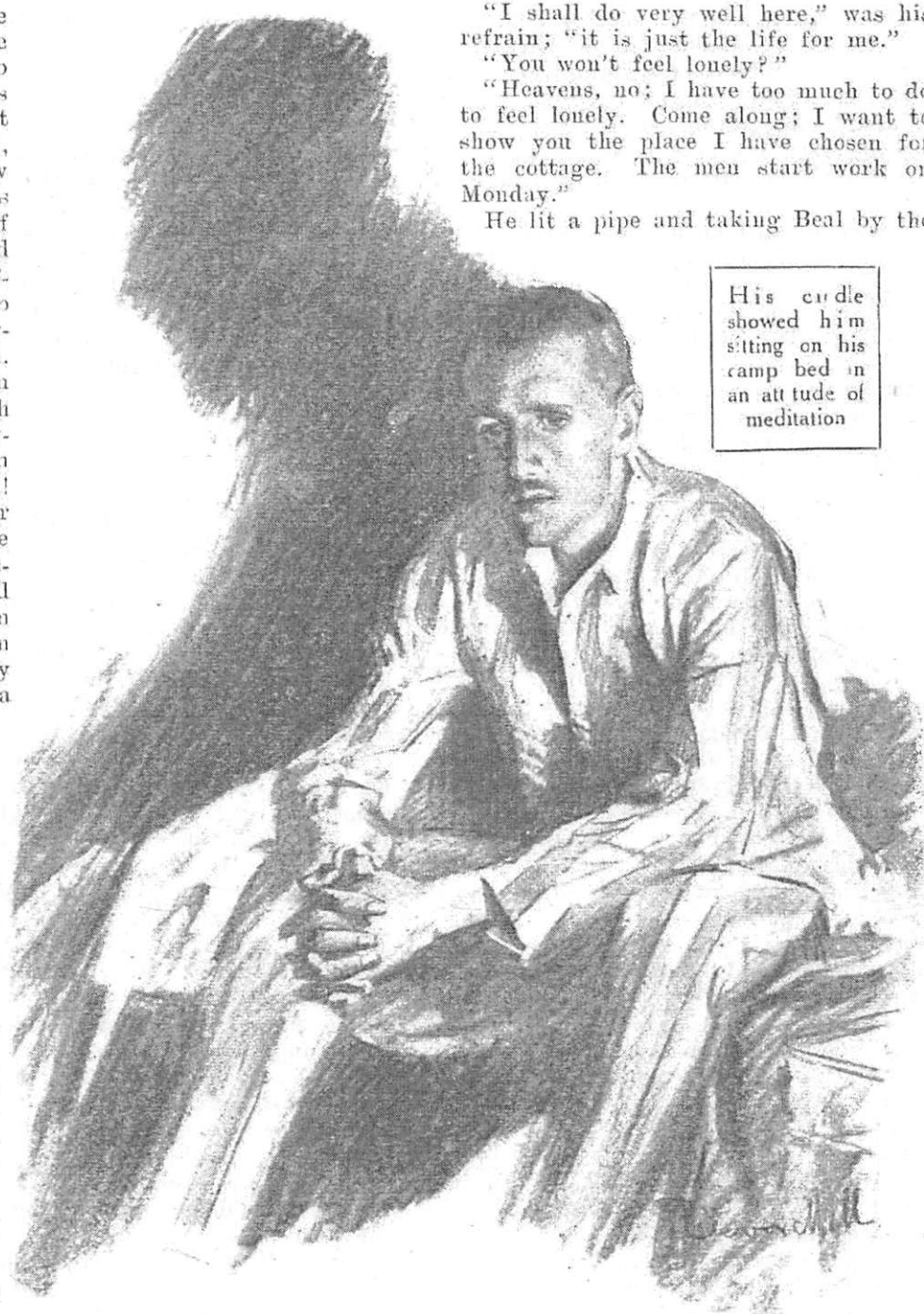
They made tea, and talked like old friends, yet there was a part of Stretton which stood aside and fell into the long stares and the silences of helpless reverie.

"I shall do very well here," was his refrain; "it is just the life for me."

"You won't feel lonely?"

"Heavens, no; I have too much to do to feel lonely. Come along; I want to show you the place I have chosen for the cottage. The men start work on Monday."

He lit a pipe and taking Beal by the



His cude showed him sitting on his camp bed in an attitude of meditation

arm led him along the face of the wood to where a little valley broke into the massive phalanx of the firs. Here were stacks of bricks, mounds of shingle and sand, and the timber sections of the bungalow piled under the trees. The plan had been pegged out, and the turf cut and lifted along the line of the foundations. Stretton stood and explained everything, and his eyes were happy.

"Did you ever see a finer site, the wood behind you and sheltering you on each side, and that gorgeous view to the south?"

The site was superb, and Beal said so. The windows of the little house would look out

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nor had he exhausted the hundred and one jobs about the house which kept his hands and his brain busy. His enthusiasm was still on the crest of the wave; but beyond it was the inevitable hollow.

In November it began to rain. It rained for seven days, and then the wind blew from the north, and a frost set in. Stretton had had trouble with his fire and his cooking. He had had to light his lamp at five o'clock, and five hours of daylight and loneliness before bedtime are not good for any man.

On the morning of the day of his weekly drive to Kingsbury he locked his door, and trudged down through the rusty heather and withering fern to Roman's Farm. The wind had dropped, and the sky was a pale, cold blue.

"I ought to have a dog."

It was his first confession of loneliness, and he was thinking of the dog—and a fox-terrier pup by choice—when he sighted the Viners' market-cart waiting for him outside the white gate. As a rule, the vacant-faced boy was in charge of the cart, but this morning it had a different occupant.

John Stretton's feet lagged. He saw the girl there waiting, and his impulse was to turn back. He was afraid, and in realizing the nature and the significance of his fear he understood that the sensitive part of him was shrinking from some dimly forefelt pain. And yet there was another part of him which wanted to go on. He felt it urging him forward with a fierceness, a yearning that were human and reckless.

After all, he could not leave her waiting there in the cold! What did two hours in a cart matter?

What struck him most was her lack of shyness. It was not that Jessie Viner was insensitive or bold, for Stretton had met that type during the war, and he was one of those men who know by intuition what women are. She was supremely natural, living easily and happily within herself, and so living easily and happily with others.

He found himself listening to her voice.

"I hope you won't mind my driving you, Mr. Stretton. Our carter is ill, and I am telling Dr. Mellor. And I have some shopping to do."

He was aware of her intent eyes, and he had a feeling that they saw more of him than he saw of himself. He had raised his hat.

"Of course not."

He climbed into the cart.

It was a forty minutes' drive to Kingsbury, and on that outward journey Stretton had very little to say. Jessie Viner would glance at him from time to time, and her eyes had a peculiar effect upon the man. It was as though she knew, and pitied him for not being as other men, and her imagined pity left him raw. Moreover, he discovered that her nearness troubled him, for his first im-

pression of her as a woman grew more rich and vivid.

At Kingsbury she drove into the White Hart yard.

"How long shall you want, Mr. Stretton?"

He was standing beside the cart, waiting to help her down.

"Oh, not more than an hour. I want to try and buy a dog. The ostler here may know of one."

"A dog?"

She repeated the words as though they had a peculiar significance. Her eyes seemed to have detected his loneliness.

"Why, we have a couple of puppies at the farm. You could have one of them. Fox-terriers."

"That's very good of you. By the way, what time do you want to start back?"

"About twelve. Will that suit you?"

"Perfectly."

They parted company here, Jess Viner going to Dr. Mellor's house in South Street. Mellor was pulling on his gloves at the surgery door when Jess walked up the path between hedges of clipped laurels.

"I am going out your way, Miss Viner. Can I give you a lift?"

She explained that she had driven in and brought Mr. Stretton with her, and when she mentioned Stretton's name she noticed that Mellor's face seemed to grow more attentive.

"You drove him in, did you?" he said, which is the obvious sort of remark a man makes when there is something else at the back of his mind. Jess had a feeling that he wanted to ask her a question, but couldn't bring himself to ask it.

"Finished his cottage, has he?"

She nodded.

"You have seen it, then?"

"Oh, I was up there about a month ago," he said vaguely.

She looked Mellor straight in the eyes.

"Doctor, it must be very lonely."

And Mellor made an absurd answer.

"Oh, well, you know, Canada is ten times worse."

At twelve o'clock John Stretton was waiting in the White Hart yard, talking to the ostler. Jessie Viner was ten minutes late.

"They kept me so long at Fletcher's. I hope you are not tired of waiting?"

He smiled at her, but it was a curiously difficult smile. His glance at her was momentary, and she wondered why his eyes were so shy of her face.

"Have you got everything you want?"

"Yes."

It flashed across his mind how ironical that answer of his was, and during the homeward journey he uttered hardly a word.

About five o'clock Stretton was lighting his lamp when he heard a knock at the front door. He found Mr. Viner standing there, holding something white at the end of a string.

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the unknown in others. A single word, a flash of light, and two personalities realize each other in the blaze of it; but neither Stretton nor the girl found the word that night.

"Listen!"

He felt reprieved, plucked back from the edge of some great spiritual struggle, for from the valley below came the beat of a horse's hoofs on the frosty road. It seemed to Stretton that things happened very swiftly after that, and that they happened without making any impression upon him, failing to penetrate a mood of self-absorbed analysis. He remembered the breathless boy arriving on his bicycle, something being said about a cast shoe, two eyes of light approaching up the road, Jess swinging the white gate open, a sudden sound of cheerful voices. Then, he was in the farm-house parlour, sitting talking to old Viner, who stood and warmed his hands at the fire. He was aware of Jessie Viner going to and fro, her dress of some green stuff—very simple and plain—and that she was very busy. He heard Mrs. Viner's voice from above stairs.

"I hope nothing's burnt, child."

"No, I asked Mrs. Lavender to come in."

In fact all Stretton's impressions of that evening were vivid yet strangely impersonal. He was conscious of the pleasant homeliness of the room and of the people about the table, people whose eyes looked at him so kindly. Old Viner, solid and quiet, had a dignity of his own. Mrs. Viner was a cheerful body and full of such ruddy health that she was never depressed or embarrassed. Jess sat opposite Stretton and facing the fire, and he had a new vision of her, seeing her as a woman in the firelight of an old farm-house, a broad-bosomed and rather silent woman with deep eyes and shining hair. He felt that these people were good for him, that they were as warming and as wholesome as the food and the fire.

Afterwards he smoked a pipe, sitting opposite Mr. Viner in one of the leather covered arm-chairs. Jess and her mother brought out their needlework, and their bowed yet attentive heads added to his sense of repose. His thoughts went to that rather flimsy bungalow in the woods, so new and so raw, and its emptiness chilled him. Still, it was his choice, his medicine, a home to be shared with a puppy and a pipe.

About half-past nine Stretton rose to go, and Mr. Viner helped him on with his coat, while Mrs. Viner suggested that the visit should be repeated. Jess remained in the background, serious and watchful. They smiled at each other, and then Stretton found himself at the gate, with the door shut behind him, and the moon looking down at him over the top of a barn. The sky was a sheet of steel and the grass glimmering with frost.

It was then that the live and passionate man in him seemed to turn over and wake up. He stood by the white fence, looking back at the old house with the generous sweep of its tiled roof, and its quiet life hidden behind the curtained lattices. His heart uttered a cry of pain. He felt himself out in the night, an outcast, and very lonely. He wished himself back in that fire-lit room, watching a girl's fingers and her bowed and gracious head, and the wish provoked him to action. He remembered noticing that the curtains had not been closely drawn, and that there was a gap between them through which he could see into the room.

A grass path and a narrow flower border ran along the front of the house, and Stretton walked cautiously along the path till he reached the window.

Old Viner was by the fire, knocking out his pipe. His wife sat by the table putting her work back into her basket. Jess was standing in the middle of the room in an attitude of contemplation, her right hand laid along her cheek. She seemed to be listening to something within herself and not for any sound from the outer world.

Suddenly, she turned and walked to the window, as though someone had called her. She drew back one of the curtains, remained very still for a moment, her eyes looking straight out into the night.

Then, she smiled and gently drew the curtains together; and Stretton, with that smile of hers still in his heart, went blundering homewards over the heather.

VII

JESSIE VINER was the only person who understood John Stretton during those difficult winter months.

Stretton was "queer," so the elder Vincers put it, but their daughter understood his queerness, though the man was mute and made no human sound.

For Stretton was fighting his loneliness, and more than his loneliness. He was hungry for something as he had never been hungry in his life before, and that something was Jess Viner. He wanted her body and soul—her voice, her comely hair, the clean red mouth of her, her smooth round arms and softly breathing bosom. The crave in him was a human crave, glorified and covered with thorns. She was all that he lacked, all that he dreamed of. Her wholesome naturalness was like ripe fruit.

His own fate stood over him like a taskmaster armed with a whip, and Stretton toiled like a slave. Yet even in the very ferocity of his labour there was a clear, spiritual purpose, the gleam of an ideal. He drugged his muscles with fatigue in order to dull his thoughts. He turned out at dawn and stayed out till dusk. At night—after supper—he sat

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"It is," he said; "my man's laid up, so I am my own chauffeur, you know."

"You ought to have put your car in the wagon-house. You left the lights on, and I turned them off."

He helped himself to some more cheese, thinking what a comfortable young woman this was, and what an admirable partner she would make for some too lucky man. He was quite unprepared to be ambushed by her at eight o'clock on a winter night.

"Dr. Mellor, I want to ask you a question."

Her head was bowed over her work.

"By all means."

"Why is Mr. Stretton living all alone up there?"

Mellor let his piece of cheese fall off the biscuit on which it was balanced. He glanced at Jess, but found her intent upon her work.

"That's rather a poser," he said. "Supposing I cannot answer that question!"

"I think you can. There is a reason, and I believe you know the reason!"

He half turned his chair from the table; his manner became professional and semi-paternal.

"My dear Miss Viner, a doctor doesn't—"

"I know that," she said quickly, looking up. "Do you think that I should have the cheek to ask you such a question, unless—?"

She paused, and this time he turned his chair full face to her.

"Unless?"

"I had a very good reason for asking it."

He stared at her. He was astonished by the attack and by the calm yet intense way in which she pressed it. A moment ago he had been thinking of her as a pleasant, ripening girl, and he was confronted and challenged by a mature woman. Moreover, he had the impression that she was his equal, even a little above him, and that she knew it.

"You may have a reason," he said, "but really, it is quite impossible for me to discuss—"

Her steady eyes held his.

"Is it? Supposing something very serious depends upon it? I am thinking of Mr. Stretton. I believe you know why he came here to live that very lonely life?"

Mellor began to look nettled.

"I can't tell you that," he said.

She lowered her head.

"I think it would be better—for his sake—if you told me."

Mellor stood up. He was an overworked man and inclined to be irritable; his attitude to persistently inquisitive people was that of a nurse who is ready to administer a good spanking. He was somewhat rough at times in his handling of spoilt children, and in his shrugging off of time-wasters and gossips. He looked down at Jessie Viner, at her bent head and at her hands calmly sewing.

"I should require a very good reason," he said, in his gruffest voice.

"Perhaps I can give it you. I'll see."

She put her work on the table, crossed the room to the window, and lifting the edge of the curtain ever so little, looked out into the night.

"Would you mind turning down the lamp, Dr. Mellor?"

He did so. He had grown interested, and then she beckoned him to the window.

"Be careful. Just turn up the edge of the curtain. Tell me what you see."

Mellor took her place. The moon was up, and he could see the strip of garden, the slats of the fence, and beyond it an old and rather overgrown thorn hedge, bare and leafless in the moonlight.

"Well?"

He told her what he saw.

"Nothing else?"

"Something which looks like an old tree stump or a post in the hedge."

"Do you think it is that?"

He straightened, and drawing back from the window looked at her with a very different expression on his face.

"A man?"

She nodded.

"Mr. Stretton. Every night—now—sometimes for an hour at a time."

His lips puckered themselves as though he were about to whistle.

"You are afraid of him?"

She answered him with perfect confidence.

"Oh, no, I am not in the least afraid of him"—and she turned up the lamp—"but for him. Do you understand?"

Mellor pulled out his pipe and pouch. He went and stood by the fire, and crammed tobacco into the bowl of his pipe. There was a vase of spills on the mantelpiece; he took one, lit it at the fire, and held the flame to the tobacco. He understood.

"Quite sure—you are not afraid of him?"

She had taken up her work and resumed her sewing.

"You see, Dr. Mellor, I love him, and he—oh, well—you have seen him standing there in the cold. He comes just to look at that window. He has never said anything, but I know. He has some reason for not saying anything. Of course, I could ask him. But don't you think—?"

She raised her eyes to Mellor's face, and when Mellor saw the look in them he ceased to be the professional person, and became the man.

"Etiquette be blowed! I believe you are right."

"I know that I am right."

"Very well. Only remember—I'm putting a very grave responsibility upon you, Miss Viner."

"I accept it," she said simply.

And so he told her all that he knew, sitting smoking his pipe, while she went on with her sewing. He was not a man of any eloquence,

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"Do smoke."

"May I?"

"Of course."

His awkwardness had disappeared, but Jess would have preferred a fool's silence to the perfectly composed and neutral surface that he showed to her. He made his reserve impenetrable by appearing to throw aside all reserve, and by talking to her glibly of a hundred and one dusty things which did not matter. Nor would he look at her, but kept his eyes on the fire.

She accepted the situation, because she knew that Stretton believed that he was doing his duty, and because he realized that his self-control was stronger than she had thought. He was not the sort of man who dissolved easily into a soppy stew of self-pity. And she liked him the better for it. He remained ice, and the firelight and her nearness could not thaw him.

"He will never tell me," she thought.

She frowned to herself over the problem.

"But—he has got to tell me—some day. It must come from him, not from me."

When Dr. Mellor arrived Jess was giving him a lecture on the putting down of eggs in waterglass!

Stretton knocked out his pipe, and met Mellor with all the serenity of an impartial man of the world.

"You are being overworked, doctor."

"My dear sir, brains cannot be compressed into the trade union car!"

Stretton laughed.

"I hope I shan't add to your labours! I just walked down to inquire for Mr. and Mrs. Viner. I must get back, or my puppy will be howling the house down."

He smiled at Jess, a quick, errant smile, and picked up his cap and coat.

Mellor nodded to them both, a "Don't-mind-me" sort of nod, and went with most humane discretion to warm his hands at the fire. It seemed to him that this little romance must be developing with happy usualness, but his diagnosis was ludicrously inaccurate.

A much more unconventional atmosphere would be needed to melt John Stretton's fanatical reserve.

IX

ABOUT a week later that highly intelligent youth, Sam Lavender, opened the back door of Roman's Farm, kicked the snow off his boots, and walked solemnly into the kitchen, carrying a jug.

"Guess 'e ain't well—him—Stretton, I mean."

Jess was making pastry, and her flour-dusted forearms were wrist deep in a brown basin. The sleeves of her pink linen blouse were turned up above her elbows. She looked at Sam and at the jug which he had set down upon the table; the jug was full.

"You mean that Mr. Stretton is ill?"

"'E's in bed," said the lad; "'e looked a bit silly."

"And you have brought the milk back!"

"Well, 'e was in bed; 'e didn't seem to have no use for it."

"You idiot!" she said. And then, growing rather pink for no reason that Sam could see, she told him to go home and fetch his mother.

Mrs. Lavender was always glad of an excuse to bustle up to the farm, seeing that usually she brought away more than she took to it either in money or pickings, and on her arrival she found Miss Jess cloaked but bare-headed, and ready to take to the snow with a basket and a jug.

"Just look after things for an hour, Mrs. Lavender, please."

Mrs. Lavender was quite ready to look after things, herself included. She could discover an excuse for a cup of tea and a snack on the slightest provocation.

Jess found the snow crisp and frozen under a clear blue sky, the furze bushes and thorns crusted with whiteness, nor was there any break in the white sheet until the red trunks and dark tops of the Scotch firs caught the sunlight. She followed the boy's footprints, her breath making a little silver cloud in the keen air. What more could youth and love desire on such a winter morning? Never for one moment did her impulse look back. It was as though God had given it to her, and she knew that it was good.

Sam Lavender's footprints led up to the door under the shingled roof of the little stoep. She hesitated there a moment, setting down her jug of milk and her basket, her face faintly flushed with her hastening over the snow. The door was unlocked, and Jess opened it a few inches; it was more to her than the door of a cottage, but rather—the gate of a man's reserve.

"John!"

A voice answered from the inner room.

"Who's that?"

"Jess. I'm coming in. Sam says you are ill."

She waited a moment for that challenge of hers to be taken up, but when he remained silent she became the woman in possession. She went in, setting her basket and jug on the table, and noticing that there was no fire in the grate, and that Sam had left the door between the outer and the inner room wide open. She could see the foot of Stretton's camp-bed, with the puppy lying curled up on the red blanket.

She was conscious of an instant's hesitation, as though her heart had dropped a beat, but all that passed when she entered the inner room. Stretton was lying there with the clothes pulled up to his chin; he was shivering; she felt the cold of the fireless room. His eyes looked at her without a question,



She ran towards him, arms spread, her face the face of the Eternal Mother, divine yet human

Jess met him at the porch door. To her he was no more than a little, thick-set man, with a round and ruddy face, cheeky blue eyes, and a decorative taste in riding-breeches and waistcoats. He was a great dandy. He had the gladdest of glad eyes. As a veterinary surgeon he was quite fearless and very capable.

"Good afternoon, Miss Viner."

He always greeted a pretty woman with the air of a man who is astonished at discovering her, but Jess took Mr. Redhead with frank seriousness as Jenny's doctor, and as nothing more.

"Mr. Viner is down the farm. He'll be back by three. Would you like to look at the beast, Mr. Redhead?"

"That's a poor name for a lady!"

"I'll show you. She's in a lodge by herself."

He gave her a droll look, but her sense of humour did not extend so far as Mr. Redhead, for he did not interest her in the least. She was completely frank and natural; she had no tricks. She went with Redhead to one of the cowsheds, and as she put her fingers to the wooden latch she felt a man's hand touch her waist.

"Don't do that."

"Sorry. I was going to open the door."

Jess gave him one very swift and penetrating look—a look which any sensitive man would have understood.

But she thought so little of it, and was minded to regard Redhead with such a lack of seriousness that she remained by the door while he examined the sick cow. "Jenny" was their best milker, and Tom Viner's favourite among the cows, and Jess was wholly taken up with the vet.'s verdict, to the complete exclusion of the man in him; nor was Redhead put off his work by the presence of a woman.

"What do you think about her?"

Redhead was cautious.

"I shall have to watch her for a few days."

The gate from the cowsheds and byre opened sideways on to the stretch of grass between the farm buildings and the house, and Redhead swung the gate back for Jess to pass through; and it was here that the nature of the man showed itself in a characteristic and instinctive gesture, a crooking of the arm behind her and at the level of her waist, a mere shadow gesture so to speak, for his arm did not touch her. He might have been guarding her against the return swing of the gate, but at that same moment John Stretton appeared at the end of the lane.

If Jess was struck by anything it was by the sudden immobility of her lover's figure. He stood stock still in the middle of the lane, his arms rigid and straight and pressed close to his body. As she and Redhead approached him she saw that Stretton's eyes were fixed on the other man's face in a queer, intense stare.

In an instant she understood.

"John, this is Mr. Redhead. He has been to see Jenny."

At the sound of her voice Stretton gave a swift start. His chin went up; his eyes left Redhead's face and looked at Jess, and as he looked at her the blue glare went out of his eyes, and the light of his own intelligence came back. He drew a deep breath; his arms and shoulders lost their rigidity; his hands betrayed an almost imperceptible trembling.

"How's Jenny?"

Redhead was looking at him in puzzled astonishment.

"I don't think she's as bad as Mr. Viner feared."

He was wondering who the devil this fellow was, this tall chap who had made him think of murder standing paralysed or roped to a post, and glaring at him with blind, blue eyes.

"This is Mr. Stretton."

Redhead glanced at Jess. She was smiling, but her smile puzzled Redhead; it was so grey and transient.

"Glad to meet you," he said.

He put out a hand; it was ignored, and in the awkwardness of the moment he hid the unnoticed hand in his pocket. His hard, red face lost its expression of staring and almost truculent good nature.

"I suppose Mr. Viner won't be long?"

"I'm here, sir."

The farmer's square figure had pushed through the field gate in the young green of the thorn hedge, and he came like a welcome human wedge splitting up this awkward and inarticulate group into its natural components. Redhead turned aside to speak to Mr. Viner. Jess made a little movement of the head, her eyes fixed on Stretton's.

"Jack, I want to show you something."

She took him away with her into the orchard, and as they moved side by side under the trees she felt that he was himself again, that he had forgotten that stark and savage impulse of a few moments ago. Almost, it seemed to her that he was unaware of it, that it had belonged to a sinister underworld in him, a world that was once more asleep.

"I have had two new hives put up here."

Yet, what she said did not matter. She had more than a suspicion that it was her voice which mattered, the voice of love which could put that other self in him to sleep.

XI

JESSIE VINER had had her warning, and she was so wise in her acceptance of it that when Redhead came again to Roman's Farm she made it her business to be out of the way. Her self-effacement seemed a simple and final solution of a mere momentary problem, the taking away of a box of matches so that there should be no chance of fire, and there is no doubt that her common sense would have

Father Legat.

War, & especially a long & bitter war, can wear men
into broken & disillusioned. The so-called human phase is over,
so badly fly, or fly some. Blood & mud & fire &
fire so near to be the reality.

far as I wish to be the rest. I
 he was a tough crowd, & I'm afraid somewhat brash in
 talk, & a man will be in a New England. I know that
 I had reached a cynical mood when the middle of the
 night ~~some~~ ^{was} into much lighter. He lay back a
 great deal; one who is content. I don't have to laugh. But
 I think none of us had any ill-will left, & if we had any
 they were very slighted. The cynical mood had passed.
 I was not surprised, but a little ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{the matter of} a scuffle in a
 muddy ditch with a black man who knew very little.

But, we were doctors, the officers of a Field Ambulance. Considered war to be mere, well a war, a sacrifice it seemed to us a rather silly business, dying or mangled for the sake of the road a sacrifice it had to be or be patched up for an encore. What was the use of it all? We saw hardly the palpitating flesh, never of blood & torn tissue. We saw dead, - callous death. The skin of our soul could not be too sensitive & the mutilation a grimy one part of the daily ritual. The officer

I found some part of the diary missing.
He played cards at night. I have known the officer
on duty called away to attend to a wounded man, rush
off, in back again while the order lay face down on the
table. He would hurry back again, satisfied soon in his
house.

" Anyone called? Get me back."

It was our fate or our fortune to receive in the
these various chapters. They were regarded upon as by
Hyacinth Anthelm. On one occasion he was saddled with
these fables, with our Colonel protested, & refused to meet
more than one.

Now, there was a wide gulf created in the army. It declared that the two great pillars of the ~~war~~ were the Church of England, & somebody's machine.

his people & his manner. That he had some quality which
 can be rightly perceived as a truth & rather drilled mind.
 I had been with a man who behaved in his head & in
 whose substance the great quality was revealed. When you
 provided me I thought of the Report.

Copy of Original Courtesy of

Sir Reginal Worthington

March 3 1906 New Zealand

THE CELEBRITY.

(By Warwick Deeping.)

Percival Potter, Esq., author and critic, had rented a cottage for the summer at Heatherden, amid the purple of the Wessax hills. Percival Potter was a distinguished man, one of the elect who kept the gates of literature—praised or condemned; more often the latter. He it was who wrote those brilliant and slashing articles for the "Daily Dromedary," articles intended to educate the public in the matter of literary taste. Mr Potter was a caustic person. He tilted his thin penetrating nose at creation, surveyed the universe patronisingly through his pince-nez, and delivered decretals on all such matters as came beneath his nimble and superficial notice.

Heatherden was an unsophisticated village. Hence it had greeted Mr Potter's advent with a thrill of curiosity and pleasure. Nor was Mr Percival Potter unprepared to patronise such rustic votaries as brought garlands to lay before the feet of literature. That summer the celebrity was a frequent guest at the Heatherden garden parties and functions of the kind—Mr Potter was not adverse to parading his abilities before the social Perdidas of the place.

Miss Pamela Carlyon was a young woman with a great love for literature and the usual feminine propensity for idolising "Literary stars." Moreover, Miss Pamela was a very comely young damsel, with her dream-filled eyes, her pale face and small, mobile mouth. She had consumed novels by the score, and poetry flowed like a perpetual brook through her young brain. Nor was she a mere feeder on fiction in the superficial sense. Like many an intelligent and well-read woman, she had that natural selecting power, that elemental critical instinct that discovers the true from the false.

When Miss Pamela was introduced to Percival Potter, Esq., at the Vicarage garden party, she flattered herself that the critic of the "Daily Dromedary" was a man worthy of her serious respect. Heatherden was not an intellectual centre. Miss Pamela had often lamented in secret that there were so few folk to whom she could confide her ideals. She had been compelled to dream her dreams in silence, to enjoy her inner life in the solitude

"A self-assertive theory, Miss Carlyon, nothing more; a mere physiological dogma. People are too proud of their own principles. It is a presumptuous age."

Pamela regarded him with the mild reverence of youth. "The responsibilities of a critic must be very heavy," she said.

For the moment, Mr Potter seemed to suspect banter. He was not a man who could tolerate playful sarcasm, but she appeared innocent as a white rose.

"We are the doorkeepers of Fame," he observed; "it is our duty to beat back rash and conceited people, who are intoxicated by egotism and imagine themselves clever."

"True literary power is rare, I suppose?"

Mr Potter bent his Jovian brows, and appeared to consider the remark with critical severity.

"I have only come across two good books in a year," he said.

"Then you have to condemn many?"

Mr Potter smiled assent. It was his usual habit to attack works of any weight and promise, and to praise books which he had no cause to fear. There was no peril in praising trash, whereas he had a serious reason for belittling merit.

"But you try to help beginners," said Miss Pamela, with an appealing smile.

"My dear Miss Carlyon," was the retort, "we are critics, not literary philanthropists."

There was one man in Heatherden, however, who had failed to bow the knee to the Zeus of the "Daily Dromedary." That man was the Rev. John Masters, curate and Christian. Creed or no creed, the curate hated the celebrity with a wholeheartedness that was perfectly logical.

"Honest Jack," as the villagers called him, had been the avowed esquire of Miss Pamela Carlyon. He was a sturdy young man, virile, frank, and open-hearted, a man such as Charles Kingsley would have loved. He was no mere crow; rather, a layman in clerical guise. At all events, he was human enough to nurture a strenuous hatred and contempt for Mr Percival Potter.

The curate and Pamela Carlyon had been very good friends till the celebrity had appeared within the bounds of Heatherden. Perhaps Potter had sneered John Masters from the field, had repulsed him actually by the supreme offensiveness of his patronage. The egregious and rapid vanity of the young critic had kindled fires of wrath

Miss Pamela's among them. The critic was thirsting for some innocent upon whom he might swoop and flash his talons. The season was a dull one. Mr Potter needed material for a caustic and scintillating article, and "Rose Leaves" fell to him at the opportune moment. He smiled one of his metaphysical self-assertive smiles, and opened the flood gates of his scorn on Gabriel Grandison's head.

The following evening he met Miss Pamela on the Heatherden moors. She was wandering home from a neighbouring village radiant with the rhythm of her own songs in her heart. For days she had been dreaming of this book of hers, with its mystical tone, its quaint woodcuts, its emblazoned cover. Her vanity was innocent enough, sheer joy in this fairy child begotten of her own brain. Her heart was full of the gold of the sunset. She had been singing as she crossed the moors.

Mr Percival Potter regarded her with critical approval that evening, as he ambled at her side, weak-kneed and shoulderless. He was gloating in thought over a brilliant and coruscating article that he had posted to the "Daily Dromedary" on "A New Volume of Verse." Mr Potter had indulged in splendid sarcasm, in Olympic scorn. He felt particularly pleased with the powerful passes of his pen.

They grew confidential these two that September evening. Mr Potter's tongue waxed suggestive. His grey eyes were amatory behind his pince-nez. He talked for effect; was in excellent humour.

"Life is a glorious thing," he observed, sentimentally, "when youth meets youth. What poetry there is in yonder sky, what imagery in yonder woods! Nature, Miss Carlyon, I adore Nature from the bottom of my heart."

"It is so restful," said the girl, "so calm, so sublime."

"Yes, when one finds a sympathetic soul to share one's enthusiasm."

Mr Potter pondered. Miss Carlyon had money and a pretty face. The celebrity was debating with himself the advantages and disadvantages of the matrimonial state. They had neared Heatherden. The church spire streaked the azure; the river shimmered through the meadows.

"It is good to talk to a man who understands," said Miss Pamela, with her face aglow.

"Ah, you are too kind," retorted the celebrity, with a sentimental smirk.

vision. After all, Jack Masters was a man. He did not pretend to patronise creation. Nor had he ever referred to Dickens as "a snivelling sentimentalist."

When Mr Potter angled up to Miss Pamela that day in the Heatherden meadows, his smirks were chilled by such a frost that he gaped in astonishment and wiped his glasses. The celebrity was amazed, baffled. His glibness forsook him; his ingenuity was repulsed by the girl's pale face and contemptuous eyes. His confessions were petrified on his tongue. Yet be it known that Mr Potter's vanity suffered more severely than his heart. He watched the Sappho of Heatherden playing tennis that afternoon with Jack Masters and comforted himself with a complacent sneer, and an epigram that celebrated the notorious falsity of the feminine heart.

None the less the situation was explained to him in later years when he discovered the identity of Gabriel Grandison, whom Mrs John Master's poetry had been "foisted into notoriety by the crass sentimentalism of the British public."

THE GREEN WILLOW.

(By Cathal O'Byrne.)

The cabin of Shaun Driscoll nestled at the foot of a mountain, a small, white speck against the brown and purple of the heath-clad hillside.

A steep road went past the door, and before it lay a great bog, dotted with pools, patches of vivid green, and great stretches of flaming golden gorse and red-brown heather.

Shaun's household consisted of himself, his mother, and his daughter Maurya. To other girls of her age—Maurya was seventeen and motherless—life in a tiny cabin on the edge of a bog, shut in by purple mountains, with only the company of an old grandmother, would have been lonely enough. The girl, however, never found the place dreary or cheerless. The bog, with all its wealth of colour, its loneliness and mystery, had come to be part of her life. She sang at her work like the lark that cattered between the heaven of the clouds and the ether heaven deep down in the quiet pools; and her voice had the sweet, round notes of the blackbird that darted among the stunted bushes. Her hair was golden as the "yellow boys" that swayed their heads in the sunlight like a crowd of merry children; and her eyes had something of the wondrous mys-

When Miss Pamela was introduced to Percival Potter, Esq., at the vicarage garden party, she flattered herself that the critic of the "Daily Dromedary" was a man worthy of her serious respect. Heatherden was not an intellectual centre. Miss Pamela had often lamented in secret that there were so few folk to whom she could confide her ideals. She had been compelled to dream her dreams in silence, to enjoy her inner life in the solitude of her own home. Even the Colonel,

her father, was an austere and stiff-backed patriarch who read the "Times" from page to page and admired nothing so much as the practical. Her feminine friends in the neighbourhood had not advanced on Emma Jane Worboise and Mrs. Henry Wood. They were beautifully innocent of all modern thought, and were exceedingly amiable though they were not learned.

The first remark Mr Potter made to Miss Pamela concerning a subject that was of interest to them both ran as follows:—

"Do you give any attention, Miss Carlyon, to the ephemeral filigree work of modern literature?"

Mr Percival Potter always delivered himself of his cleverness with a certain idle hauteur, a complacent yet semi-scornful loftiness, as though he had culled all wisdom and found it dust.

"I read a good deal," was the girl's retort.

Percival Potter tilted his yellow face to the sun, peered at Miss Pamela alantwise from his beghlased grey eyes, and pursed up his prim and lipless mouth.

"Fiction?" he asked.

"Regularly."

"What else, if I may inquire?"

"Essayists—Emerson, for instance."

"Poor old platitudinarian! Let me warn you, Miss Carlyon, against Emerson."

Mr Potter appeared to be a man of bold convictions. Pamela experienced a sense of shamed surprise. The critic doubtless thought her very provincial, since she had been duped into believing in Emerson as a thinker.

"I admire Dickens greatly," she said, by way of creating a diversion, gravitating from intellect to heart.

Mr Potter's grey eyes scanned her again with a certain scientific pity. A suspicious smile overspread his self-assertive countenance.

"Superstition dies hard," he observed.

"You do not believe in Dickens?"

"My dear Miss Carlyon, the younger and more impressionable spirits of the

human enough to nurture a strenuous hatred and contempt for Mr Percival Potter.

The curate and Pamela Carlyon had been very good friends till the celebrity had appeared within the bounds of Heatherden. Perhaps Potter had sneered John Masters from the field, had repulsed him actually by the supreme offensiveness of his patronage. The egregious and rapid vanity of the young critic had kindled fires of wrath in Jack Master's heart. The curate was slow with his tongue, too honest and sincere to engage Mr Potter in verbal subtleties. Moreover he had been calmly snubbed by Miss Pamela when he had ventured to express a private opinion of Mr Potter's capabilities as a critic. John Masters was not the man to thrust himself forward when his presence appeared to be an encumbrance to Miss Pamela's enjoyment. Hence Mr Potter had been able to monopolise Miss Carlyon's attention. And perhaps, being a woman, she was a little flattered by the distinction the celebrity's friendship conferred upon her.

John Masters had been playing tennis, watching the while Miss Pamela and Mr Potter chatting together under a chestnut tree. The celebrity hid the light of his countenance prematurely that afternoon, pleading work and letters in excuse. John Masters, ruddy and boyish, ventured to take the celebrity's place. Miss Pamela received him with a smile that suggested patronage. She had liked John Masters more perhaps than she had realised. Mr Percival Potter's splendour had dulled calmer intellects and warmer hearts for the moment.

"So the critic has fled?"

"You do not like Mr Potter, Jack?"

The curate smiled a peculiar smile, tightened up his mouth, and tilted his chin. He would have given much to have had an unclerical combat with the celebrity in a quiet corner of the churchyard. Mr John Master's fist itched incontinently to plant itself on the bridge of Mr Potter's thin and contemptuous nose.

"Mr Potter is a celebrity," was the curate's retort. "Heaven forbid that I should blaspheme against the critic of the 'Daily Dromedary!'"

Miss Pamela's upper lip lifted at the angles. "I am afraid you do not appreciate him," she said.

"I admire Mr Potter—at a distance."

"He is a most striking man."

"Evidently so, Miss Carlyon. At college we should have treated him with distinction."

"An honorary degree?"

had money and a pretty face. The celebrity was debating with himself the advantages and disadvantages of the matrimonial state. They had neared Heatherden. The church spire streaked the azure; the river shimmered through the meadows.

"It is good to talk to a man who understands," said Miss Pamela, with her face aglow.

"Ah, you are too kind," retorted the celebrity, with a sentimental smirk.

"I do appreciate all the sympathy you have shown to me."

"My dear Miss Pamela, it is I who am grateful. The debt is on my shoulders."

Mr Potter's shoulders were narrow enough—narrow as his egotism—but he could pretend to chivalry. The pair parted at the end of the village. Miss Pamela's hand had remained clasped in Mr Potter's bony claw. He smiled at her unutterable things, but withheld his confessions for a season. His vanity whimpered as he stalked homewards towards his cottage. The girl was quite bearable; had discrimination enough to appreciate his genius.

Two mornings later, Miss Pamela Carlyon sat over the breakfast table with the "Daily Dromedary" unfolded in her quivering hands. She was white to the lips with mingled anger and distress. Her eyes ran from line to line growing more strained and bright as the words flowed past. The sensitive idealism of her woman's nature seemed smitten down and shamed by the sippant gibes, the dishonest insinuations. Pamela was stunned mentally for the moment. She threw the paper aside, moved to a window seat, and sat and stared into the sunlit garden.

Mr Percival Potter's critique ran much as follows:—

"If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Mr Gabriel Grandison may be dubbed a literary sycophant in the severest sense. We would not advise him to flech his material and his imagery from William Morris and Rossetti. Mr Grandison is obviously a very young man. Let him in the future eschew petticoat poetry. We do not charge him outright with deliberate plagiarism, but we do warn Mr Grandison that imitativene may be ranked by the uncharitable with theft."

"Rose Leaves"—a significant title, seeing that there is much leafy verbiage in the book and but little bloom; pretends to be a collection of poems, composed in idle moments for the author's personal delectation. Firstly

"You do not believe in Dickens?"

"My dear Miss Carlyon, the younger and more enlightened spirits of the day have come to regard Dickens as a paltry sentimentalist. He was no thinker, and had no style. He was vulgarly religious and emotional to a degree. His eternal gush would sicken most cultured folk of the day. Dickens is dead in a double sense. Have you ever read Tufter, the coming man?"

Miss Pamela appeared bemused. Such rending of classical foundations toppled her idols from pillar to arch. She blushed a little and confessed her ignorance.

"Tufter? No, I am afraid I have never heard of him."

Mr Potter refrained from reproof; his face was a study of divine pity.

"Read him, Miss Carlyon," he said, emphatically; "no one can be considered cultured who has not read Tufter's poems. He was a genius, real genius. I was one of the first to detect his promise. By the way, have you read my book on the Minor Poets?"

Again Miss Pamela blushed. "I will get it at once," she said; "I am sure it will delight me."

Percival Potter was convinced that afternoon that he had established an empire in Miss Pamela's heart. The critic was not a handsome man physically. His shanks were long and limp, and weak at the knees. His somewhat profuse hair balded a thin and irritable face. His shoulders sloped precipitously—his whole frame betrayed that fireless intellectuality begotten of a sedentary life. Though a veritable Samson in the matter of his hair, a sturdy public school fifth former could have broken the critic over his knee.

Mr Percival Potter made it his especial business to see much of Miss Carlyon those summer months. The girl had money and a pretty face. Mr Potter orated while Pamela listened. With the supreme conceit that characterised his literary articles, he instructed his disciple in the virtues and vices of English literature. She had read Tufter's poems and failed to understand them, save that her fresh young heart revolted from certain cynical eroticism that pervaded the pages. She had also toiled through Mr Potter's Minor Poets, and had discovered that the work consisted mainly of a Potterian monologue on the Potterian idiosyncrasies.

"You do not play tennis?" said Miss Pamela, as she reverted to the celebrity one August afternoon in the Vicarage garden.

Mr Potter yawned. "I am afraid I am too much in earnest to be solaced by sport. Exercise bores me."

And yet some of our modern aestheticians declare art to be play."

—pretends to be a collection of poems compiled in idle moments for the author's personal delectation. Firstly we would advise Mr Grandison to devote his idle moments to potato growing or wood carving. Mr Grandison is not even a versifier. As for poetry, his pretences are purely ridiculous. When he writes passably, which is rarely he is obviously copying those who have gone before him. Only when he writes badly, and that is often, can he be considered to be displaying his gifts or misgifts in his verse."

After some such prologue, Mr Potter proceeded after the most approved methods of malicious criticism to treat with transcendent scorn the various prime poems from Miss Pamela's pen. He dubbed originality affectation, condemned the fanciful and the imaginative as artificial. He pretended to regard pathos as hysterical sentimentalism, passion as sexuality veiled in coloured phrases. There was a quip at every turn, a gibe in every sentence. No doubt the critique was scintillant enough, but like so many such productions it was utterly scandalous in the matter of morality. Mr Potter's purpose was to coruscate at the expense of the poet. His sneers were "to the gallery," his epigrams for the tickling of his own conceit.

As for poor Pamela, she sat at the open window looking out upon the garden, with the morning breezes playing upon her burning cheeks. Even authors are human, and expect some courtesy from the hirelings of the pen. Pamela, being a woman, was the more sensitive to such methods of attack. The critique with the pert P.P. at the end thereof had shrivelled her for the moment even as a north wind shrivels a rose. The fact that Percival Potter's article was both dishonest and dishonourable did not weigh with her for the moment. She was too cast down, too shamed to conceive herself justified by the positive merits her work possessed.

This mood of dejection, however, was not for long. She was a girl with no mean amount of spirit, and as the realisation of the malignity of the attack increased within her mind, so her anger kindled and grew apace. Percival Potter, indeed! Who was Mr Potter that he should assume such authority in the matter of criticism? He was a young man, and a very ambitious one, jealous, as she had more than once suspected, of seeing the coronet of success on any foreign brow. The illusion passed in a moment; she saw Percival Potter as he was. How had she been so blind to his preposterous vanity, his overpowering egotism? She remembered his vapourings, his thin and consequential voice, his profuse hair, his utter lack of honest virility. The vision of Jack Masters, strong and boyish, generous and open-handed, sped athwart her

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After some such prologue, Mr Potter proceeded after the most approved methods of malicious criticism to treat with transcendent scorn the various prime poems from Miss Pamela's pen. He dubbed originality affectation, condemned the fanciful and the imaginative as artificial. He pretended to regard pathos as hysterical sentimentalism, passion as sexuality veiled in coloured phrases. There was a quip at every turn, a gibe in every sentence. No doubt the critique was scintillant enough, but like so many such productions it was utterly scandalous in the matter of morality. Mr Potter's purpose was to coruscate at the expense of the poet. His sneers were "to the gallery," his epigrams for the tickling of his own conceit.

As for poor Pamela, she sat at the open window looking out upon the garden, with the morning breezes playing upon her burning cheeks. Even authors are human, and expect some courtesy from the hirelings of the pen. Pamela, being a woman, was the more sensitive to such methods of attack. The critique with the pert P.P. at the end thereof had shrivelled her for the moment even as a north wind shrivels a rose. The fact that Percival Potter's article was both dishonest and dishonourable did not weigh with her for the moment. She was too cast down, too shamed to conceive herself justified by the positive merits her work possessed.

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Short Story: "Under Roman Cypresses"

(By Warwick Deeping.)

The flower girls of the Scala di Spagna had grown familiar with the face of an Englishman who sat often that Winter at an open window overlooking the splendid sweep of those grey, stone steps. He had come with the Winter had this Englishman, a man with a pained face, and eyes that seemed to be looking at something a long way off. On sunny mornings as the Spring came, these artists' models and sellers of flowers would throw flowers up into the room, growing clever at tossing a knot of pansies or wildflowers over the sill.

"Penny, sir, penny," they would cry, making a market of these few words of English, and showing their white teeth and the midnight gleam of their Roman eyes.

And sometimes the man above would smile down on them with a kind of sad brotherliness, their bright kerchiefs and sunburnt comeliness giving a charm to their importunity.

Geoffrey Rentoul sat at his window, looking down upon La Baraccaria of Bernini, and the flower stalls at the foot of the steps, and watching the people go to and fro. He thought often of John Keats, who had died here, by the Spanish Steps, and there was more than a poetical sympathy between Geoffrey Rentoul and the dead poet. The living man had looked into the sad, strange eyes of La Belle Dame sans Merci. Nine months ago Rentoul had spat blood, and he had come to Winter in the south.

The English doctor who attended him in Rome was secretly sceptical as to the gravity of Rentoul's case.

"There is no reason why you should not get well," he had said, and Rentoul had smiled rather sadly.

"I have cut adrift," he had confessed; "I don't care very much what happens."

For he had fled from England, leaving behind him a wonder at his silence in the heart of another. It had been a grievous renunciation for him, a putting away of a face that had become too dear. Lest the woman should grow to care too greatly, he had broken the deepening desire that had been drawing them towards each other, choosing to leave her the lesser pain and the possible belief in his paltriness, rather than she should look too deeply into the eyes of a doomed man. Silence! It had settled between them like leagues of quiet water. She—in the green land yonder—did not know of the thing that had befallen him, or that his road had led to Rome. He had gone out of her life suddenly, and she had tried not to feel the pain.

In March Rentoul had received a letter from a friend in England. There was one passage in

In March Rentoul had received a letter from a friend in England. There was one passage in it that had filled him with bitterness.

You remember Jean Carvel? She is going to marry a stockbroker chap of 40, rather a boaster, but plenty of cash. I think that mother of hers had a good deal to do with it. It seems rather a shame.

Did he remember Jean Carvel? Good heavens, it was because he had tried to remember what was best for her that he had taken refuge here in Rome. It had been an unspoken love between them, but each had seen love in the eyes of the other. And now she was going to marry some cad with plenty of money, perhaps because his strange silence had broken her faith in love.

"Jean Carvel! Jean Carvel!"

He found himself standing by Bernini's fountain, staring vacantly at the spurts of water, and repeating a woman's name. The flower stalls above the fountain were gorgeous with flowers: anemones, purple and red; tulips, scarlet and gold; narcissi, of saffron and snow.

"Hallo, Rentoul!"

He turned to find John Fothergill, his English doctor, holding out a hand.

"Hallo!"

"I haven't seen you for nearly a month. It's about time——"

A queer look came into Rentoul's eyes.

"Where are you going now?"

"Home."

"Well, I've come now, if it will suit you."

"Yes, I want you to have another go at that chest of yours."

Fothergill lived in a flat in the neighborhood of the Piazza di Spagna. There was a great grey vestibule to the big building built with true Roman bulkiness. Palms in tubs seemed to make the place look more cold and grey. One of the occupants of the flats had been unpacking furniture from abroad, for several large packing cases lay about, with straw protruding.

Rentoul followed Fothergill to his consulting room on the first floor.

"I shall want to examine you."

"All right."

"Haven't been feeling feverish at night?"

"No, worse luck."

Fothergill looked at him with sharp curiosity, and felt for the stethoscope that he carried in his pocket.

There was silence awhile in the long, shadowy room. Rentoul stood with his eyes fixed on the window. He breathed quietly, but his heart was hurrying.

Fothergill stood back, and laid his stethoscope on the table.

"Do you know what I think?"

"No."

"That you are absolutely sound."

A queer gleam came into Rentoul's eyes.

"Then I'm most confoundedly sorry."

"Sorry! What do you mean?"

"I wanted you to tell me that I hadn't a

Sally : what do you mean :
"I wanted you to tell me that I hadn't a chance of living."

John Fothergill was a fairly shrewd man of the world. He gave one quick glance at Rentoul, and then pushed a chair forward and took out a cigarette-case.

"Sit down, Rentoul. Have a smoke ?"

"Thanks."

Fothergill struck a match, and held it out towards his patient.

"Now, look here, my dear man, what's the matter with you ? It is no use my trying to do you any good, if there is something behind all this that I can't get at."

Rentoul stared at the window.

"I suppose you may as well know," and he told Fothergill the truth.

The doctor went and stood by the open window, and the smoke from his cigarette curled out into the sunlight.

"You did a fine thing well, Rentoul ! By Jove, it was on the fine side ! -Of-course, the girl felt herself—"

"Left in the lurch ! You can't put it plainly."

"Perhaps it hurt her even more than it hurt you. But look here—"

"Well ?"

"I give you my word that so far as my opinion is worth anything—I believe you are quite sound. That London man preferred to be on the safe side ; the disease is often so tricky in the early stages, and that hæmorrhage may have meant nothing. Why don't you begin over again ?"

Rentoul glanced up sharply.

"What, and try and cut this other fellow out ?"

"Well, yes, if it means such a desperate lot to you. And you have a sort of prior claim."

"I don't know whether it would be cricket."

There was a short silence.

"Do you mind my knowing the girl's name ?"

"Not a bit : Jean Carvel."

Fothergill's face twitched with sudden surprise. He held his breath a moment, and kept his back turned towards the man in the chair.

"Jean Carvel. Thanks. A good name."

"You don't know her, by any chance ?"

"I seem to have heard the name somewhere. But in the course of the year I see such a tremendous lot of people."

Rentoul went back to his rooms, possessed by a fever of yearning and of indecision. "Why not begin over again ?" Fothergill's words haunted him. He could not get them out of his head.

John Fothergill too was thinking his own thoughts.

"Extraordinary ! I wonder if Rentoul will be astonished by something within the next few days ? I think I had better stand aside, and watch."

days? I think I had better stand aside, and watch."

Fate willed it that Geoffrey Rentoul should be very sorely astonished within the next twenty-four hours. He was sitting at his window—reading—his eyes straying now and again down the Spanish Steps to the piazza below. And so it happened that he saw a tall slight figure in olive green cross the Piazza di Spagna, a figure with a pale face and a mass of chestnut hair gathered up under the shadow of a broad-brimmed hat.

Rentoul pushed his chair back, and stood up with a face that was dead white, and eyes that shone.

The girl stopped to buy flowers at the stall at the bottom of the steps, and Rentoul watched her, standing back in the shadow. She bought a bunch of blue anemones, and Rentoul saw in them the color of her eyes. Then she began to climb the steps, her face turned with a sense of the mystery of things towards Santissima Trinità outlined against the sky. To Rentoul, who watched her as Dante might have watched Beatrice walking upon the Lungarno of Florence, it seemed that she was frailer and more ethereal, with larger eyes and redder mouth. She climbed the steps slowly, turning now and again to look back upon the Piazzetta with its bustle of modernity so strange when one thought of the ruined palaces of the Caesars yonder upon the Palatine.

Slowly she ascended, choosing the left ascent where the stair divided, her figure in its olive-green dress growing faint and cloud-like against the grey of the stone. Rentoul, standing with his hands resting on the window ledge, was seized by a mad desire to follow her.

"I must."

He seized a hat and dashed downstairs and out into the sunlight.

Jean Carvel had climbed the steps, and was moving away towards the Pincian Gardens. Rentoul was asking himself hurried questions. Had she suffered? Had she forgotten? What meaning had she set upon his silence? Should he speak to her?

Under the gloom of the ilexes outside the Villa Medici, Rentoul lost sight of the figure in olive-green. He walked on a few paces, keeping close to the wall, and hesitated within a few yards of the doorway in the tall facade of the Villa. While he was still hesitating Jean Carvel came out into a little pool of sunlight that lay between the trees.

She saw him almost instantly, and Rentoul, flinching under her gaze, was held by the first flash of wonder that leapt out at him from her eyes. She stood quite still, looking at him, her color coming and going. He saw her lips move as though she were saying, "You—you?"

Rentoul reddened like a boy, and pulled off his hat. But the light died out of her eyes. She turned without acknowledging him, and walked away in the direction of the Pincian Gardens.

Rentoul remained standing there, his heart full of a terrible, and bitter emptiness. He

saw nothing of Rome, but only a face that had grown white in an instant, and eyes that had revealed the pain of a wounded pride.

"She did not understand," he said to himself.

And a voice within him answered: "How could she understand?"

There was no more peace for him in Rome, but rather a sense of inward fire consuming his whole soul. She had thought him a cad, a cynical trifier!

Turning back towards the Piazza di Spagna, he happened to meet John Fothergill coming up the Spanish Steps. The doctor eyed him critically. Rentoul's face was the face of a man in torment.

"Hallo!"

"Fothergill, you are about the only friend I have here. Do you know whom I have just seen?"

"Who?"

"Jean Carvel."

"Jean Carvel! You mean——"

"Yes. Good God! I see now what a mistake I made! I saw it all in her eyes. I could never face her again."

"Look here, Rentoul, you keep quiet for a day or two and think it over. I'll find out where she is staying."

He gripped Rentoul's hand hard, and went on.

But John Fothergill already knew the name of Jean Carvel's Hotel. In fact, he had been in to see her professionally only three days ago, but for the moment he preferred to hold his tongue.

Climbing the hotel stairs next day, Dr. John Fothergill smiled rather shrewdly into his tall hat. As he had expected, it was the mother who received him in the private sitting-room. Mrs. Carvel was a woman who gave one the impression that her body was too big for her soul. She was pompous, and fat, and selfish, and very ready to state her opinions.

"Good-morning, Dr. Fothergill. My daughter will be in in a minute. I wanted to have a short chat with you alone. Now—shall I be quite frank?"

"There is nothing like frankness."

"Nervous depression, that is the whole trouble with Jean. She has just broken off an engagement to a really dear man, and most suitable. It's very trying. I don't know whether she has had a disappointment. Ever since last Autumn she has been quiet and funny. I believe it is all nerves."

Fothergill looked sympathetic.

"I am much obliged to you for the hint. Nerves—most probably. Now I should like to have a quiet talk with your daughter."

"Alone?"

"Yes. In these hypersensitive types a delicate suggestiveness is very necessary. It is imperative that I should have Miss Carvel's confidence. I think I can persuade her to give it me."

Mrs. Carvel agreed with him, but with a certain air of disappointment. She had made her own life so dull and petty that she took a

atin air of disappointment. She had made her own life so dull and petty that she took a delight in prying even into the private emotions of her daughter. Still, she might get Jean to chatter—afterwards.

John Fothergill and Jean Carvel had liked and trusted each other from their very first meeting. He noticed that she looked paler, and that her eyes were the eyes of one who had slept but little.

"You will find that Rome will do you a great deal of good," he said to her. "It is so full of immense interests. Only don't rush about

and tire yourself. Try and lose yourself in Rome."

She smiled faintly.

"Do many English people lose themselves in Rome? If so—"

"It has a fascination—for most of us. I have a patient now who wants a fresh life—so to speak—because he has lost the old one. It is a rather curious case—"

"Oh!"

"One ought not to gossip about one's patients, but there is something so human about this case. The man was desperately in love with a girl, and he believed that she cared for him. Suddenly he developed what a London doctor thought to be consumption. Well, he had a very delicate and fine sense of honor—rather too delicate, perhaps—and he left England and came to Rome, and told the girl nothing. He thought it kinder to come right away."

Fothergill did not look at her too closely, but he could see that she was strangely moved.

"But was it kind of him to do that?"

"He thought so. And then he heard that she was going to marry another man, and—well—well—he wanted to die."

"Die? Did he tell you so?"

"He was almost angry when I told him a few days ago, that in my opinion he was a sound man. He said he did not want to get well."

"Because—?"

"Exactly! So you see what my problem is

in this particular case. I have to try to persuade a man to want to live. I don't know why I am gossiping like this, only it is a pathetic case. Now, how are you sleeping here?"

The rest of the interview was mere by-play to both of them.

Some three days later Geoffrey Rentoul walked in the Pincian Gardens where the cineraria beds were brilliant in the Spring sunshine. The gardens were full of carriages that afternoon, for the April sky was as clear as a sapphire, and the cypresses on Monte Maria were sharp pinnacles against the blue. Rentoul was strolling under the trees, poignantly alive—as those who suffer so often are—to the sights and sounds of the world about him.

A vettura with red wheels came slowly down the drive, and Rentoul saw the driver turn in his seat, nod, and rein in under the trees. Alone in the vettura sat Jean Carvel, her chestnut hair in rich masses about the white face

alone in the vettura sat Jean Carvel, her chestnut hair in rich masses about the white face under the broad-brimmed hat. She was leaning forward slightly, and by her eyes Rentoul knew that she had seen him, and had ordered the driver to stop. He would have to pass the carriage unless he faced about, and for one

moment he stood irresolute. Then he walked on as though to pass her, raising his hat, and bowing slightly.

"Geoffrey!"

Her voice passed through him like some sound out of a world of memories. There was a note of appeal in it. She was so close to him that he could see a slight pucker of pain pencilling faint shadows between those intent and earnest eyes.

"Geoffrey!"

She leant out slightly—waiting. The vetturino's broad fat back was phlegmatically dull and callous. Rentoul obeyed an impulse that swept him like the breath of an inspiration. He turned and walked to the carriage.

For a moment both of them were silent.

"How strange—that you should be in Rome."

He looked at her with troubled eyes.

"I thought I would Winter abroad—"

"You have been ill—"

"Oh, nothing much. And you? I hear—"

She broke in abruptly, as though to stifle the words she knew he was about to utter.

"I have to meet mother here. She has been looking at one of the churches down there, and said she would walk on here. Isn't Rome lovely? I was so glad to get away from England."

"Were you?"

"Yes; one feels so free here, and one leaves all the trouble behind. I hadn't been well—"

"Jean!"

"Oh! it's all over now. And I'm doing some lovely sketches. I go every morning to the Protestant Cemetery, where John Keats is buried, and paint the cypresses. Dr. Fothergill says I must keep in the sun."

"Dr. Fothergill!"

"Yes; do you know him? Oh, there's mother—I must drive on."

She smiled at him queerly, and leant back in the carriage, and the red-wheeled vettura rolled on, leaving Rentoul staring after it.

"Good heavens!"

It took him about five minutes to reach John Fothergill's flat near the Piazza di Spagna. He found him at home.

"Fothergill, look here! What—?"

"Hallo, my dear man; hallo—"

"I say, you knew—"

"Knew what—"

"That—she—was in Rome."

"Did I? Well, go and see her."

"I've just seen her."

"Well, go and see her again."

"But that other fellow!"

"There is no other fellow. He was dismissed some weeks ago."

It was quite understandable that Geoffrey Rentoul should lie awake half the night, thinking of the Protestant Cemetery down by the gate of St. Paolo. He would go there to-morrow, and look at Keats' grave. If Jean Carvel came to sit under the shade of the cypresses and sketch—well, he would not quarrel with the coincidence.

A Roman sky above the trees, a sky that the Pyramid of Cestus cut with clear, sharp angles. There in the grave-yard of the Protestants camellias were in bloom, and many a grave was covered with violets. A light breeze moved in the tall cypresses, those thousand dusky spires crowded so close and towering towards the blue. Perfumes were in the air, such perfumes as make an English Summer. Beyond the trees rose the warm brickwork of Aurelian's Wall.

Rentoul, waiting near the stone that covered Shelley's heart, heard the rattling wheels of a vettura draw towards the gate. He saw the Italian girl, who sat sewing outside the lodge, rise and go to the gate, and open it to let the visitor in. The vetturino urged his horse on with that characteristic Roman grunt, and drew up under the shade of the trees.

Rentoul knew Jean Carvel by the way the sunlight, that fell between the cypresses, shone upon her hair. She stood for a moment by the

gate, looking about her over that garden of the dead with its steep little paths knotted with the roots of the cypresses, its flowering shrubs, its white stones, its mystery of light and shadow. She had a sketch book under one arm.

Rentoul came a few steps down the path, and Jean Carvel saw his figure against the brown gloom of the Roman Wall. They met on one of the steep paths, watched by the girl who sat sewing at the gate. Jean Carvel's eyes had a tremor of light in them. As for Geoffrey Rentoul, he had the scent of the cypresses, the box shrubs and the violets in his nostrils.

He stood bareheaded.

"I have dared to trespass here."

She smiled up at him with rare frankness.

"I do not wish to keep all the beauty to myself. What a sweet place this is."

"They sleep here so quietly—the dead."

They strolled along the paths, Jean Carvel, a little in front, Rentoul following with slow strides. Jean was looking straight before her with eyes that were full of tenderness and compassion.

"Poor Keats lies over there."

Rentoul caught his breath—and a surge of mystery went over him.

"Jean, do you know why I left England?"

She answered softly over her shoulder.

"Yes."

"I thought I should be lying here with the dead."

Shone
upon her hair. She stood for a moment by the gate, looking...

"I thought I should be lying here with the dead."

"You should have told me, Geoffrey."

"One has to choose—in life."

"You mean—for others?"

"Sometimes."

"But, then, one should be sure."

"Well?"

"That it will not hurt too much."

Rentoul's love was in his eyes.

"Jean, I thought it was for the best. I cared so desperately. I did not want—"

She turned, and her eyes seemed to see everything and to understand.

"I know; I know. But it hurt me; I did not guess."

He caught her hands, and held them.

"Jean, forgive me."

"What is there to forgive?"

They had forgotten, both of them, whether there were eyes to watch them in that place. It did not matter. They were just two lovers in the garden of the dead.

"Jean, the loneliness of these last months!"

"I know."

"And then—"

"You heard—"

"Yes."

"I was so miserable, and mother worried me. But I came to my senses—back to my better self. Geoffrey, forgive—"

He bent and kissed her hands.

"Dear heart, you give me back life."

"How beautiful life is—now!"

They drove back together in the same carriage, skirting the Tiber on their way, with the heights of the Palatine filling the blue sky with the mass and majesty of immemorial Rome. To Rentoul the Spring had come after the long and bitter loneliness of Winter. There was a joy of garlands and of flowers, a beautiful pathos that made the earth rich and fragrant.

They looked into each other's eyes. The wheels of the vettura clattered merrily.

"Where shall we go?"

"Let us go and see John Fothergill."

"Yes."

"And tell him we are—well!"

They found John Fothergill at home, after climbing the stone stairs hand in hand. He came forward to meet them, smiling with his keen grave eyes.

"Old man, congratulate me."

"Both of us."

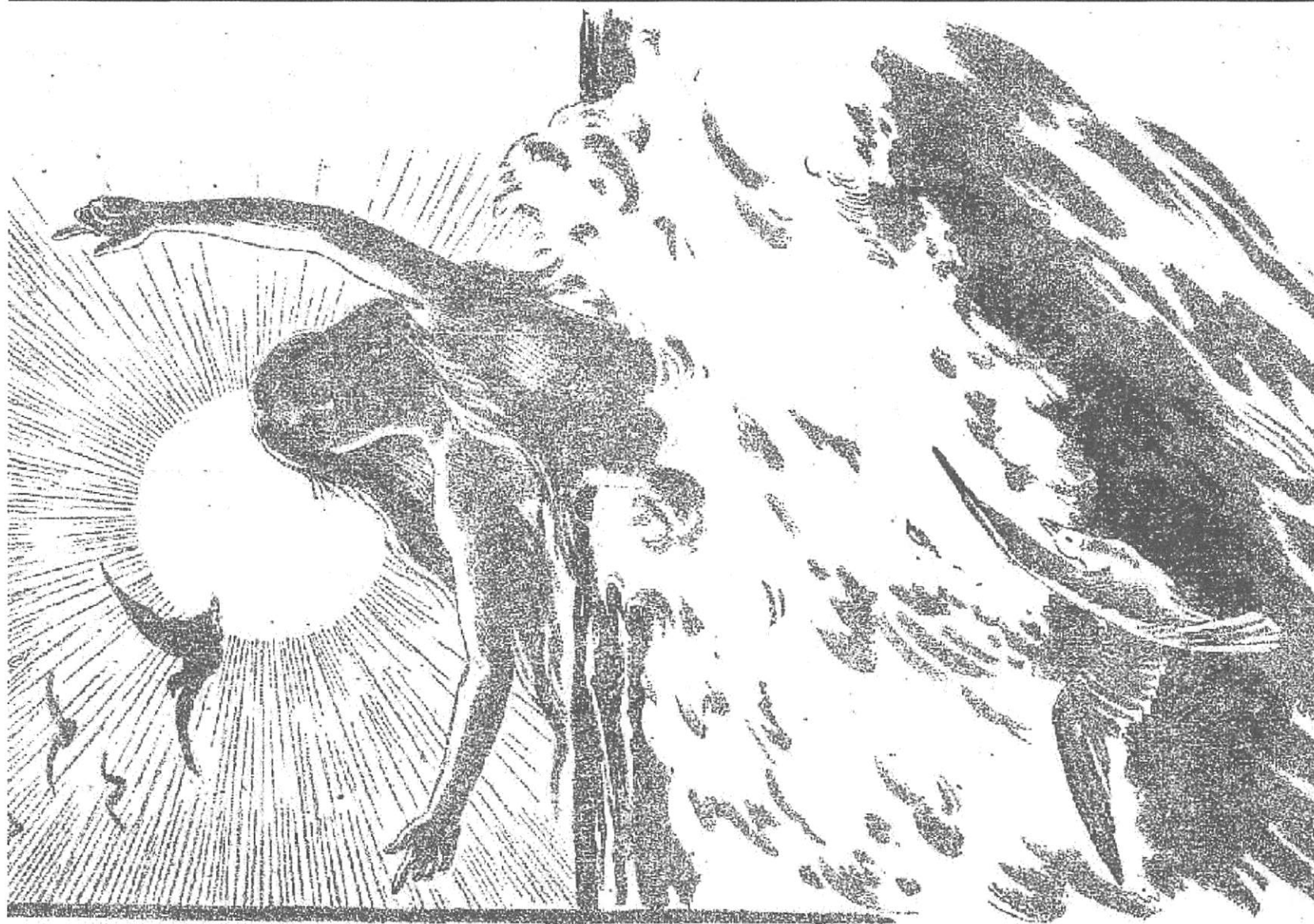
"I do, with all my heart."

They laughed happily, gaily.

"We are both of us healed."

"And it seems to me that I have lost two patients in one morning!"







THE CALL OF THE SURF.

A Chance Partnership

*The Story of a Man's Reformation—
how it began and how it ended*

By Warwick Deeping

THE taxi deposited Luther Brailsford on the pavement opposite the door of No. 21 Silesia Square. He stood swaying to and fro on his toes, and groping cheerfully for the small change in his pocket.

"All right—ol' chap! How much d'shay?"

"Two bob, sir."

"Right-o! How's that—for half-crown?"

The driver had got down and unhitched a lamp. The gentleman was very unsteady, and very dubious as to the colour of a coin.

"That's a penny, sir."

Brailsford threw back his head and roared with laughter. His hat fell off and rolled into the gutter.

"Penny—half-crown. Quick change artish—what! Take y'choish, driver."

The taxi man had picked up Brailsford's hat and returned it to that gentleman's head. His "fare" was holding out a handful of small change, and rolling at the knees.

"That's it, sir. I'll open the door for you. Got the latch-key?"

"Latch-key! Lord—what's that?"

"In your waistcoat pocket, sir, I expect."

"Weshcoat pock't! Of course!"

The taxi man, having helped himself to five shillings, was kind to Luther Brailsford. He saw him safely inside the house, managed to disentangle himself from Brailsford's effusive thanks, and drove off feeling that life's little frailties have their compensations.

All this might appear very comic to a casual onlooker, but it was the real essence of tragedy to Luther Brailsford's friends. The man had gone to pieces utterly. He was just a moneyed sot, a futile good fellow who had lost his grip on life, and who was of no use to anyone save to a set of unprincipled spongers.

Brailsford's rooms were on the first floor. It was late, and the lights were

out, but thanks to luck and a cheerful and blundering persistency, he managed to negotiate the stairs. But the electric switch in his sitting-room eluded him. He had slammed the door, and in the utter darkness he went staggering round the room, pathetically good-humoured in the shame of his helplessness.

"Jolly funny! Can't find th' darned thing!"

He caught his foot in a rug, tottered, clutched at something, which happened to be the open flap of a bureau, and in the debacle that followed the bureau kept him in countenance, face downwards on the floor.

"All right—just stay here! Who cares i' war-time?"

Of a truth it was war-time, but Luther Brailsford slept most ingloriously upon the floor.

He was a sick man when he woke, a sick man who had become most painfully sane. He was good-humoured even when he was in the deeps, and it was this same good humour that had made him what he was. As a rule, he just shrugged his shoulders at his own abominable weakness. He did not get into rages with himself, or rise in disgust and spurn his own fatuous philosophy.

This morning he was in a far more grievous mood. He sat up staring at the window, and blinking painfully at the sunlight that streamed in. His head ached; his body felt stiff and cramped, but there was an ache in his heart, a soul pain that was unfamiliar. For yesterday he had been caught and carried away by the spirit of the Great Awakening. England had been thrilled by the news of that heroic retreat from Mons. Brailsford had watched the crowds storming in Whitehall, burning to reach the battle front. The enthusiasm had seized on him. He had become a new man for a few hours, a man conscious of a new courage, a new strength. Then he had fallen hopelessly, disastrously;

He began to dress in a great hurry, while the doctor went to examine another man.

Brailsford escaped, glancing half furtively at the men whom he passed. He had had the truth thrust upon him, and it had humiliated him still further. He had slipped his dead wife's wedding ring on to his finger that morning, but the memories it evoked did not lessen his self-disgust.

He went and sat on a seat in St. James's Park. His shame lessened somewhat; he felt possessed by a desperate necessity; he must act, spend himself, serve England in some way, or slip back into that life of flabby self-indulgence. He would offer himself at some of the branch recruiting stations; he might find a doctor who would pass him. Unfit! It was absurd. A month in camp would make him a new man.

But Brailsford was out of luck, and the medical men at the recruiting stations appeared to be in a merciless and critical humour. The doctor who examined him last was brutally yet honestly frank. He was overworked and out of temper.

"Look here, sir, it is no use your arguing. If you had taken less alcohol for the last two or three years, you would have been a sound man."

About six o'clock Luther Brailsford found himself in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross. He was utterly depressed. He had gone out with enthusiasm that morning, convinced that his chance had come, buoyed up by the hope of reconquering his self-respect. He had slipped his dead wife's wedding ring on to his finger; it was to be a talisman, a precious relic that would save him from temptation.

Depression in such a man as Brailsford tended inevitably towards a craving for the artificial stimulus of drink. He passed a public-house, faltered, but managed to drag himself away, for that ring on his finger was not without its magic.

"I must get something to do—something to do."

The refrain kept up a pathetic chime in his brain. He wanted to get a grip on life, hold on, and save himself from slipping backwards into the slough.

Brailsford became aware of a crowd outside Charing Cross Station. Someone

told him that Belgian refugees were arriving.

He walked into the station, bluffed the official at the barrier, and found himself on the boat train platform. A crowded train had just arrived, and the sight was one that Brailsford never forgot.

Then he noticed a thin little woman standing quite close to him, watching all that passed with restless and compassionate eyes. Her face arrested his attention. It was pale, refined, intent, incontestably plain, and yet curiously attractive. She had the look of a woman worker, secretary, typist, or clerk.

Brailsford never knew what made him speak to her. He was conscious of a terrible loneliness, of a sick dread of his meaner self. He wanted human sympathy. He was a broken man vividly aware of his own shame.

"There must be hundreds."

She turned sharply and looked at him.

"Yes. It's ghastly! It makes me furious!"

He nodded.

"That's it. One wants to get at the Germans."

"You are going to volunteer?"

It was strange, but Brailsford had a feeling that he had died and come to life in another world. He could say things that he would never have dreamt of saying two days ago.

"I have tried four recruiting stations to-day. They turned me down; I'm no good."

Her face seemed to light up with sympathy.

"What bad luck!"

"No, it isn't luck. You see, I've been a rotter, a drinker; I'm not fit; it's my own fault."

His own words did not astonish him; they seemed some of the first real words he had uttered for months.

She was looking at him curiously.

"Times like these find one out."

She pointed to the crowd on the platform. He nodded.

"Yes, by George! I'm a shamed man; I'm no good. I want to do things, and no one wants me. It's my own fault. But it's bitter, damnable!"

She uttered a quick, compassionate cry, and pointed to a group in front of them.

Three Belgian children—two girls and

work. My name is Ruth Fothergill. I'm out of a job for the moment. Where shall we have tea?"

He knew of a place in the Strand, and thither they went, chance comrades swept together in the troubled wake of war.

Brailsford chose a table in a quiet corner. He noticed how thin and white her hands looked as she drew off her gloves. Her fragility made a sudden appeal to him, though he did not guess that she was half starved.

He ordered tea.

"Shall we talk business? I'm dead keen."

She smiled at him.

"I can't bring any capital into the concern."

"I expect you'll bring the brains. I can count on two thousand a year."

She looked at him curiously, wonderingly. Two thousand a year, and so little to show for it!

"Why, one could run quite a colony on that."

"Then there's the house in Surrey. It's a bigish place, ten bedrooms. Of course, we'd have to furnish it. Come down to-morrow and look at it."

"I will."

"We shall have to draw out a list of things."

They talked on with mutual enthusiasm, but all the while there was a grave and intent look in her eyes.

"Mr. Brailsford, I'm a woman who has had to work for her living. I am going to behave like a man. You said certain things to me in the station——"

He understood her at once, and he coloured furiously.

"I know. I've got to make a fight for it. Perhaps you'll help."

She kept her eyes on his.

"Yes. If you promise to fight, I'll play the good comrade; I shan't spare you. You understand?"

He put out a hand.

"I think if anybody cared about——about my winning through I could do it. But when one's all alone——"

She grasped his hand across the table.

"Well, if we are to be partners, I shall have to care."

They parted in Trafalgar Square after she had scribbled her address on one of his cards.

She had crossed the road to a refuge when Brailsford remembered something. He dashed after her.

"I say, are you on the telephone?"

"Yes. There is a telephone in the porter's lodge. I live in a big block of flats."

"That's good. I'll look up the trains and 'phone to you. We can meet at Waterloo."

Luther Brailsford went home with the feeling of having entered upon new and strenuous life. He discovered extraordinary comfort in the thought that she was on the telephone, and that he could ring her up and talk to her if he felt lonely. It seemed to link him up with life, a vital, sympathetic thread that could be set vibrating by the voice of a woman.

He looked at his wife's ring.

"Extraordinary——my meeting that girl. I wonder why I spoke to her. Everything seems different. Perhaps there is some good in war after all."

Brailsford made a busy evening of it. He went through his accounts, looked out trains, and even dived into an old furniture catalogue that he found on his shelves. It was the catalogue he and Jess had used years ago; he came across the marks left by her pencil. She seemed to follow him everywhere.

"It's fate! It's an omen!"

He kissed her ring.

About nine o'clock he rang up Ruth Fothergill.

"Is it you? What about the 10.35? We can have lunch at Lenham. Yes. And come back and go to the Belgian Legation. I'm looking up furniture. It is going to be great."

They met at the station next morning. It would seem that Luther Brailsford's power of observation had been quickened and rendered more sensitive. He noticed that she looked ill.

"I'm tremendously grateful to you for keeping your promise. I was afraid you might have thought it over and set me down as—as no good."

"I knew you were in earnest. We are going to be comrades."

He had taken first-class tickets, and she reproved him.

"One feels ashamed of being too comfortable."

"I'm sorry, but I am going to re-

"A refugee home. I've got a ripping partner——"

"What, married again? Must say you look jolly well on it. Come and lunch at the Agamemnon."

But Brailsford broke away.

"Sorry—I've got to buy about half a mile of flannelette. I've got the pattern—all right. Good-bye."

He dashed off, and the man with the monocle watched him for a moment with a cynical grin.

"Belgian refugees! Old Brailsford buying flannel! What a jibe! And he looks like a little Jehovah, dispensing milk and honey. Suppose some noble female has got hold of him."

The cynic went his way, but neither he nor any of his clique saw any more of Luther Brailsford. They borrowed no more money from him; deluded him no longer into giving them dinners.

For Brailsford was growing brown and fit among the bracken and the heather, playing with children, playing himself back into health through all that glorious autumn weather.

And then he made a discovery. He wanted to strengthen that partnership, to make himself secure.

He inveigled her out to see the sun setting over the pine woods, and then—with gross treachery—began to talk about himself.

"You haven't had to reprimand me yet, partner, have you?"

She looked at him with her kind eyes.

"No, Jack, not yet."

"Don't be too optimistic. I'm not quite sure of myself, Ruth. I wish you would make the cure permanent. It is loneliness and having nothing to do that play the devil with a man. Now, I know you would always keep me hard at work on something."

"Am I such a tyrant?"

"That's it; I want a tyrant—someone who will care to trouble to be a tyrant. Look here, Ruth, I want you to marry me. You may as well complete—what you began."

She smiled dearly.

"Oh, you man! I thought you said I looked tired, and that I had better come out for a stroll and see the sunset?"

"Hang the sunset. And you did look tired. Ruth, you'll marry me?"

"Perhaps," she said. "I suppose I can't help it."

SPECIAL NOTICE TO :: :: "NEW MAGAZINE" READERS

EVERY reader of this magazine can do his little bit to aid in the general scheme of economy which the war is rendering necessary.

No doubt you have read that in order to obtain the greatest possible amount of shipping tonnage for the purpose of bringing the first essentials—food and munitions—from abroad to our shores, the import of heavy-weighting wood-pulp is to be severely restricted in future. This imported wood-pulp is relied on in this country for the manufacture of paper, and it is therefore expedient that there should be no wastage.

The publishers of the country, with patriotic readiness, fell in with the Government's views, and we now in our turn ask our wide circle of friends to assist us. It is a simple matter. Will all regular readers of "The New Magazine" in future place a permanent order with their bookseller or news-agent. This will mean a complete saving of "returns." Fortunately our returns are very small, but even this normally insignificant percentage can be saved if you will all help in the way suggested.

It costs you nothing, it assists us, and helps the country at a time when every little is important.

—THE EDITOR.

(15)

The House of Adventure

By Warwick Deeping

"She guessed in that moment of fear that Bibi had her pistol, but she spoke quite calmly, for after that first leap of the heart her courage came back to her.

"You are always a man of surprises, monsieur," she said.

"He grinned at her."



HERE had been a slight frost; but it was a brilliant February morning, with a few rolling white clouds in the blue of the western sky, when Paul Brent reached the hill overlooking the village of Beaucourt.

This Englishman had the air of a French peasant. He carried a carpet bag, which he had put down on the road, and he wore very loose brown corduroy breeches, a black coat, a blue neckcloth and a peaked cap. A short, pointed beard gave an alertness and an audacity to his brown face with its blue eyes and firm mouth.

Brent looked down at Beaucourt—or rather at the ruins of Beaucourt—with the eyes of a lover.

"Not so bad," he said to himself; "thought it would be more smashed up."

The valley was full of sunlight, very tranquil and very still, with the shell of the village a chequer of red and white. The church had lost its steeple, and through the windows of the château the purple of the woods showed like a curtain. But there was no smoke, no movement, no human sound.

"They are not back yet," said Brent. "Wonder what her place looks like?"

He picked up his bag, and walked down into the village, queerly excited, conscious of a quickening of the heart.

"Seems years since I was demobbed," thought the ex-soldier. "Rum world to be sure. Wonder what sort of fresh start I shall make as a Frenchman? Better than England for me, anyway. Wonder whether she remembers?"

Brent entered Beaucourt by the Rue de Rosieres. The cottages were mere shells: doors, windows, woodwork gone,

roofs fallen in, the tiles making a red litter on the floors. But Brent did not bother about these cottages. He walked on till he came to the triangle where three streets met. There was a well here, and Brent paused by the well, and looked at the house across the way—the house that was called the Café de la Victoire and had belonged to Manon Latour.

"What a horrible shame!" said the Englishman.

The red roof and the dormer windows had gone; there were three shell holes in the walls, and a smashed lime tree hung its head over the garden gate. Yet as Brent looked at the place more carefully he saw that there were possibilities in the house. The chimney-stack and the gables were standing, and brickwork was solid and sound.

"Not so bad!" he said again. And then, with a flash of excitement: "I could put that right in three months."

Brent went in and explored the house that he had known so well. He left his bag on the floor of the room that had been the kitchen, and stalked about with his hands in his pockets. There was a corner of the garden that seemed to fascinate him—a spot where a pile of stones had been thrown down from the wall.

Brent stared at the stones.

"They don't seem to have been touched. I wonder if her stuff is still there."

He returned to the house, took a candle out of his bag, lit it, and went down to explore the cellar. And here he made a discovery. Some soldier-man had once been fairly comfortable here. Brent's candle showed him a wire-bed in one corner, a rough table, and some shelves made of ammunition boxes, and what was still more significant, a rusty Canadian stove with its flue-pipe connected with the little grating that opened just above the paving of the

By Warwick Deeping

They stood there side by side while Brent talked like a man who knew. He was excited, full of the adventure, and his enthusiasm touched her heart.

"Why, yes, it is possible! But where is the wood and the material for the roof?"

"There are half a dozen old army huts in a field down there. I should use them."

Her eyes flashed up to his.

"*Mon Dieu*, what an ideal! But where should we live?"

He laughed.

"An old soldier can camp anywhere. And the cellar is quite luxurious. Come and see."

They went down together, and Brent lit the candle. She looked round incredulously, delighted.

"O—la—la—a stove and a bed!"

"Yes, and enough bully beef and biscuits to last for a month. It is only ten miles to the nearest unspoilt village. We could go over once or twice a week and buy food. I have some money."

"Money! I have plenty of money. But it is like a dream, Monsieur Paul."

"It's coming true," he said. "Now what about some breakfast?"

"Breakfast! I'll make you some coffee. And I'll tell you about my idea. And I must tell you about Bibi."

"And who is Bibi?" he asked, with a sudden spasm of jealousy.

"Bibi! Oh, Bibi wanted to marry me, and now we hate each other."

"You can include me in the hate," said Brent.

II

Manon had brought eggs, butter, bread and coffee with her from St. Claire, and when Brent had lit the stove she cooked an omelette in an old pan he had found, and made him some coffee. They had breakfast in the kitchen of the battered old red house, with the open blue sky above them, and boxes to serve as seats and a table.

"Now, I will tell you my idea," said Manon over her coffee. "It came to me like this. I said to myself: Beaucourt will need a café; there will be tourists and people who will visit the battlefields; and if I could rebuild my house, I might arrange that the tourists were brought to it. We French must do something to live."

"That's an idea."

"But then there is Bibi, who owns the

Hôtel de Paris. He has the same idea, and he hates me, so you see there will be a race between Bibi and me."

Brent's eyes lit up.

"Great," he said. "Nothing like healthy competition. But what sort of fellow is Bibi?"

Her face grew very serious.

"A terror, a bully, and so strong. He was always fighting someone—well, the men dared not fight with him. He boasts a good deal, but Bibi is dangerous."

Brent lit his pipe.

"It seems to me that the sooner we get to work the better. Those huts would be very useful to your quarrelsome friend. Now then, let's be practical. What do we want first of all?"

"Food."

"We can manage that."

"Blankets."

"I have two old ones. You will have to go shopping. Tools—yes, tools. We may find all sorts of things in that factory there. We need lime and a ladder, a shovel, a saw, nails, a hammer—a regular builder's outfit."

Manon was leaning forward over the improvised table, one hand shading her eyes, and a faint flush showing upon her face. The forefinger of her right hand traced crosses and circles on the top of the box. She began to speak, hesitated, and fell back into silence. The colour died out of her face; she became very pale—so pale that even her red lips looked blanched.

"Men do not do things for nothing," she said suddenly.

Brent looked at her and understood.

"Yes, let us be honest," he said gently. "Do you remember that day when my battalion marched out of Beaucourt?"

She hid her eyes from him.

"Yes, I remember it."

"And what I said to you? Perhaps you remember that too? Now, listen, little woman. I want a new chance in life, to be somebody that matters, but I'm not going to talk about that now. It wouldn't be fair. I'm going to prove myself. I mean to work for you till you have a home to live in. When it is all done, then perhaps some day you will let me talk to you—as I talked on that day in June."

She smiled; her lips and eyes seemed to soften.

"What a strange man you are! And I am going to trust you."

He held out a hand.

and as quickly as possible. Bibi will go back to St. Claire; he is trying to hire workmen and to buy material. We must trust to our own hands."

They unloaded the gig, and then sat down and looked at each other.

"I wonder if he knows of those huts?"

"Better wait till he has cleared out. If we began hammering there, it will show him what we are doing."

"Yes, we had better wait."

They spent their time in clearing the rubbish from the house and in arranging their belongings. Paul built himself a little shelter of boxes in a corner of the kitchen where he could sleep. He found two or three sheets of galvanized iron that would keep out the rain; also another wire-bed in the cellar of the house across the way. He was carrying it across to the café when Bibi cycled by and looked at him with ironical cunning.

"Don't work too hard, my friend."

Brent said nothing.

But he left the bed in the street, and going to the top of the hill watched Monsieur Bibi's exodus from Beaucourt. The tall, doubled-up figure in its black coat and blue breeches had taken the road to St. Claire. It dwindled into the distance, and became a mere moving speck in the grey wilderness that the war had made.

Paul went back to the café.

"He has gone," he said; "we can get to work."

And work they did, going down with the old gig to the field where the huts stood in what had been a sludge of mud. Paul climbed on the roof of the first of them and began working off the galvanized sheets, using an iron bar. He slid the sheets down to Manon, who loaded them on the gig. They worked thus till dusk came, dragging each load to the café, Paul between the shafts, Manon pushing behind. Both of them had bleeding hands, for they had laboured like two mad people digging hidden treasure out of the earth.

"You are tired, *mon ami*, tired out."

"Not a bit of it," said Brent. "I am going up to the château to carry back one or two pieces of timber I saw lying there."

She touched him gently on the arm.

"Remember, I am helpless without you. I'll get supper ready."

Brent went up to the ruined château, and the sky was a steely blue above his head. He stood on the grass-grown drive with the grass crisping with frost

under his feet, and he heard a partridge calling to its mate, a harsh but plaintive sound in the great silence. The redness of the sunset was dying out of the beeches of the Bois de Renard; the stars began to shine. The beauty and the strangeness of it all seemed like the fall of a curtain at the end of the most wonderful day. Brent turned his head to look down at Beaucourt, a ghostly village melting into a ghostly dusk. He saw a light shine out, a little yellow square in the darkness, the light in the café, Manon's light.

Brent did a queer thing; he took off his cap to it.

"Home," he said; "how good!"

When Paul returned she had a meal ready for this tired man of hers. An old arm-chair that they had salvaged from the Ecole stood in front of the stove, and Manon made him take it. And Brent's weariness was a happy weariness. He was aware of the pleasantness of Manon, that it was good to look at her, good to feel her near. As she leant forward over the stove to fill the coffee-pot he looked at her liquid brown eyes, the pretty line of her mouth, the white curves of her throat and chin.

"Voilà!"

She drew the table close to the stove, and while they ate they talked of what they would do to-morrow, of all the things that had to be planned and thought of, of the garden that would have to be dug and planted, of the household gear that would have to be bought.

"What an adventure!" she exclaimed.

"And oh, I'm so tired!"

Paul sent her to bed.

"You must take care of yourself," he said.

After filling the stove with wood, he took one of the blankets and his great coat, and went upstairs to his wire-bed and shelter of boxes in the corner of the kitchen. His bag served as a pillow, and as he lay there he could see the stars shining over Beaucourt—clear, frosty stars.

"It's wonderful!" he thought. And, pulling his great coat over his head, he slept in spite of the cold.

III

For a week Manon and Paul worked from daylight until dusk. They stripped two of the huts, carted the timber and iron to the Café de la Vic-

By Warwick Deeping

who could be satisfied with cursing the elements; he wanted a human enemy, a feud that could be prosecuted with boot and fist. And then he was attacked by the thought that the chimney had not fallen of itself. Someone had helped it to fall; someone had played him a dirty trick, and who but that fellow of Manon Latour's?

"Thunder!"

Bibi had found his quarrel, and he fastened on it like an angry dog. He stormed up the Rue de Picardie, his fists stuffed into his trouser pockets, his shoulders swinging, his head jerking from side to side. Paul was at work on the roof, nailing on sheets of galvanized iron, and to Bibi the clang of his hammer was like the clashing of sword and buckler.

"Hallo—there!"

Brent turned and looked down at the man in the street. Bibi's figure was foreshortened. His long chin seemed to stick out, and he looked all feet and shoulders.

"Good morning," said Paul. "Better weather to-day."

Bibi showed his teeth, and looked at the ladder that rested against the front of the house. He was astonished by the work that had been done, and the sight of the new roof added to his rage.

"That's a dirty trick of yours—knocking down my chimney."

"I never touched your chimney."

"You lie."

"Oh, go to blazes!"

Bibi raised a big hand; its fingers hooked as though he were reaching for the man up above. He looked ugly—devilish ugly.

"Come down!" he shouted. "I'll teach you."

Brent sat on the roof and looked at Bibi as he would have looked at a mad dog.

"I never touched your confounded chimney," he said; "the wind blew it down. Clear out!"

Louis Blanc made a sudden rush for the ladder, and he had his right foot on the third rung when Brent laid a hand on the top one. The two men looked at each other.

"Get off!" said Brent.

"Pig and coward!"

"If you try to climb up I'll pitch you over."

Bibi did try, and Brent kept his promise. Man and ladder went over into the road, Bibi lying like a big beetle with the ladder on top of him. He got

up and behaved like a madman. He picked up the ladder, dashed it down so that it broke in half, and then began to kick it to pieces with his heavy boots.

Into the middle of this display of savage energy came Etienne Castener's blue wagon. It stopped by the well, while Bibi was still occupied in smashing the ladder. There was a very droll look in big Castener's mild blue eyes, but Manon was frightened.

"Hallo, hallo! What's all this?"

Bibi left the remains of the ladder and walked across to the wagon.

"See that fellow up there. He's a coward."

"You don't seem to have much respect for your boots," said Etienne.

Bibi stood and raved, waving his arms.

"If a fellow plays you a dirty trick you go round to give him a thrashing. But that fellow up there was afraid to come down, so I kicked the ladder to pieces."

"Tien," said Castener, looking at Paul, "but what is it all about?"

"That fellow knocked down my chimney."

"It's a lie," said Paul.

And then Manon spoke.

"Monsieur Bibi imagines that other people behave as he would behave. That is the whole trouble."

Bibi glared, gave a shrug of his shoulders, and walked off.

"All right, look out. I shan't forget."

"What a fog-horn of a man," said Etienne. "What a big drum! It is lucky that I have a rope."

He unfastened a coil of rope from the wagon, and threw it up to Paul, who knotted it to one of the rafters and slid down.

"That's that," he said tersely.

But Manon's eyes were frightened. She stood close to him with a hand on his shoulder.

"What happened?"

"He tried to climb up and I pitched him over—ladder and all."

"It is lucky," she said, "but I have brought a pistol with me. It belonged to my father."

"Pistol! What do you want with pistols?"

"You don't know Bibi yet," she said.

IV

WHEN Etienne and his wagon had gone after the unloading of the stores, Manon stood in the garden and looked at her

crackle of burning wood. Brent climbed up, and looked down over the wall into the room where he had stacked his timber.

He saw a man down there—a man who was bending forward and feeding chips on to a fire he had lit upon the floor close to the pile of wood. The man was Bibi. Paul knew him by his cap and clothes and those angular, projecting shoulders.

Brent fired straight at the burning chips, and the bullet sent a shower of them over the feet of the man below. He saw Bibi leap like a cat, all four limbs spread. Then he dodged out sideways into the darkness, fell over something in the passage and tumbled into the street.

Brent used Bibi's favourite exclamation.

"*Voilà!*" he shouted, "the next time I shall shoot to kill."

Then he slid down to save his timber. Luckily the floor of the room was of tiles, and Brent was able to scatter and beat out the fire. He had no more sleep that night, but passed it sitting on a box in a corner of the kitchen with his blankets wrapped round him, considering the new situation that had arisen. Brent had got out of the habit of locking doors and shuttering windows, but Beaucourt and Bibi brought him back to an understanding of the habit. This fellow Louis Blanc was a savage; and Beaucourt was a wilderness in which men fought like savages for mastery or a mate.

"Manon was right," said Paul to himself. "That pleasant gentleman would have burnt me in my bed. I'll specialize on some good doors and shutters."

When Manon returned two days later, she found the windows of the unoccupied rooms barricaded with iron sheets. There was a stout door closing each end of the passage.

And Paul showed her the scorched timber. He laughed over the incident, but he thought it better that she should know.

"Oh, my Paul, why did you not kill him?"

"Perhaps we have finished with the beast," he said.

V

WHEN Louis Blanc walked into the Coq d'Or at St. Claire the old men seated at the white deal tables got up one by

one and went out, for Bibi was an uncomfortable fellow in a room—a thunderstorm concentrated within four walls.

Mademoiselle Barbe was perched in a high chair behind the little *comptoir*. She raised her head and looked at Bibi with a pair of green blue eyes—eyes that showed the white of the eyeball between the lower lid and the edge of the iris. Mademoiselle Barbe had red hair, a big mouth, and a complexion like china clay.

"Well?" she said.

Bibi sat on a table, his hands in his trouser pockets, his feet thrust out.

"What a rotten world!" he remarked.

"You are in a bad temper to-night."

She took a glass from the shelf, mixed Bibi a drink, and coming round from behind the *comptoir* put the glass on the table.

"What's the matter?"

Bibi drank.

"You mix a drink well. I'm in a rage, that's all. Here am I—an old soldier, three times wounded, and everybody arranges that my affairs shall go wrong."

The red-haired girl watched him intently.

"That was a dirty trick of theirs—knocking down your chimney."

Bibi's face twisted itself into a grimace.

"I haven't got even with them yet. I am going to make that fellow fight."

"How?"

"Oh, I have my plan all right. I shall maul him to death, and kick him out of Beaucourt, and dare him to come back. That will upset their plans a little. And then, there is that old fool of a Durand."

"Who is he?"

"He owned the château, you know. He's rich—abominably rich—and his idea is to spend all his money in rebuilding the village and feeding all the people for a year out of his own pocket. He is staying at Amiens; I went to him and made a proposal."

"Yes?"

"He said he did not care two pins about my hotel. He wants the peasants back and the farms cultivated. He'll spoil everything."

"But there is the factory."

"Yes, that's true. Damnation. I'll buy a hut and start an *estaminet*. They can't stop me doing that. I'll teach Beaucourt to drink; there's money in drink."

Mademoiselle Barbe was interested in

definite and violent act. His power of self-expression was purely physical.

"So she prefers that fellow, does she? We'll see about that!"

Bibi had cunning. He packed up his bag and left St. Claire, pretending that he was going to Amiens to arrange his affairs; and to Amiens he went, only to leave his bag at the station, and to take a train back to Boves. He tramped across the seven miles of desolate country under cover of the night, and before daylight he had hidden himself in the ruins of a house that overlooked the Café de la Victoire. Bibi had brought food and a bottle of wine with him. He had his plan, and he was not going to spoil it by being in a hurry.

He slept, for his hiding-place was not likely to be discovered, and he had a peephole through which he could watch the café. The sound of Brent's hammer woke him about two hours after dawn. Paul was fitting a window frame, and Manon at work in the garden. Bibi lay like a big cat and watched them.

The morning passed away—and Paul and Manon went in to their meal. Half an hour later he saw Paul standing at the kitchen window, lighting his pipe.

"I shall be back before dark."

Brent came out of the house and, turning back as though he had forgotten something, took the revolver out of his pocket.

"I had better leave you this."

"Put it on the table by the window," said Manon, who was clearing away the dishes.

Bibi saw Paul disappear up the Rue de Rosiere. He was bound for a certain English dump where a complaisant corporal had agreed to sell him oiled linen, paint and canvas. Bibi lay and watched the pistol on the table, and the figure of Manon moving about the room.

"If she forgets to pocket that pistol!" he thought.

And Manon did forget it. She went back to her work in the garden, and Bibi seized his chance. He slipped across the street and into the café, put the pistol in his pocket, and sat down in the arm-chair.

VI

THE position of the arm-chair did not satisfy Bibi, for it did not occupy the strategic point necessary to his plan. He moved it back close to the wall

beside the door, so that anybody entering by the door would not see the chair or its occupant until they were well inside the room. Bibi sprawled in an attitude of comfortable arrogance. He was always a man of attitudes when there was a woman in the game.

He had been sitting there for two hours before he heard Manon's footsteps. Bibi drew in his feet and sat ready with his left arm extended across the door like a spring ready to close it when she was safely inside.

Manon suspected nothing. She walked straight into the room, and hearing the door bang behind her, turned and saw Bibi sitting there.

"Good evening, *m'amselle!*"

"So it is you!"

She guessed in that moment of fear that Bibi had her pistol, but she spoke quite calmly, for after that first leap of the heart her courage came back to her.

"You are always a man of surprises, *monsieur.*"

He grinned at her.

"This is a café, isn't it? I'll have some coffee and an omelette."

"I shall have to charge you two francs for the omelette," she said; "provisions are difficult here."

"Don't worry yourself. I have an account to settle."

She lit the stove and set about her cooking, and Bibi watched her—and she him. Her deliberation and her composure annoyed Bibi. He pulled out the revolver, pointed it at her, and then put it back into his pocket.

"Hurry up!" he said, "I'm hungry. And afterwards—we'll talk."

Manon wished that the cooking of that omelette would last for hours; it seemed a sort of barrier between Bibi and herself, a postponement of the beastly purpose that looked at her in the man's eyes. She wondered when Paul would return, and what would happen when he returned? What a fool she had been to leave that revolver lying on the table.

"Hurry up!" he said again.

She put the food on the table, and he drew up his chair and ate, keeping an eye on her all the time.

"That fellow of yours works hard."

Manon had poured herself out a cup of coffee.

"He is a very good partner."

"I tell you he works too hard. I'm going to send him away on a holiday."

She stared, pretending not to understand.

vileness of Bibi's strength, a defiance of physical defeat.

"Your fellow is thrashed—out of the game. Understand?"

She began to talk, hardly knowing what she said, but talking to keep him off. She was looking at Paul, and suddenly she saw his hand move as though making a sign. Bibi had not seen it.

"You have beaten him," she said. "Is not that enough?"

"I haven't finished with him yet. When I have, he won't like you any more."

"Are you mad?"

"You two get in my way."

"Be reasonable."

Brent lay there listening. His strength was coming back, and the pain had died to a mere ache of the muscles. And his rage had returned, a cold rage that lay low and was cunning. He knew now that he was up against savagery, a beast who had to be fought with the methods of a beast. Right down in the core of his brain was the thought that he had got to beat Bibi, even if he killed him. That kick had brought Brent down into the primitive trough; there were no rules, no nicenesses, no points of honour in a savage scramble with a man like Louis Blanc.

Manon was still talking, talking for time. He loved Manon, and his love was a rage.

If he only had some weapon!

He groaned—to show his apparent helplessness. His hand groped in the corner and touched something smooth and cold. It was an empty wine bottle—the bottle that old Durand had helped to empty a few days ago. He gripped the neck of it, and braced himself with his left arm pressing against the wall.

He was on his feet before Bibi moved. A chair stood against the wall, and Paul grabbed the chair and swung it at Bibi's feet as the Frenchman rushed at him. Bibi pawed the air to recover his balance, and Paul struck with his empty bottle. It broke, leaving the neck and jagged end in Paul's hand.

Bibi was down on the chair. He made a grab at Brent and caught the front of his coat; his face was upturned, and Paul struck at it with that dagger of glass. He struck and struck again, till Bibi's face was a red and ugly mask, and the hand on Paul's coat relaxed.

Louis Blanc managed to get upon his

feet, but Brent saw that he was blind. He kept wiping the blood out of his eyes, and making rushes about the room, till Brent picked up the short iron bar that served as a poker, and gave Bibi his quittance. Louis Blanc lay on his back with his arms spread out, stunned, a bloody thing that was no longer dangerous.

Manon had disappeared—and Paul called to her:

"It's over—thank God!"

She came running in to him, an impetuous and passionate little figure—arms outstretched, eyes alight.

"Oh, my Paul!"

Her emotion was like a flood of rain, a perfume, some softly human passion after those moments of savagery and bloody sweat. Paul caught her and held her fast. She trembled—she clutched him with tender hands; her body seemed to warm itself against his.

"Oh, my Paul, what a horror!"

"It is all over, *ma chérie*."

Then she broke down and wept, and with a passion that went to Paul's heart. He held her head in the hollow of his hand, and looked down into her wet face.

"We have finished with Bibi," he said.

"Is he dead?"

"No, but I think he'll be blind."

And suddenly they became conscious of the outer world, of a rich sunset, of a stream of golden light, and the sound of a blackbird singing. A thrill of joy and of mystery ran through both of them. They looked into each other's eyes and kissed.

Presently they remembered Bibi. Brent fetched a rope, lashed the unconscious man's arms to his sides, and left the end of the rope long. Then he washed himself, ate, drank a little wine, lit his pipe, and sat down to watch Bibi. Twenty minutes passed before Louis Blanc came to his senses and was able to sit up. He kept shaking his head like a dog, for his eyes were closed and he could not see.

Paul held the wine bottle to Bibi's lips.

"Drink," he said; "you have got to march ten miles."

Dusk was falling when these two men started out of Beaucourt. Bibi went first, Brent following and holding the end of the rope. He carried an iron bar in his hand. They were like a blind man and his dog, with the positions reversed. Louis Blanc never opened his

Durand's canteen, and Paul—now that he had more leisure—went out into the village and worked with the peasants at their cottages. His knowledge and his trained hands were of infinite service, and Paul passed as a Frenchman and won his way in Beaucourt.

"He is a good fellow," said everybody.

"Always ready to help. But he speaks like a man from the south."

"Well, you see, he has travelled. They say he has lived in England."

"And he was a prisoner in Germany."

"A good fellow. Manon is lucky."

Now in the middle of June, when the woods were green and the reclaimed fields and gardens filling with new growth, Manon and Paul made that great expedition to Amiens to buy what they needed for the house. They left blacksmith Philipon's girl Luce in charge of the café, and embarked in Monsieur Talmas' cart that now ran three times a week between Beaucourt and Amiens. The cart dropped them in the Place Vogel, and they walked to the Rue Belu, Paul carrying Manon's bag. Here, with its windows overlooking the green waters of the river, the chestnut trees, and the inspired grey glory of the cathedral, stood the Auberge de l'Eveque, a tall old white house with yellow shutters.

Madame Berthier met them with smiles and nods of the head. She was an old friend of Manon's.

"So you furnish the house? What an adventure!"

It was.

They went to the bank and drew some of Manon's money, and then attacked the shops in the neighbourhood of the Hôtel de Ville. There was great debate over the bed, whether it should be of the French or English pattern; and in the end they decided it should be French. Manon bought blankets and sheets in the Rue Dumeril, and crockery at a bazaar in the same street.

In the afternoon it began to rain, but rain could not drown their enthusiasm. Manon was to stay five days in Amiens; but Paul was returning to Beaucourt on the morrow, and he crowded life into that one day. About six o'clock they walked back towards the Auberge de l'Eveque, and just as they reached the bridge the sun broke through, throwing a shower of yellow light through the falling rain. A coloured bow overarched the city. The chestnuts glittered, wet with a beautiful splendour. The cathe-

dral flashed its dripping stones and pinnacles, its *flèche* ashine against a great black cloud.

They stood spellbound, like two children.

"It is a good omen," said Manon. "God smiles."

At eight next morning Brent tied up his belongings in a red handkerchief, kissed Manon, and walked to the Place Vogel. He found old Poupart, the Beaucourt butcher, in Monsieur Talmas' cart—a long, sallow, melancholy man, who was always expecting trouble.

"They had La Grippe in my *auberge*," he told Brent; "I expect that I have caught it. Everything of that kind comes to me."

"Don't think about it, *monsieur*; that's the best cure."

"You believe so," said the butcher, with sardonic solemnity. "Then perhaps that is why my mother-in-law is still alive!"

Poupart was not a talkative man; he sat and stared for the rest of the journey and said nothing. Monsieur Talmas' cart entered Beaucourt by the Bonniere road, and just beyond the gates of the factory a number of workmen, who had come to repair the factory buildings, were lounging outside the walls. Brent, who was looking at the factory, felt himself nudged by Poupart's sharp elbow.

"Look there!"

Ten yards farther on a wagon laden with the sections of hut had been drawn up at the side of the road. Sitting on the grass bank was a man whose closed eyelids seemed sunk in their eye-sockets. A girl with red hair was standing beside him, and speaking to the driver of the wagon, who was unhooking his horses.

"It is Bibi," said the butcher, staring inquisitively at the woman.

Paul was conscious of a shock of astonishment, for Bibi it was—blind, bearded, listening—to what the girl was saying, his head on one side. A couple of sticks lay on the bank beside him. He was dressed in his best clothes.

"He's blind, you know," said Poupart. "Poor devil!"

Brent's eyes were grim. He realized that he had not prepared himself for the return of Bibi, and his reappearance filled him with a feeling of nausea. It was the return of something that was essentially evil and unclear—an element of discord. Paul was staring hard at Louis Blanc, and as the cart passed

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She pressed his hand.

"Yes, but I know that you wished to keep your secret—to escape from the past. And people are so prejudiced."

"Would it make any difference to you?" he asked her.

"*Mon chéri*, never. We have begun this new life together and I love you, and I think that our life will be so good."

Paul was up in three days and helping to unload the lorries that brought the new furniture from Amiens. It was such an exciting business arranging the new home that for two days Manon and Paul were in danger of forgetting that there were other people in Beaucourt. Brent had painted a sign-board and put it up over the door—"Café de la Victoire"—and it was this sign that brought them their first trouble.

Two of Monsieur Goblet's factory "roughs" strolling round Beaucourt in the cool of the evening, saw Manon at her doorway under Paul's new sign. They walked on, turned and came back, exchanging facetiousities on the attractiveness of dark-haired women. One of the two—Lazare Ledoux, an evil little blackguard with dissipated blue eyes—had been drinking at Bibi's *buvette*. He strolled into the café, sat down in Brent's arm-chair, and put his feet on the table.

"Hallo, there—something to drink!"

Manon found him in possession, and Manon knew how to deal with such men.

"This is my kitchen, *monsieur*, and the public room is not yet open."

Ledoux looked at her with insolent approval.

"That's all right, my dear. Don't apologize; I am quite comfortable here. I'll take a glass of your red wine."

"You will take yourself out of my kitchen, *monsieur*. I have told you that the café is not open."

"Then you had better take down your sign-board. I shall sit here so long as it remains up. I am within my rights, you know."

Manon saw that the fellow was a little zig-zag, and she called Paul, who was in the garden.

"Here is a gentleman who says he has a right to sit in my kitchen."

Brent attacked the matter good-temperedly. He stood and smiled at Ledoux.

"I think you have made a mistake, *monsieur*."

"Oh, have I?"

He was in a condition to be annoyed by Brent's smile.

"Yes, the café is not yet open, and this is m'amselle's private room."

"Private!"

And then the fool blurted out an insolent innuendo that drove the smile out of Paul's eyes. He took Lazare Ledoux by the collar, and transferred him to the street.

The other fellow stood there laughing.

"Name of a dog, but this bully isn't blind like friend Bibi! You can't play tricks here."

"I'll blind him," said Lazare. "You wait."

But Brent had shut the door on them. He wanted no more quarrels.

Yet this silly incident proved to be a cog in the wheel of the machine that Monsieur Bibi was building in Beaucourt. Something had happened one evening in Louis Blanc's *buvette*. Old Prosper Cordonnier, who had a fondness for red wine, had wandered into Bibi's *buvette* and began to gossip, for Prosper was an incorrigible busybody. Something that he had said had brought an alert and listening look to Bibi's blind face. He had tweaked Barbe by the sleeve.

"Give that old fellow some absinthe, and get rid of the others, if you can."

Barbe arranged it, and Bibi had old Prosper drinking and talking as he pleased.

"Yes, he was quite off his head, and gassing away like a man who has had too much liquor. And it was not French, *monsieur*?"

"What language was it, my friend?"

"I have never heard it before. It might have been German."

"German!"

"It might have been Flemish," said old Prosper, who was growing a little fuddled. "But, you know, *monsieur*, when you come to think about it, that man of Manon Latour's has the head of a Boche."

Bibi drank his wine.

"I see you have a pair of eyes in your head, Monsieur Prosper. You are no fool, eh?"

"I wasn't born yesterday," giggled the sot.

"Nor I, my friend. I may be blind, but I sit and think."

That chance piece of gossip gave the blind man his idea. He had set his heart on being revenged upon Brent, and in the eternal and bitter darkness of those summer days he sat and spun his

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He turned her face to his and kissed it.

"*Ma chérie*, I understand. You have trusted me, and I—thank God—did not fail you. But now there are people in Beaucourt—people with tongues, and I was beginning to be worried. Tomorrow we will go and see Monsieur Lefebvre."

In the *buvette* near the factory another man and woman were talking. The workmen had gone to their tents, and the door and windows were shut. A candle burnt on the table, showing Bibi leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, and Barbe seated on the table swinging her feet. She was listening to him, and he spoke cautiously, for the walls of the hut were very thin.

"So, next Sunday," he said, "we will get them excited. You know how to handle the absinthe. And then I'll tell my tale, and we will all go round and wreck the place, and that Boche fellow with it."

"You can leave the drinks to me," said Barbe. "I know how to make men mad."

That Sunday proved to be a day of sun glare and oppressive heat; there was thunder in the distance, haze and a flux of black clouds that came and went. The day was almost too hot for work in the fields, and all Beaucourt rested. Bibi's *buvette* was crowded, but there was so little air moving that many of the drinkers lay under the orchard trees, and under an awning that Bibi had put up. Barbe was kept busy serving the men with drink. It was a quarrelsome day—a day when men's tempers felt the heat.

Lazare Ledoux lay biting at a grass stem and watching the red-haired girl with sulky, dissipated eyes. He was in love with Barbe, and she laughed at him.

"Another drink, *m'amselle*."

He was excited, flushed.

"I can't keep pace with some of you fellows. Why not give the Café de la Victoire a turn? Monsieur Ledoux is very popular there."

The laugh against Lazare. He got up in a fury, swinging his fists.

"Those capitalists! The swine only want to make money out of the English."

"Yes, that's a good game for a Boche," said the voice of Bibi.

He had brought out a stool as though to join the group under the trees, and he stood there turning his blind face this way and that.

"A Boche!" shouted Lazare. "Name of a dog; but if I caught a Boche here after the war!"

There was a growl from the men whom the heat and Barbe's drink had inflamed.

Bibi held up his stool like a priest holding up a crucifix.

"There speaks a good Frenchman. But I would say to Ledoux that there is a Boche in Beaucourt, and I have found him."

The men turned to him like a lot of dogs.

"Where is he?"

"Thunder, but it can't be possible!"

"We would pull him to pieces!"

Bibi's face was white and mocking.

"Ah, would you? You chaps are all talk. There is a Boche in Beaucourt, and he is living with a Frenchwoman."

"Who is it?"

"Tell us, old man."

"That fellow of Manon Latour's."

There was a strange, choked silence, and in the midst of it Bibi sat down on his stool.

"Listen! I'll tell you," he said.

And Bibi told his tale—the tale that his cunning had woven in the darkness of those summer days.

"Yes, when the Germans came here in that month of March, this woman stayed behind. She had some money hidden, and I suppose that Boche caught her. She was with them three days; I can prove it. Women are queer fish. Ask Barbe there for her opinion. Now this Boche was fed up with the war; he deserted, and got Manon through the lines. Everything was upside down, you know, just then, and people were running all over the place. This gentleman gets taken prisoner, but after the armistice he escapes. And where does he make for? Beaucourt, of course. He knows where the money is; he has a hold over the woman; she's infatuated. A useful fellow, too, who can use his hands, make himself pleasant, and speak French like a Frenchman. And here they are in Beaucourt with the best house in the place. A nice pair—what!"

There was a confusion of angry and half-incredulous voices.

"But, look here, old man, this is rather tall!"

"How do you know he is a German?"

Bibi looked round with a face of brass.

"Because he has been heard to speak German when no one is about."

"The devil!"

"Who has heard him?"

foul trick, because this Englishman thrashed you when you tried to dishonour me? Look at his blind eyes, you men!"

Bibi made a rush in the direction of her voice, but two of the men pulled him back.

"Let's hear what she has got to say."

Bibi struggled like a wild beast.

"She's telling lies. Let go; I'll settle it."

And then help came, Philipon the blacksmith and twenty peasants pushing stolidly down the street and clearing the riff-raff out of the way. There was some scuffling, a few good punches given, a sudden sobriety, a disposition to argue. Philipon had knocked Bibi flat, and was standing over him and looking at Manon and Paul.

"Is he hurt?"

Manon was bending over Paul. She seemed to forget everything—Bibi, the crowd, the drunken horror of it all, Philipon's kind, grim face. She tried to wipe the dust and blood away, and she had begun to weep.

"Oh, Monsieur Philipon, help me!"

The blacksmith bent over Paul and examined him.

"What does it all mean, *ma petite*?"

"It is a long tale, but Bibi wanted to ruin us, and so he must lie to these fellows and tell them that my man is a German. He is English—an English soldier who fought for us during the war."

"I thought he was French."

"He wishes to be French. Oh, monsieur, is he dead? If only we had a doctor!"

Strange things had happened in Beaucourt, but perhaps the thing that happened next was one of the strangest of them all. A big touring-car swung round into the Rue de Picardie, and pulled up in the thick of the crowd. There were four men in the car, and one of them was Anatole Durand.

He jumped out—alert, masterful, noticing all the details with those bright eyes of his.

"What's this? You, Louis Blanc, as usual. Is the lad hurt?"

Manon turned to Monsieur Durand with joy.

"Oh, Monsieur Anatole, a doctor; you have a car there."

"And a doctor in it, my dear."

"God be thanked!"

The doctor—a big, rosy-faced fellow in spectacles—had left the car, and pushed through the crowd. He took

charge with a smile and a wave of the hand.

"Don't crowd, please. Now, madame."

Manon was holding old Durand's arm and looking at Bibi, whom Philipon had picked up, and now held by the collar.

"Monsieur Anatole, I ask for justice against that man."

She spoke clearly and with passion.

"Let everybody listen, and I will tell the whole tale."

Durand patted her arm.

"One moment, Manon. Why, look there! Paul is sitting up!"

"Oh, *mon Dieu*!"

She ran forward and, bending over Paul, embraced him before them all.

"And now, let me speak. I ask for justice—to be heard as a good Frenchwoman."

But she was interrupted. The big car had edged its way into the thick of the crowd, and a man was standing up in it—a white-haired man whom the whole world knew. He had removed his cap. It was the "Tiger," the Father of Victory—Clemenceau.

The crowd went mad; but he stood and smiled at them rather grimly, holding up a hand for silence.

"My children, there is something wrong here with your village. Do we French quarrel when our houses are in ruins? Come here, my child—you who ask for justice!"

Manon went to him, and he looked at her steadily with those unflinching eyes of his under their white, bushy brows.

"I want to tell my tale, *monsieur*, to you and the whole village, and I will ask you to judge me."

The "Tiger" held out a hand to her.

"Stand here in the car, my child. Be silent—all of you. Let us listen to this little Frenchwoman."

So Manon told her tale, standing in Clemenceau's car, looking sometimes at Bibi, and sometimes at Paul, who sat propped against the wall with a grey face, from which Philipon's wife was wiping the dust and the blood. Paul smiled at Manon, but Bibi did not smile. And all the people of Beaucourt stood round the car, silent as death, listening to Manon.

She told them everything—how Paul Brent the Englishman had come back—how he had wished to begin life over again in France—how he had worked for her to prove his love. She told them of Bibi's jealousy, and how Bibi had come by his blindness. And then she

PAUL SARATOF REDISCOVERS HIMSELF.

By Warwick Deeping

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAM

HE had become a familiar figure at Cap d'Or, he and his dog. The two were to be seen most mornings on the sea-wall under the pines, the man scraping out melancholy Russian tunes on his violin, while the dog sat up and begged whenever anybody passed. The man's eyes were brown, the spaniel's the colour of honey, but in expression the eyes of dog and man resembled each other, suggesting the same gentleness and a pathetic acceptance of life's inversions. The dog carried a tin on his collar, and when a passer-by dropped a coin into it the dog saluted with his right paw, and the tall old man unbent in a slight bow.

People hardly troubled to ask themselves who the old fellow was and whence he came. He and his dog were just a couple of beggars, but gentle beggars, pleasantly unaggressive. Miss Blight, of the Villa Pamponia, who mothered the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Cap d'Or, had tackled the old man and asked him innumerable questions.

"I hope you are kind to your dog." The violinist had replied in good French.

"He is my only friend, madame."

"You feed him properly?"

"He has what I have."

"And where do you come from?"

"From Russia, madame."

The old fellow had drawn himself up, and for once his eyes had ceased to be gentle, for Miss Blight was a woman who roused the devil when she went about praising God.

Mrs. Margaret Flemming's garden, stretching serenely above the roadway behind its creeper-covered balustrades and its rows of cypresses, overlooked the little grove of pines where the beggar and his dog stood for alms. Mrs. Flemming had a white marble belvedere here, a white oriel jutting out between the cypresses, and stained purple with the blossom of a bougainvillea. When tired of gardening and of the idiosyncracies of Pierre and Anatole, her two elusive gardeners, she would come to the belvedere, carrying a green velvet cushion and a book. More frequently than not the book remained unread, for Mrs. Flemming preferred life on its highway to life on paper, and Cap d'Or was full of life. Being a lonely woman,

she was fond of watching other people; not that she expected to cure her loneliness by watching them, for certain vicissitudes and disharmonies had persuaded her to prefer loneliness to that maze of misunderstanding which we call marriage. Mrs. Flemming had tried it twice, and had ended by marrying her garden.

Up to this white niche in the green cypress wall drifted the plaintive Russian melodies that old Saratof drew from his violin. It was like the wind in the pines in the great spaces of Muscovy. She saw his figure foreshortened, the big black boots, the trousers bulging at the knees, one lean wrist and hand swaying to and fro, the bronze-coloured violin tucked under out-jutting chin and hat-brim. The pines threw soft shadows over him and the amber-eyed spaniel. Sometimes he would throw his head back and look up, but with eyes of vagueness, inattentive, uncalculating.

"Poor old thing!" she would say; "one of the failures."

Yet, she would remind herself that he was no older than she was, and if finance had made his life a failure, financiers had speculated with the happiness of hers. Two rather dull husbands, both endowed with that curious and concentrated dullness which appears to collect money!

He interested her, he and his dog.

Twice a week she allowed herself a little promenade as far as the old hermitage on the cape, and on the way home she would present the spaniel with a silver franc. She would pat the dog's head. But she and the violinist never exchanged a single word. They would look at each other shyly, and in his eyes there was a shrinking aloofness that communicated itself to hers. He might be gentle in his disillusionments, but he was still a creature of humiliations. His clothes and his patched boots cringed, even if he did not. Circumstances dominated him. He had the air of a proud man who suddenly had found himself in rags, picking crusts out of the gutter, and he was still shocked and bewildered by the catastrophe. In fact, he had the air of a child who would never emerge from this nightmare of tragic bewilderment. His seediness seemed permanent. He

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would die wrapped up in it, being too old to renew both his soul and his clothes.

"He must have suffered," she thought; "he must have suffered greatly."

Later, she made the discovery that if she was interested in this gentleman-beggar—the beggar was interested in her garden. She made the discovery quite by chance one evening, when looking down from the upper terrace towards the great iron gate. Mrs. Flemming was rather proud of the view from the gate, but her love for it was greater than her pride, and there he stood with his dog, looking in at the green lawn with the statues spaced about it under the shadows of the trees. There was dignity here, repose, mystery, the interplay of light and shadow upon the grass and upon the marble figures, and old Saratof stood looking in as upon a world that he had lost, a world of beautiful ease and noble reticences, of gentle and wise selfishness, of sensitive silences which a newspaper democracy does not understand.

Later still she discovered that he stopped at the gate daily, and stood solemnly gazing—his hat in his hand—like a peasant at the gate of a shrine. Even the dog had accepted the regular recurrence of the incident, for he sat down on his stumpy tail with an air of consenting sympathy.

Mrs. Flemming stooped to a surprise. She came down the winding path between the flowering shrubs, and added herself to the vista. She was in white, an antique, but a quite

beautiful antique. She had grown old pleasantly, like a garden.

She smiled at the shabby figure. He had an air of being confused and of wishing to sneak away, and somehow his poor furtiveness hurt her. He had his hat in his hand, that deplorable old hat.

"Yes, it looks best when the sunlight comes through the trees."

He gave her a half-frightened glance.

"Yes, madame. It is so peaceful."

"Ah—what we all long for—now, and so few of us can get. You are fond of gardens?"

He made a sort of stammering noise. It was such a long time since a woman of refinement had spoken to him as to an intelligent equal. Most people classed him with his dog, yes—and were far politer to the spaniel.

"I love gardens, madame."

She smiled.

"The Bible began with a garden. And—you—perhaps—"

He looked sorrowful.

"Once—yes—I had a garden."

"And where was that?"

"On the shores of the Black Sea. Yes—and I had statues and noble trees—"

She was about to say something sympathetic when he covered his head with his deplorable hat, bowed to her with the air of an aristocrat, and fled. He was running away from being pitied; and from the patronage that is pity's ugly sister. The spaniel waddled briskly in his fugitive shadow. They disappeared together round the grey angle of the terrace wall.

Mrs. Flemming held her breath.

"I do believe that he thought that I thought he was going to beg."

She wandered slowly across the shadow flecked lawn.

"A man who has to wear a hat like that! Gentleness and pride!"

On Sundays the Russian formed one of an orchestra at a somewhat disreputable drinking-house, where people of the lowest class danced with much vigour and noise. Saratof did not take his dog with him to this place, for his dog was a clean animal who knew how to behave, and if Saratof loved his dog he hated people who bawled and screeched, and whose clothes were much too fragrant. He had cause to hate that particular class, and to fear it. He hated this Sunday festival, and he would sneak into the place with his hat on his eyes, and his violin wrapped up in an old pillow case.

One Sunday he was observed. A carriage drove past as he was in the act of diving for the doorway, and the eyes of two people met. Saratof paused as though paralysed. The woman in the carriage had bowed to him at the very moment when he was about to enter that doorway.

He pulled off his hat, walked on rapidly as though he had nothing to do with the drinking-house, and did not stop until he had reached the end of the street. He was trembling. He glanced over his shoulder to make sure that the carriage was out of sight.

"There are some things that no stomach can digest," he reflected.

Turning, he reapproached the detested doorway. He was late. He could hear the silly shouting and singing, and the scraping of heavy boots. And the stench

of garlic, sawdust and rank tobacco! No, he would not sell the soul of a dog in such a place.

Saratof went off home, if a room at the top of a six-story building can be called home. Arrived there, he did a most unusual thing. He put his violin away, removed the tin mug from Stefan's collar, and took the dog for a walk.

Mrs. Flemming saw him pass along the road to the cape, and she was capable of realising that this was a promenade of pleasure, and that both Saratof and his dog were off duty. She could see thus far, but no further, nor was she able to estimate the effect her bow had had upon a seedy old fellow surprised in the act of entering a particular doorway. It had astonished him; it had turned him back from that place where a refugee sold his music to fools for a couple of francs.

Mrs. Flemming had brought her green cushion, and her book, to the belvedere, and she waited for Saratof's return, and presently she observed him and the dog coming slowly back along the loops of the road. It occurred to her to wonder whether Saratof would pause and take his usual stand at her gate. He was a shy and elusive creature, easily frightened; Stefan the dog had far more confidence and aplomb.

She decided to address herself to the dog, and going down she set both leaves of the iron gate wide open, and diverging, took her stand by one of the statues. Her white dress mingled with the whiteness of the figure, and when Saratof came to the open gate, he had the sun in his eyes, and for a moment he did not see her. Mrs.

Flemming recognised her opportunity and accepted it. She approached the gate under cover of the trees, and almost before Saratof realised her presence she was conducting a friendly conversation with Stefan.

"Well, old fellow, I hope you have enjoyed your walk?"

Stefan was a gentleman; he sat up on his stumpy tail and saluted, and on Mrs. Flemming extending a hand, he shook a paw.

Saratof had raised his hat. Both his eyes and his tongue were inarticulate and troubled. He had done a most rash and audacious thing this day in prizing



"Mrs. Flemming saw him pass along the road to the cape"

his poor pride above the value of two francs, and he had done it because a woman in a carriage had bowed to him. And here he was, with his shabby, sensitive soul, standing in her gateway, terribly afraid that she meant to give him money.

She did nothing of the kind. She asked him whether he would like to see her garden.

He stammered.

"It would be a great pleasure, madame—"

She smiled, suddenly aware of his cleanness, and glad of it. His clothes might be threadbare, but his collar was white, and she noticed the almost meticulous niceness of his hands. And he had shaved.

"Please come in and bring your dog."

He entered, hat in hand, Stefan waddling beside him. On the edge of the lawn she paused as though she had remembered something.

"We do not know each other's name. Mine is Flemming, Madame Flemming."

He hesitated, while her eyes encouraged him.

"This is Stefan," he said, giving the dog a gentle cuff with his hat. "My name is Saratof, Paul Saratof."

"Monsieur Saratof? Or am I mistaken? Were you not a soldier?"

He made a movement of the head.

"Colonel Saratof—in the old days."

"Colonel Saratof—still—I think."

She took him round her garden, and showed him all her particular loves, her orange grove, where the anemones bloomed under the trees, her roses, her borders of nemesia, wallflowers and stocks. He gazed at everything and said very little; he still appeared a little bewildered as though he were walking in some other world, the world of a dream. Colonel Paul Saratof had come to life in place of Saratof the beggar; once again he was the man of cultured pride and of sensitive appreciation. It was delightful, but it tantalised and hurt him, because the Colonel Saratof of yesterday seemed dead, while Saratof the penniless refugee and beggar was the reality.

He may have been unaware of the change in himself, but Margaret Flemming observed it. He was a little more conscious of what he had been, and not quite so conscious of what he was. His eyes lost their frightened look, and somehow those clothes appeared less shabby on the resurrected body of Saratof the soldier.

When she had showed him the garden she took him up to the terrace and made him sit down in the sun. Stefan curled himself at the old man's feet. A servant appeared with tea, and Saratof had his tea milkless and sugarless, but with a slice of lemon in it.

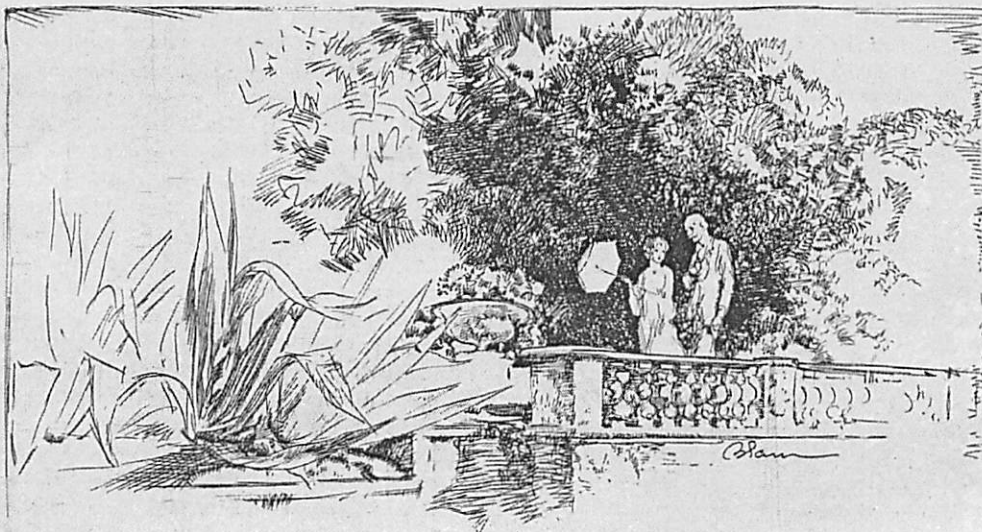
He was moved. It was quite absurd

She saw his eyes fix themselves on the dog.

"Stefan respects himself; he has his job, and for a dog—"

"He does it well. But—a man can do things well, certain things—if he loves them."

She paused—was about to speak,



"He gazed at everything and said very little"

that a man's eyes should grow moist over a slice of lemon in a cup of tea, and that his hand should tremble.

"Madame, your thoughtfulness is as charming as your garden."

Some of his old manner had come back. He got up and bowed to her, and his poor old clothes suddenly became splendid.

"To think that such things are not dead!"

She passed him the plate of cakes, and then selected a particularly succulent one for Stefan the dog.

"To you—it must have seemed very much like mockery."

"O, no, not mockery," he said; "nothing that is beautiful can ever be mocking."

He sipped his tea. She felt that his surroundings soothed him, and that some of the dreadfulness of life had fallen away. He had lifted up his head to look sadly but steadily into the eyes of the past. He had suffered a great deal, but he was being reminded by the soft presence of this woman who loved flowers that there was nothing shameful in being poor. In fact, it may be much more shameful to be rich.

"How happy you must be, madame. There were days when I—"

"And you did not realise it!"

He gave her a swift smile.

"No. That was because I was happy."

"Well, it will come again. That tragedy may have stripped you of everything, but it is possible—"

and paused again, caught by an idea.

"Does it matter what we do—provided that we love it and give our best? My gardeners—yes—the wretches, so much perfunctory labour given for so much pay. Hirelings! I loathe hirelings. A garden ought not to be cared for by hirelings."

He looked at her, puzzled.

"They do not really care—?"

"No."

"But what a pleasant life, in the sun, among these trees and flowers, planting and pruning and sowing seeds. Doing good things and no bad ones."

"Yes," she said, "a garden is like that. I put in five hours a day, but I have never yet found my ideal gardener. Perhaps—"

He swallowed the rest of his tea, and looked excited, and incredulous and confused. She was aware of his agitation, and wondered whether it arose from his appreciation of what was in her mind. To become a gardener, her gardener! Was he too old? Would he resent it?

And then she dared the offence.

"I am getting rid of both my gardeners; I know of a strong lad who is a worker, but I want a man who will have—the right feeling. Do you know of anybody?"

He stared hard at his dog.

"Yes, I do. But he is rather ignorant and rather old, impertinently ignorant."

"When one loves a thing—one learns. Besides, if one has ever had a garden and cared for it—"

His thin face flushed. He stood up, and with great dignity he bowed to her.

"Madame, I have the very great honour—to offer myself—as your gardener."

"Monsieur le Colonel—I accept."

And then she smiled.

"After all, does one's dignity suffer among flowers?"

"Madame," he said, "I think an old man might be able to replant his self-respect in a garden such as yours."

That was how the amazing thing happened. Mrs. Flemming sacked both her "fat white slugs," as she called them, hired a strong boy, and engaged Paul Saratof, ex-colonel, aristocrat, and beggar, as her gardener. He arrived at seven o'clock each morning, with Stefan at his heels, and he worked till six o'clock in the evening. His attitude to Mrs. Flemming was one of beautiful distance. Having solemnly bowed to her on the first occasion of their daily meeting, he silently effaced himself and became the gardener, a man with sensitive and skilful hands.

At the end of the first week she realised three things; that never before had her garden had such a gardener; that he knew much more than he had pretended to know; and that he was overworking himself. He was lean and strong for his age, but he gave of his strength with passion to this woman who had opened to him the gate of a new life.

Gently she remonstrated. She met him by the lawn of the statues as he was leaving at the end of the day. He was carrying the old bag in which he brought his lunch, and his face looked

pinched and too much the colour of ivory.

"I wish you to work less hard."

"But—it is my wish—to give satisfaction, madame."

She smiled.

"I know; I appreciate that. But—please—I wish you to come at eight and to leave at five, and to take at least an hour off for your dinner, and perhaps half an hour in the middle of the morning."

"As madame wishes."

"Gardens are exacting."

"But madame is not. With me—it is a point of honour."

"I think I understand that," she said.

He obeyed her and shortened his hours, and as the days went by she became aware of the change in him. She saw another man reappear in Saratof the beggar, a man who went about his work with tranquil dignity, and whose eyes had ceased to be unhappy and afraid. The soul of him was putting out new growth. He was beginning to forget the blood and the horror and the humiliation in his passion for flowers and in his tending of them. Mrs. Flemming had never seen a hireling touch flowers as Paul Saratof touched them, with the tenderness of a caress. She began to count upon seeing the tall figure in its blue linen trousers and striped shirt moving about in the sunlight, its shoulders slightly bent, its eyes intent and interested. He had been something of a botanist, and he began to read at night books she lent him from her library, and they would discuss them together while his hands were

with the flowers and his thoughts with their mistress.

Always he showed her a beautiful reverence, a homage that was not assumed. His gratitude was no nine days' wonder, fated to become like most gratuities, something crawling and premeditated, sly and opportunist. He was happy to serve this woman who understood life so generously, and to whom he was gardener and gentleman in one.

Perhaps it was inevitable that Margaret Flemming should discover herself happier than she had been before. She had a friend, someone who thought as she did, who reacted to life as she reacted to it. And a garden is a place of gentle conspiracies, gossips, disinterested intimacies, consultations concerning delicate children. Nothing was done here that was not done by them in sympathy and with mutual enthusiasm and enjoyment. The planting of a new vine, or rose, or tree was a sacramental event which they shared.

A year passed, and Saratof had not changed, save that when he put his tools away he seemed to change his gardener's clothes for the uniform of the old soldier. He became the great gentleman, punctilious, courtly, devoted, a man who was happy in thinking her a very wonderful woman. And so she was. She had a right to all the homage he gave her, for it had been grown with happy inevitableness in her own happy garden.

It became her custom to make him take tea with her in the shade of the loggia or on the terrace where the cypresses tempered the sunlight. That was the end of his day's labour. He would go into the cottage, wash, change his blue trousers and striped shirt, and appear as the man of leisure. She understood that this was part of his homage.

They would sit and talk, sharing a philosophy of life as they shared the life of the garden.

Stefan would lie in the sun, watching them with his honey-coloured eyes.

"When will you two realise—?" he used to say.

But, of course, they had realised it months ago, but it was she who had to open the confession:

"My friend, a garden is not a garden—unless there is somebody else to enjoy it."

Obviously, they had to agree to enjoy it together.

WARWICK DEEPING



"FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS"

BY ALFRED TAYLOR

BOBBY: "What the b—blank—da— * * !"

MOTHER: "Bobby darling! Wherever did you hear those awful words?"

BOBBY: "Santa Claus said them last night when he kicked the wardrobe"

"A Happy Christmas to everybody."

It was snowing when Jack Rochester walked out of Claveridge Station—good honest snow, that came down in a driving sheet. Jack Rochester was carrying a brown kit-bag. A youngster hailed him outside the station approach.

"Carry yer bag, sir?"

"Well, souny, you and wixpence wouldn't quarrel. But the bag's not so very light."

"Tain't too 'eavy for me, sir."

"All right; catch on. What sort of hotels have you got round here?"

"There's 'The Royal,' and 'The Blue Boar,' and 'The Temperance.'"

"Old 'Royal' still running? We'll call it 'The Royal.'"

The boy plodded along at Rochester's side. He was a sturdy cheerful youngster, though a little ragged.

"Reg'lar Christmas weather, sir."

"You're right. Just like a Christmas card."

Jack Rochester swung along with his hands in his overcoat pockets, a curious smile playing about his mouth. The snow reminded him of Canada and the Yukon River, but he was in Claveridge town and walking along the familiar streets. It was two days before Christmas, and the shop windows were in a Christmas mood. A poulterer displayed row upon row of fine fat turkeys; a toy shop was decorated with holly, cotton wool, and little electric lights. Outside a florist's two huge Christmas trees stood in big green tubs. The streets were well lighted, and Jack Rochester looked into the faces of the people he passed as though for some possible sign of recognition, but most of them seemed strange to him, and no eyes brightened to his.

"Who keeps 'The Royal' now, Tommy?"

"Mr. Aronap, sir."

"Not old Joe Bailey?"

"Dead, sir, these three years. You been in Claveridge before?"

"I guess I have; I guess I have."

They reached "The Royal," a big, square, red brick building with a classic porch, and Rochester gave the youngster a shilling, and took his bag.

"Thank you, sir."

"Good night, and a jolly good Christmas."

"Same to you, sir, and many of 'em."

A young lady with golden hair looked at Rochester through the bureau window. Had they a bedroom? Why, certainly. "Bob," take the gentleman's bag up to 39."

The young lady smiled at Rochester, for Jack Rochester was worth looking at. His brown good-humoured face was the face of a man who had lived a wide adventurous life, and his blue eyes were shrewd and mischievous.

"Any dinner going?"

"Table d'hôte at seven, sir."

Rochester laughed.

"That sounds big—when you have lived three days on a leather belt and an ounce of tobacco."

He dined, lit a cigar, had a chat with the proprietor, and managed to extract a certain amount of information from that gentleman, who was a stranger to him. Mr. Ingles, the big draper, had been mayor two years running. Claveridge was not as prosperous as it had been. Did the proprietor know Mr. Greensleeves, who used to keep a hardware shop in Mill Street? What—Mr. Greensleeves, the temperance enthusiast? Yes. The proprietor knew of him—and that was sufficient.

"He's been trying to spoil other people's trade for years, and he's lost his own—so they say—while he was fussing about other people's business."

"Hard up, is he?"

"So I hear."

It had ceased snowing, and Rochester put on his overcoat, and went out into King William Street. King William Street was Claveridge's principal thoroughfare, and the shops were keeping open later because of the Christmas trade. It amused Rochester to stroll about this fine street, and think of the days when he had been a rebellious and brow-beaten youngster without a halfpenny in his pocket, when Uncle Greensleeves, who had kept him because he was an orphan, had made his life a misery, until he had run away. "Thieving toad," he could remember Aunt Greensleeves calling him that, for she was just as mean, and a little more spiteful, than her husband. And Cousin Ruth! Of course Ruth was grown up by now. She had cried when he had told her that he was going to run away, but she had kept his secret, and he had a warm heart for Ruth.

Rochester stopped in front of a jeweller's window, and felt in his breast coat-pocket. He had money now, almost more than he knew what to do with, and the old memories made him smile. He would buy Ruth something splendid, but first of all he meant to have a little fun with Uncle Greensleeves.

Mill Street was a dull street, and Mr. Greensleeves's hardware shop was one of the duller and dingiest. It had a decayed and unprosperous appearance as Rochester scrutinised it from across the road.

He went over, and, looking in through the window, found that he could see most of the shop. There was a girl behind the counter, a girl with black hair and a pale but comely face. She was serving a small boy who had come in to buy two boxes of tin-tacks.

"Cousin Ruth—you—have—grown!"

He spoke the words to himself, with a kind of tenderness. It was the same Ruth, though grown up, with the same red, appealing mouth and the dark and quiet eyes. Yes; she had grown into a very good-looking young woman, though he thought she looked rather sad.

The small boy came out of the shop, and Rochester, who kept to his post by the window, saw the glass-pannelled door open that led from the shop to the parlour. A tall, thin man came through, a man with a little short beard, hard eyes, and a high and narrow forehead.

Rochester apostrophised him from outside the window.

"Hallo, Uncle Nehemiah. You look just as mean, and pious, and leathery as ever."

He straightened up suddenly, and became more intent. The tall man had begun to speak to the girl in a sharp, scolding voice. The nagging way his lower jaw moved up and down was familiar to Jack Rochester, waking in him many boyish memories.

"At it—as usual! I suppose Ruth has had my share thrown in all these years."

He moved nearer the door, and was able to catch what was being said in the shop.

"Frederick Batrup is coming here from Boston for Christmas Day."



Aren't you glad to see me, Uncle?"

"I know—"

"You know, too, what your parents' wishes are with regard to Frederick Batcup."

The girl's voice had some scorn in it when she answered.

"Frederick Batcup is making money."

"Certainly, as a steady young man of his energy should be making money. Is that any serious objection?"

"It's like buying and selling, that's all."

"Buying and selling! What do you mean?"

"Father, do you think I don't know? I'm not such a fool as all that. If some of the debts were taken off the business—"

Mr. Greensleeves's voice rose like the rasp of a saw.

"Silence! How dare you say such a thing. Here am I, your father, trying to get you a good husband—"

"I would rather get my own husband—"

"Exactly, precisely, some rascal like your cousin Jack, whom I kept and fed for five years, and then ran away, and has never sent me a word of thanks from that day to this."

"You were always too strict with Jack."

"No; he was not a brand that was to be plucked from the burning. I know very well that he is a godless wastrel, somewhere beyond the seas."

Jack Rochester said "Thanks" in an undertone, walked ten yards along the pavement and ten yards back again, and entered the shop. Mr. Greensleeves was in the act of disappearing into the parlour.

"Hallo, Uncle Nehemiah! Here I am again, turned up like a bad halfpenny."

Mr. Greensleeves stood spellbound, staring with his hard dead eyes.

Ruth had caught her breath.

"Why, it's Jack!"

"To be sure it's Jack. Why, Ruth, I always said you'd make a good-looking woman. Mayn't a cousin have a kiss?"

He both took it and was given it before Mr. Greensleeves could interfere.

"A happy Christmas to everybody. Aren't you glad to see me, uncle?"

Mr. Greensleeves had recovered himself.

"Very little gratitude I've had from you John Rochester. Five years ago you ran away after I'd tried to bring you up a godly lad."

"And now I suppose you've come back a better than you went."

"We're not all born lucky, uncle."

"Don't talk to me of luck. You're wearing smart-looking clothes; all you've got in the world probably."

"And a five-pound note and a bag at The Royal."

"The Royal indeed! Just like your father cut a dash on twopence, and borrow the rest."

Jack grinned apologetically, and felt inclined to wink at Ruth.

"Well, uncle, you'll give me a Christmas dinner and a shakedown for a night or two?"

"No; I'm blessed if I will."

"Oh, come now!"

"John Rochester, I've no use for wastrels and I've no money to waste on them. I'll wish you good night."

Ruth tried to interpose, but Mr. Greensleeves silenced her.

"Let him get out."

And Jack got out, but with a meaning glance at Ruth.

He walked about fifty yards, and then turned and walked back to Uncle Nehemiah's shop. Peering cautiously through the window, he saw that Ruth was alone, leaning her elbow on the counter and staring at nothing in particular.

He went to the door, and whispered:

"Ruth!"

She started, came round the counter with a casual air, calling out, "Now, you boys none of that, please. We don't want snow balls in here."

Jack Rochester looked at her intently as she stood in the doorway.

"So they want you to marry Fred Batcup do they, Ruthie? Snug little beast he always was."

She stared at him with half-frightened eyes.

"Don't talk loudly. How do you know?"

"Never mind. And I'm not a bit afraid of uncle."

"If he hears—"

"Hard up, isn't he, Ruth?"

"I don't know what will happen, unless—"

"Are you going to let him pawn you to Fred Batcup?"

"Jack, don't be so—horrid!"

"Well, are you?"

"No, I'm not. Only—"

He patted her shoulder gently.

"Look here, Ruthie. I'm a rolling-stone; but there's some good in me. We always got on well, didn't we?"

"Yes, Jack."

"And I didn't write—because, well, I'll explain that some day. Supposing you let me try to cut Fred Batcup out."

"But father—"

"Leave Uncle Nehemiah to me. And look here, you let me take you out for Christmas Eve. Say yes, Ruthie, dear."

"I might do that, only father wouldn't."

"I'll call for you at six sharp. Just slip out and say nothing about it."

"They'll never forgive me."

"Oh, yes, they will. I'll tell them it was all my fault. And you can say you felt sorry for poor Cousin Jack. I'll stroll in to-morrow morning and have a talk to aunt."

Jack Rochester walked back to "The Royal," laughing a little inwardly, and telling himself repeatedly that Ruth Greensleeves had grown into a remarkably good looking woman.

Next day he put on an old suit he happened to have with him, and about eleven o'clock walked to Mill Street to call on Aunt Jane Frost. He had followed the snow, and it was sparkling December morning, and Jack Rochester felt mischievous and extremely cheerful.

Ruth was in the shop, serving one or two customers. She looked rather paler this morning, and there was a defiant and se expression about her mouth, but her eye brightened when they met Rochester's.

"Mother is in there."

"I'll go in and see her."

Aunt Jane was a stout little woman with a smug and rather sulky face. She always wore black, and it was a very rare thing to hear her laugh.

"Hallo, auntie. Glad to see the bad boy back again after all these years!"

Aunt Jane was not glad, and did not pretend to be glad. She was sitting in the leather-cushioned armchair by the fire, one of her husband's shirts in her lap.

"You'll give me a kiss, Annie?"

"Sit down, Jack, and don't be foolish. You have never given me any cause to be glad to see you again."

Rochester sat down, feeling the devil of mischief in him growing stronger.

"Well, aunt, I never had a mother to look after me. Now, if you had had me when I was just a little kid—"

"What's bred in the bone?"

"Oh, I'm a hopeless bad lot, am I? We are not all born lucky, Aunt Jane."

"There's no such a thing as luck, John Rochester; only the fear of God."

"Well, you'll ask me to dinner to-morrow—Christmas Day, won't you?"

Aunt Jane showed no pity.

"Frederick Batcup is spending Christmas with us. He is going to marry Ruth."

"Why shouldn't I sit down to dinner with Fred Batcup?"

"Because you're not the sort of young man Frederick Batcup would approve of."

"Thanks, aunt. That's straight speaking. Well, I'll think about it, and if I feel very good I'll invite myself."

"Places will be laid for four."

"I'll bring a luncheon basket with me."

As he went out through the shop Ruth beckoned him aside.

"They've forbidden me to go out this evening."

"Have they, now?"

"Not I'm coming."

"That's the spirit. I've got tickets for 'The Empire.' I wonder what sort of show the Claveridge Empire can put up."

"I've never been. Father—"

"Uncle Nehemiah has got a lot to learn yet. I'll be outside at six sharp. And if you don't come out I'll come in and fetch you."

He marched off in rare spirits, putting a fat pocketbook that he carried in a pocket under his waistcoat.

"Glad I brought plenty of cash down with me. Uncle Nehemiah's face will be worth watching when I begin to let out the truth."

He went to the best jewellers, bought a very fine lady's gold watch and chain, and, walking on to "The Empire," found that there was a box vacant for the evening. Jack Rochester took it, thinking "There's something for uncle to swallow."

Punctually at six he was waiting in Mill Street, and two minutes past six Ruth appeared. She looked flushed and excited, and a little defiant.

"I say, disobedience seems to agree with you."

"Does it?"

"You look just a peach. Now we are going to enjoy ourselves."

He offered an arm, and she took it without demur. As for the box at "The Empire," it was thoroughly appreciated. They walked back to Mill Street, arm and arm, as before.

"There'll be an awful row, Jack."

"Don't worry, dear. You are not going to marry Fred Batcup."

"Never."

He looked down at her suggestively.

"Do you think this good-for-nothing might have a chance?"

She lowered her lashes.

"I'd rather rough it with some men—"

"Even a poor man, Ruth?"

"Yes."

He pressed her arm.

"You are made of the right stuff. Now, I'm coming to dinner to-morrow. Aunt told me I wasn't wanted, but I'm coming. See?"

"Yes, Jack."

"Now don't worry. Just you leave everything to me."

Uncle Greenleaves and his party were just about to sit down to their Christmas dinner when the door bell rang, and Ruth was sent to answer it, because the little maid-of-all-work was in the act of shelling up the turkey. It was not a very big turkey, and probably there would have been no turkey at all but for the fact that Mr. Frederick Batcup was an honored guest.

Jack Rochester came sauntering in with all the airs of a good fellow who was welcome.

"Happy Christmas, Aunt Jane. Happy Christmas, uncle. By George, that was a good joke of yours yesterday, aunt, pretending I wasn't wanted. Hello, Batcup, we weren't so very old when we last met."

The temperature seemed at zero. Uncle Greenleaves glared, stood up, and sat down again. It was his wife who found something to say.

"I wasn't joking, John Rochester."

"Oh, come now, aunt. You're upset because I wanted to give Ruth a little fun on Christmas Eve. Batcup would have done just what I did."

Frederick Batcup, who looked sulky, interjected—

"Nothing of the kind."

Jack Rochester's audacious good-humour was irrefragable.

"Well, we are not going to quarrel on Christmas Day, are we? I can smell the turkey coming up the passage."

"John Rochester, I'll be obliged if—"

"Hold a moment, uncle. I was nearly forgetting my present to Ruth. Here, cousin, love and good wishes."

He brought a small box out of his coat pocket and handed it to Ruth. She lifted the lid, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh, Jack—"

"Thought you'd like it."

Uncle Greenleaves and his wife stared at the gold watch and chain as though they had never been so astonished in their lives. Someone gave an unpleasant laugh. It was Mr. Frederick Batcup.

"I think Miss Greenleaves ought to be careful before she—"

Rochester turned on him with a colonial look.

"Shucks, my angel, what has it to do with you? Can't I give my cousin a present without you interfering?"

Mr. Batcup curled up, and snarled.

"I was wondering—"

"Then give it up; it's bad for the digestion."

Uncle Greenleaves stood up, stretched out a hand, and was about to speak, when the servant arrived with the turkey. And somehow the bird's advent destroyed the crisis. Aunt Jane was heard to say "Laura, lay another place."

Nothing could have equalled the extraordinary silence with which that Christmas dinner began. Uncle Greenleaves carved, working his ire up and down, and not trusting himself to look at Jack. Aunt Jane was little better than a mummy. Mr. Batcup edged his feet, put his lip straight, and was waiting to quarrel with someone who might be afraid to quarrel back. Ruth, flushed, and a little scared, glanced furtively from the watch to Jack Rochester's face.

Jack Rochester held the floor. He began to talk and to talk for everybody, and everybody had to listen.

"Well, uncle, I'll drink your health presently. And you shall drink Rochester's health, and may the population be fifty thousand in ten years."

Uncle Nehemiah put a slice of the breast on a plate.

"And what may Rochester be?" he asked sardonically.

"Rochester! Why Rochester's a town out in Canada. My town."

"You talk as though you owned it."

"So I do, or about three-quarters of it. I reckon it's my town, or three-quarters of the land under it. The church is on my land, so's the gaol, the police court, the three chapels, four of the hotels, three out of five of the big stores. That's why it's called Rochester."

They all stared at him. Mr. Batcup was ready to suggest that he was drunk.

Jack Rochester caught the look in his eyes, and understood it.

"No, Fred Batcup, I'm not drunk, and I'm not mad, and I'm not gassing. And there's no such thing as luck, is there, Uncle Greensleeves?"

Mr. Greensleeves was holding a piece of sausage poised on his fork, and was staring at his nephew as though trying to decide whether he was telling the truth or indulging a vile passion for humour.

"More of your fun, I suppose!"

"Klondike wasn't much fun, I can tell you."

They began to gape at him, and to treat the dinner as though it was nothing more than an ordinary Sunday meal.

"Klondike!"

"You went gold digging?"

"I did. And got some. Then I shifted and came back south, and nosed round awhile, and cogitated. I changed that gold dust into land. It was a 'cute spec that was. I got right on the spot. Why, in five years I had made two hundred per cent."

Uncle Greensleeves laid down his knife and fork.

"John, are you telling the truth?"

"I'm worth about twenty thousand dollars a year. That's a fact. Here's the address of my banking fellows in London. Write and see what my signature's worth."

He tossed a card across to Uncle Greensleeves, and then, moved by the varying expressions on the faces round the table, he sat back on his chair, and laughed.

His eyes met Ruth's. Some sudden message passed between them. She, too, began to laugh.

Mr. Batcup got very red, and went on grimly with his dinner. Uncle Greensleeves was trying to twist a dignified stiffness into geniality.

"John Rochester, money is a very serious thing —"

"It's worth a Christmas dinner though, anyway, isn't it, uncle?"

No one seemed to have very much appetite for the pudding, except Mr. Batcup, who seemed to find a certain relief in eating. Jack Rochester looked across at Ruth when the dessert was put on, and remarked casually,

"I'm going to take Ruth out for the afternoon. There's some carol and glee singing at the Public Hall."

And no one said him nay.

They did not go to the Public Hall, but took one of the country roads, and walked over towards the red winter sun.

cousin,

"Why —"

"You b —"

"Of cou —"

"Well, it didn't it?"

"Jack —"

He took h —

"Don't —"

Nehemiah st —
me five years, and I haven't forgotten it. —
Fred Batcup can go to —"

[THE END.]

MONTH BY MONTH

Thank God for a few

Britannia and Eve Oct 1929

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DUKES!

*A playful satire
on the Speed
and Noise of
the times*

THE Wild Man who had been marooned for some twenty years on an island in the Pacific came down to spend a week-end in the country with the Poet. The Wild Man had been in England less than three days. He had returned, full of childish eagerness and enthusiasm. England—England once more!

But he had a slightly puzzled air. He sat in the Poet's garden somewhere in Surrey. They had lunched, and at half-past two they were putting forth in the Poet's car to enjoy a piece of England in July. The Poet's garden had once been a very peaceful garden. It retained its flowers and its trees and its grass, but its air of peace was fictitious.

Two aeroplanes boomed overhead. They came and went, roaring and chattering, and the Wild Man seemed interested.

"Why do they do that?"
"Just flying," said the Poet, suppressing other eloquence.

"But where to?"
"Oh, nowhere. Just round and round, practicing, I presume. You see, we have a nice aerodrome over there, a sort of hornet's nest."

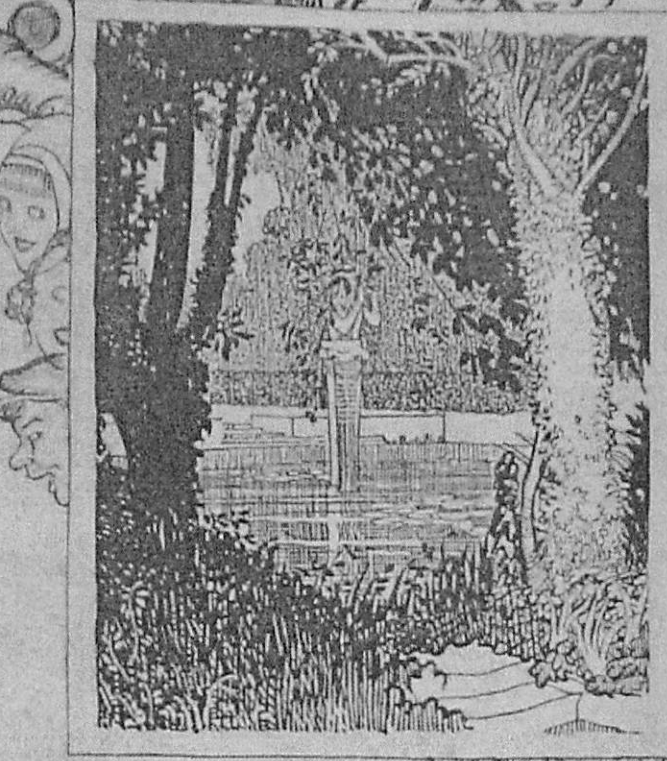
The Wild Man looked a little puzzled.
"Do you mean to say they fly round and round over here, making that infernal noise?"

"Yes, most days—and all day."
"But doesn't anyone complain?"
The Poet raised his eyebrows.
"Complain? My dear chap, how can you complain of progress? This is youth. I'm having a pair of patent ear-pads made."

A MOTOR-BICYCLE detonated up and down the lane, and the Wild Man wailed.

"What the devil's that?"
"That? Oh, that's Young Fred, the milkman's son, testing his machine before taking his girl for a spin. He does that every evening, and on Sundays and Saturdays. And there are others."

"I see. Do you like it?"
The Poet closed grim lips. Some things cannot be expressed.
They went out in the car. It was quite



By

Warwick Deeping

a nice car, and the Poet drove quietly. They arrived upon a main road and became immersed in modernity. Things hurtled and booted. On the edge of a heather-covered common machines of every description seemed to have been left derelict. Crowds of people were eating things. Crowds of people were distributing paper, and tins and bottles, and banana skins and orange peel. The heather was blushing.

The Wild Man asked a question.
"What's happening?"
"Happening?"

"A fête or something?"
"My dear chap, nothing is happening."
"Nothing?"
"Nothing abnormal. This is Saturday's normality. Splendid, isn't it? All these people out in God's country."
The Wild Man made a strange remark.
"But it doesn't look quite like God's country."
"Oh, you see, our ideas have developed about God and the country. Splendid, isn't it?"

THEY drove on quietly, and it became apparent even to the Wild Man that the Poet's deliberation was somehow offensive to the other users of the road.
(Continued on page 208)

*Arthur
Wells*

Illustrations by
Dewey Mills



For it became obvious to the Misses Flack and Bobhurst and their ilk that the men gravitated towards Mary's corner. The silly insects were attracted to the treacle!

THE LITTLE THING

*A Not Too Sentimental Story of a Modern
Young Man Who Preferred an Old-fashioned Girl*

NOW that all the romantic nonsense has gone out of our heads, and it is agreed that a young woman's urge should be to swim the Channel or fly the Atlantic rather than to capture the affections of foolish

males, one is able to understand the attitude of Bargate towards Miss Mary Loder.

The Loders, mother and daughter, came to Bargate for the sea air and the season. They took a furnished house on the Leas, and arrived with two cars, a Daimler and a B.J. Special, and since Bargate subsisted on such people as the Loders, all that Bargate could offer them was at their service. Bargate had a "Country Club," which was affiliated to the Golf Club, and the Loders became temporary members. Mrs. Loder played some very indifferent golf and excellent Bridge. Her daughter was rather a rabbit at games, but danced respectably.

It was Miss Flack, Dr. Flack's daughter, an aggressive and striding young woman who christened Mary Loder "Fluffy."

For, though appearances may be fallacious, Mary did suggest the old chocolate box school. She had what Miss Flack described as "Myosotis eyes," and that was disgraceful in any modern girl.

Miss Bobhurst, who held the local tennis monopoly, a fierce and fair young thing, agreed with Miss Flack.

"She's absolutely atavistic."

This was a hard saying, but possibly Mary could not help her individual make-up. She had an air of fragility, a little amber coloured bun of hair, blue eyes of seeming shyne. She had not very much to say. She showed a tendency to get into corners by herself and to remain there, mysteriously aloof. The milk!

For, it became obvious to the Misses Flack and Bobhurst and their ilk that

the men gravitated towards Mary's corner. The silly insects were attracted to the treacle! Miss Flack and Miss Bobhurst should not have minded, but they did, and their resentment was—somehow—not quite consistent.

Even Mr. Noel Ede lapsed from sanity. Mr. Ede was a bachelor, and a very young and successful K.C. He came down to Bargate to golf and to bathe. He was scratch at golf, and a distinctly attractive and witty person. He sometimes played golf with Miss Flack, and tennis with Miss Bobhurst.

But in the secrecy of club-corners Mr. Ede was a sardonic humanist.

He said: "You know we men are vain creatures. I'd rather a girl stood by and watched me smack a drive two hundred and fifty yards, than smack it a hundred and fifty against me. In fact, I'd rather see her fizzle. But not invariably."

He had nicknamed Miss Flack and Miss Bobhurst the "Ho-Boys," but that was unofficial.

TACKLED upon his stone-age philosophy he could put forward certain modern views.

"Marriage? Oh, no, thank you; not on compassionate lines! Marriage is only for the

fond and foolish. Show me the fond and foolish."

But he danced with Mary Loder. The Grand Hotel gave weekly dances, and Mr. Ede became one of the foolish insects who buzzed round the corner where Mary Loder

sat and waited. He was—perhaps—the most incorrigible of the insects. He competed with other insects. He appeared to enjoy it.

"Aren't men fools?"

"They always seem to revert."

"Even Noel. Talks highbrow and behaves like a lowbrow."

Yes, almost it was indecent.

That summer the bright young things of Bargate organised a treasure hunt. Miss Flack and Miss Bobhurst were responsible for the arrangements, but since they were competing they prevailed upon an elderly committee to bury the treasure and provide the chain of clues.

Miss Flack had proved successful in a previous competition. She drove a Mostyn "sports" with fierce élan and a complete lack of consideration for all other users of the road. She cursed other drivers. When at the wheel she was rarely without a cigarette.

It was supposed that "Fluffy" would not compete.

"A waste of a good B.J."

Yes, it was disgusting that such an atavistic creature should be the owner of such a speedy, swanky car. The kid couldn't drive it. Of course not! She just tooted along at thirty, and a B.J. could do seventy when all out.

But to the surprise and to the amusement of the Ho-Boys Mary Loder entered her car.

"Last in. Bet you six new balls!" said Miss Flack.

By

Warwick Deeping

Who wrote "Sorrell & Son," "Roper's Row," etc.

No one took up the bet. Each competitor had to provide a partner, and when it became known that Mr. Noel Ede was to be Mary's passenger sardonic things were looked and said. Yet, it was realised that Mary had snuffed the shrewdest sleuth, and the most astute elucidator of clues. Of course, it might be considered very sporting of Mr. Ede to assign his cleverness to such a dud creature, but he would be out of the picture. Flirtatious and!

THE meet was at the Barge Country Club at three o'clock in the afternoon, and there were thirty-three competitors present. The first clue was as obvious as sin, and when the pistol went the whole field roared off to the "Green Man" at Puddicombe, but apparently Miss Loder's B.J. had refused to start, and Miss Flack passed the news to a friend.

"Fluffy's been left at the post."

The bright young things hurried off to Puddicombe, five miles away. Meanwhile Mr. Ede got out of the stationary car and strolled across to the clock-golf green, where Tubbs, the greenkeeper, was unostentatiously yet expectantly idle.

"O.K. Tubbs. You're the first clue, I think."

"That's right, sir."

So, the Loder-Ede combination had a ten-mile margin to their credit.

On the Puddicombe road they passed the crowd fuming back, having drawn a blank, for at Puddicombe someone had appreciated the significance of the B.J.'s inactivity. Green man. Of course! But both Miss Flack and Miss Bobhurst were peeved by the amused and sly grin on Mr. Ede's face as he and Mary passed them. Certainly, they did not see much of Mr. Ede's facial expression, for the B.J. was doing fifty. Mary could drive!

Miss Flack, discarding a cigarette end, spoke cheerfully to her partner, young Foden, who was a tame intellectual.

"Oh, we'll catch em. That kid's too soft for speed."

At the Watch Oak beyond Puddicombe—the second rendezvous—Mary and Mr. Ede sat in their car and waited. They had exchanged confidences.

"I say, Mary, where did you learn to read-razzle?"

She laughed.

"Oh, I've driven in one or two tests. I've got quite a good temper, and I don't get rattled."

"Yes—I thank your temper's O.K. What about waiting for the crowd and showing them something? I've got all the clues mapped out. The next is the top of Burnt Heath Hill."

"Yes, let's wait."

So, yet another illusion was to be shattered, and Miss Flack, rounding the next buoy, accelerated past the inert B.J. She tried irony on its occupants.

"What, tired already?"

Mary smiled.

"Oh, we're not worrying."

But she went after Miss Flack's Mostyn,

and caught it, and Miss Flack persisted in keeping in the middle of the road, though Mr. Ede kept a finger on the button of the electric horn.

hillop, came upon Miss Flack smoking a cigarette beside the derelict car. Mary pulled up.

"Can we help?"

Miss Flack looked pinched about the nose.

"Please don't bother. The little brute skidded."

Mary was all innocence.

"Yes, it does take some practice to take a corner at speed. We did some nice skids, didn't we, Noel?"

"By Jove—we did! If I hadn't known it

was art and not luck—I should have been

Noel had very Modern Ideas about Life and Matrimony. Mary belonged to the Old Chocolate-Box School. In a few words—opposites do attract, sometimes

"I say—this is a dirty trick. I'll report her to the committee for willful obstruction."

"All right. Don't worry."

THEY met a cart, and Miss Flack had to pull over, and before she could block the road again, Mary, who had dropped to third speed, sent the B.J. roaring past her. It was a clear wiping of the eye, and Miss Flack was surprised and angered.

"Well, I'm blowed!"



They went out together with the baby and the pram, and sat on the beach in the most middle-class manner.

Cutting across me like that!" She tried to repress Mary, but the unfortunate Mostyn was equal neither to the crisis nor to the urgency of Miss Flack's temper, and the B.J. disappeared ahead. Miss Flack, furiously persisting in the chase, got into a dry slide on Burnt Heath Hill, and the rear wheels of the Mostyn ended in a ditch. Neither Miss Flack nor her partner was hurt, but they were out of the race, for the Mostyn refused to emerge from the ditch.

Other competitors passed, but they did not stop to assist Miss Flack.

"Hallo—Elsie's ditched!"

And possibly there was some secret jubilation, for Miss Flack was so very much the tigress.

Mary and Mr. Ede, returning from the

scared stiff. Well, see you later, Miss Flack. But no other competitor had a view of the B.J. during the rest of the circuit, for Mary and Mr. Ede came in thirty-three minutes ahead of the second car. And Mary and Mr. Ede were sitting on the club verandah drinking cocktails, though such a sophistication was quite superfluous. Mr. Ede was not in need of any stimulant.

MISS BOBHURST came in third. When told that "Fluffy" had headed the field, she shook her leonine young head and scoffed.

"Noel's day out, obviously. If I'd had a tame detective in the car—"

Someone assured her that Miss Loder had taken the straight piece of road along the golf

course at seventy, and again Miss Bobhurst scoffed.

"Rot! Tell me another. Has Elsie come in yet?"

But Miss Flack was using an A.A. telephone, and instructing a Bargate garage to come out and extract her Mostyn from its ditch.



idiot, sitting and holding the creature's pink paws."

But Miss Flack was inconsistent. She married her father's young partner, and bore a son, and was even more absurd about the creature than Mary Edie had been about Philip. She nicknamed the infant "Bogey," and allowed the world to know that Bogey was always three up on her.

THE END.

ALTERNATIVE

Is it not better to suffer so much
That the heart grows cold and numb?
Is it not better to weep such tears
That the voice at length grows dumb?
Surely 'tis sadder when days drag out
In a calm and commonplace way,
And wiser and better for youth's hence think
When the glint in the hair goes grey.

❧

When one by one love's tales are told
And nothing is left to say
When the years spin fast, tho' the days go slow
For naught but the memories stay,
Surely 'tis better to rule our thoughts
With a humble and circumspect grace!
Surely 'tis sadder to seek our joys
In the track of the commonplace!

❧

Out of the depths of a live despair
No, a thousand times No!
Better to scorch with a fierce delight
Than never to feel a glow,
Better to quiver alive in pain
Than cumber the earth like a stone,
Better the discords that drive us mad
Than the pitiless monotone.

J. E. O. P.

GUINEAS FOR OPINIONS

Prizes of SIX GUINEAS—first prize 3 guineas, second prize 2 guineas, third prize 1 guinea—to be spent at any of the adventures who are appearing in this issue of the "QUEEN," will be given to the first three of our readers who successfully forecast the order of popularity of the three most interesting features in this number of the "QUEEN." Which do you think is the best feature in the CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER? Fill in on the back of a postcard the first three stories or articles you consider to be of the most interest and merit and address your card to:

"BEST FEATURES"

The "Queen" Newspaper

The Field House

Broom's Buildings, E.C. 4

Mr. Edie, that most sardonic of humanists, married his Mary, and at the end of a year the Edies found themselves in the fashion, though not studiously so. In smart circles the baby appears to have become modish once more, and Master Philip Edie was a fine and healthy infant. His father and mother took a cottage at Bargate for the summer, and behaved quite ridiculously in the parts of the devoted parents. They went out together with the baby and the pram, and sat on the beach in the most middle-class manner.

Miss Flack, who was hitting a golf ball harder than ever, referred to the Edies as "Those two

The Tale Teller March 1, 1913

Weekly
Tale=Teller

(20)

The Rescue.

By Warwick Deeping.



PROFESSOR BAMBOROUGH was a very charming old gentleman, despite the fact that he wore white socks and carried a green umbrella in summer. There was an air of beautiful childishness about the professor, a spirit of benignant and trustful innocence that made him unique in an age of insolent superficiality and vulgar self-assertion. The great botanist lived alone in a small house on the outskirts of the townlet of Lingfield. He had but few relatives, and for years he had lived a secluded life amid his flowers, making periodic descents upon Switzerland and Italy, gathering specimens, and publishing from time to time those inimitable monographs, which were the admiration of the botanical world.

But though Professor Bamborough could command the chivalrous respect of the truly wise, he was utterly unable to rule his housekeeper.

Mrs. Bastian was a big woman, with a broad, bald forehead, a capacious mouth, and an assertive nose. She had kept a small dame school in a neighbouring village till her intense respectability and her cousinship to a rural dean had obtained for her the honour of presiding over Professor Bamborough's unobtrusive establishment.

It was evident to impartial observers that Mrs. Bastian had made up her mind to marry the professor. Her influence over him was that of a selfish, scheming mind over the amiable trustfulness of a sensitive nature. The housekeeper had her own private sitting-room, but she had speedily succeeded in setting herself on an equality with Mr. Bamborough

in his own house. She took her meals with him, discussed all his private affairs as though they were her own, gave him her advice, and took care that he accepted it. She was at great pains to impress her virtues upon the professor, and to lead him to understand that she was an invaluable necessity to him in life.

Mr. James Bamborough had been the light of Lingfield so far as several sweet old ladies were concerned. His popularity had been unimpeachable. He had organised botanical picnics, instructed the young and old in the making of herbaria, and infused a subtle scent of lavender into sundry dry and interminable text-books. But Mrs. Bastian had changed all that. Slowly, surely, she had isolated the old gentleman from such sentimental influences, and taken care to protect him against aspiring shes. The maiden ladies of Lingfield had viewed Mrs. Bastian's advent with suspicion. They were soon convinced that she was but a poor successor to dear old Mrs. Minden, who had died of apoplexy after keeping the professor's house for more than fifteen years. As for Mrs. Bastian, she tilted her red and self-assertive nose at the whole community, bustled into church with the air of a duchess, and called the professor "James," as though he were—her brother.

It was the 11th of June, St. Barnabas' Day, when Mr. Bamborough, flouting his housekeeper's tyranny for the nonce, attended Mrs. Gibson's garden party at the Vicarage. The professor appeared melancholy, shrunken, and pitifully nervous. He stumbled over a croquet-loop in cross-

12 16

The Rescue

ing the lawn to pay his respects to his hostess, spilt his tea down the vicar's best coat, and was as gauche and ill-at-ease as any self-conscious boy. There had been something of a scene at The Rowans that morning. The professor had suggested with all mildness that he proposed to take his customary holiday in Switzerland, and Mrs. Bastian had bridled at the suggestion.

"You will excuse me, professor," she had said, "but as an anxious friend, I consider your health unequal to the strain of continental travel. I was examining your bank-book, too, last night. You have only fifty pounds to carry you through the next quarter."

The professor had sighed, and listened to her submissively. The housekeeper had assumed to herself the control of the old man's finances, and she was for ever insisting on the delicacy of his health.

"Only fifty pounds?" he had asked in some surprise.

Mrs. Bastian had jingled her keys, and offered to conduct Mr. Bamborough through her accounts.

"You really have no head for business, sir," she had said, "and what is more, you will not be so inconsiderate as to leave me alone in the house while Jenny goes for her holiday. There are such a lot of rough people about here in the summer, and I might be murdered in my bed."

"But you can hire a girl temporarily," the professor had argued.

"And waste your money, sir! Dear me, I assure you we cannot afford it. I require all my cleverness as it is to make ends meet."

Mr. Bamborough had not presumed to discuss the matter further.

The scientist, after chatting nervously with several country acquaintances, discovered himself trapped between the tea-table, the drooping branches of a deodar, and the person of a smart little lady in a pink muslin gown. The professor's blue eyes wandered half-vacantly for the moment over the little lady's face. She was holding out a white-gloved hand to him and smiling, such a beaming, buxom, pink-cheeked smile that the botanist was compelled to remember her on the instant. Pro-

fessor Bamborough blushed to the roots of his white and wavy hair. The visible pleasure on his face was a welcome in itself.

"Miss Gaskell!"

"I am grieved, professor, that you were so long in recognising me."

"Believe me," said the old gentleman in his courtly way, "I was immersed in reflection, I beg your pardon——"

The lady in the pink frock laughed merrily. She was one of those sweet, plump, motherly beings who are still pretty at fifty, and in whom the charm of a womanly maturity mellowed in the gracious kindness of age. Many people marvelled at the fact that Miss Gaskell had never married. It was generally believed that she had had a romance in the twenties, and that the one man she had honoured with her love had lost his life as an African explorer.

Professor Bamborough stood twisting his shabby gloves and looking down at this mischievous and lovable dame, whose merry eyes were twinkling up at him from under the brim of her hat. Miss Gaskell's grey hair was waved in lavish masses about her plump and unwrinkled face. Her teeth were perfect, her mouth as soft and mobile as a young girl's. The pink gown she wore seemed to harmonise with her personality. It would have looked dowdy and out of place on most women of fifty; but in the matter of grace and fitness of taste, Miss Mary Gaskell could outshine the great majority of her younger fellows.

"I did not know that you had returned to Lingfield," began the professor, blushing a little, and choosing his words with some deliberation. "It is a pleasure——"

The lady in pink made a pretty gesture with her hand.

"Yes, dear old Lingfield. I am staying with Mrs. Murchison at The Friary. I am even thinking, professor, of taking up my little cottage again."

"Indeed!" said the scientist, with an inclination of the head.

"Yes, I am quite tired of wandering about. Do you know, Mr. Bamborough, I feel that I am growing old?"

By Warwick Deeping

The professor smiled, and looked brimming with innocent incredulity.

"Impossible, Miss Gaskell!" he retorted.

"I thought you scientists never indulged in flattery?" said the lady, with the most amiable of twinkles.

"Believe me, Miss Gaskell, I am not a euphemist. I hope I may state that it is a pleasure to see you again in Lingfield?"

"It is a pleasure to be in Lingfield, Mr. Bamborough," she retorted.

Miss Mary Gaskell was one of those women who set nervous people wholly at their ease. She had been a particular favourite of the professor's two years ago, though any great liking the timid old gentleman had had for her had been overwhelmed and rendered voiceless by his own diffidence, and a sense of his own inferiority. The lady herself had possessed a hearty respect for the professor's genius, and a species of sisterly affection for his courtly and lovable nature. She had been watching him interestedly that same afternoon, and had noticed that he had aged, that he stooped more, looking like a shaggy old dog who was grieving for a lost master.

"Will you show me Mrs. Gibson's exotics, professor?"

The scientist started from a reverie, shook himself free from recollections of Mrs. Bastian's tyranny, and bowed an acquiescence.

"I shall be very glad," he said.

Miss Gaskell moved away over the lawn with the gaunt and stooping figure of the scientist at her side.

"Are you going to Switzerland this year, professor?" she asked sympathetically.

The old man's face clouded. He fidgeted nervously with the buttons of his coat.

"No, not this year," he answered, with something like a sigh.

"What! you are going to desert your dear gentians?"

"Travelling is so expensive," he explained.

"Expensive?"

"Yes, and I am not so vigorous as I was. Moreover, my housekeeper"—and the old gentleman hesitated—"my housekeeper, who is an excellent

woman, does not like to be left in the house alone."

Miss Gaskell's blue eyes shot an alert and kindly glance at the professor's face.

"What! you have lost old Mrs. Minden?" she asked.

"Yes, poor creature!"

"Such a sweet old lady."

The expression on the professor's face testified to the sincerity of his regard for a lost friend.

"Mrs. Minden died of apoplexy," he explained deprecatingly, "and I engaged an invaluable woman who had kept a school at Framhurst, and is related to Canon Stensly, of Staining."

There was a sympathetic but questioning look in Miss Mary Gaskell's eyes.

"I am sorry, Mr. Bamborough," she said.

"Thank you, Miss Gaskell."

"You must miss the old lady greatly?"

The professor sighed as he held the conservatory door open for the lady in the pink frock.

"We have to part with old friends," he said sadly.

"Sometimes," quoth Miss Gaskell, touching the scientist's sleeve for an instant with her gloved hand.

Professor Bamborough appeared to recover some of his mild and simple gaiety that afternoon. He lost his diffidence and his air of subdued melancholy, and chatted quite cheerfully to Miss Gaskell, whose sympathetic charm dissolved the feeling of oppression that Mrs. Bastian's tyranny had shed over the old man's mind. Several of the Lingfield ladies remarked that Miss Gaskell and the professor were indulging in an absolute and undeniable flirtation. There was no malice, however, in the remark. Mr. Bamborough was too lovable and kindly a creature to be made the victim of satirical gossip. Moreover, Miss Gaskell was one of those unique women who disarm jealousy and inspire unprejudiced affection. In the words of Madge Gibson, the vicar's daughter, "Mary Gaskell was the best sort she was likely to meet this side of the gates of heaven."

After dinner at The Friary that

The Rescue

evening, Mrs. Murchison and her guest were sitting before the open window of the drawing-room looking out into the darkening garden. The conversation turned upon the professor, Miss Mary Gaskell confessing that the scientist had aged during the last twelve months, and that he appeared to be worried and out of health. Mrs. Murchison fidgeted in her chair with an irritable rustling of silks that betrayed a rebellious rising of feminine indignation.

"I am sorry for the professor," she said.

"Sorry, Jane! why?"

"I believe the poor old fellow is being bullied out of his life by a wretch of a housekeeper."

Miss Mary Gaskell's plump figure seemed to stiffen with sympathetic and indignant curiosity.

"He told me Mrs. Minden was dead."

"Yes, poor old thing. And now the professor has a great, red-faced female to manage his house for him. It is my belief she means to marry him. I know she has the professor under her thumb—he has been looking quite crushed and miserable."

Miss Gaskell sank back in her chair with a peculiar sigh.

"The professor is such a perfect gentleman," she said, "he dreads hurting a fellow-mortal's feelings."

"That is just it, Mary. A masterful woman like that Mrs. Bastian can terrorise him into subjection."

"But it is quite preposterous! Why doesn't his sister come and look after him?"

Mrs. Murchison's tone of contempt was admirably modulated.

"What! Prudence Bamborough? Why, the silly old woman is too taken up with her canaries and her pug-dog in its plum-coloured coat. She has only half a brain."

"Well, I call it preposterous!"

"And I echo you, my dear."

Miss Mary Gaskell sat and gazed out into the darkening garden as though she had visions of the red-faced housekeeper leading the white-haired old gentleman in triumph to the altar at Lingfield church.

"Jane," she said emphatically, "it makes me furious to think of a brilliant man like the professor being im-

posed upon by a vulgar and masterful—well, I must not call my fellow-mortals names. We must go and call on the professor, Jane; he is a man for whom I have the most absolute respect."

Mrs. Murchison helped herself a little nervously to a second cup of coffee.

"I have not been to the house for ages," she said.

"Not?"

"No, the last time I called the woman was so insolent that I vowed I would not go again. She told me that the professor was out, and I am sure I saw the old gentleman sitting in the garden."

Miss Mary Gaskell's indignation could not be restrained.

"Well, I call it cowardly of you, Jane."

"But—my dear——"

"Leaving the poor old fellow to be bullied and cheated by this creature. I tell you we must go and call on him to-morrow. The professor never stood on etiquette."

"But, my dear——"

"If you are afraid of the dragon, Jane, I tell you I am not. There, be a kind thing, and take pity on the professor."

Mrs. Murchison smiled deprecatingly at her guest. She had always boasted a warm respect for Miss Gaskell's spirit of womanly independence. Moreover, she felt in her heart of hearts that she had neglected the professor; and being secretly ashamed of her own cowardice, she welcomed Miss Mary's courageous interposition.

"Well, perhaps I will," she said sweetly.

"Consider it settled, dear. You can hide behind me, you know—if you are afraid of this would-be Xantippe."

And Mrs. Murchison laughed, and promised obedience.

At the identical hour that Miss Gaskell contemplated calling on the professor, Mrs. Bastian was darning socks in her private room at The Rowans. A Bible lay open upon the housekeeper's table, and there were texts and sacred prints upon the walls. In one corner of the room stood the bureau where the lady kept her account books and papers, for the whole financial management of the

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little house had fallen practically into her hands. The professor's income was a very moderate one, and despite Mrs. Bastian's self-assertive economy, the scientist had discovered a gradual increase in his expenditure. He was much too mild and sensitive a man to have ever accused Mrs. Bastian of peculation, even if he had dared so much as to suspect her of petty fraud.

About four o'clock there was a brisk ring at the bell. Mrs. Bastian put her work aside, passed out into the passage, and ordered the little servant back into the kitchen, stating that she would answer the bell herself. Mrs. Bastian was always suspicious of afternoon visitors. The professor was in the garden, reading in his basket-chair under the shade of a lime. The housekeeper opened the front door, beheld two well-dressed women standing on the step, and a carriage waiting beyond the garden gate.

"Professor Bamborough is at home."

The polite assertiveness of the remark did not appeal to Mrs. Bastian's amiability. She tightened her lips, and surveyed Miss Gaskell from toque to flounces.

"Professor Bamborough is not at home."

"Indeed!"

A slight flush spread itself over Miss Mary's buxom face. The two women eyed each other with instinctive and contradictory disrelish.

"I think I saw Mr. Bamborough sitting in the garden."

"Madam!"

"I presume that he has been out for a walk, and has returned without your knowing it. Will you be so good as to announce us?—Mrs. Murchison and Miss Gaskell from The Friary."

Mrs. Bastian stared. Miss Mary's ladylike yet quiet assumption of superiority was not congenial to the housekeeper's temper. She was on the point of defending her master from such an unseasonable intrusion, when she heard the sound of footsteps coming down the gravel path beside the house. The professor's white head appeared beneath the red arch built by a crimson Rambler.

"Miss Gaskell—Mrs. Murchison—this is a pleasure——"

He blushed, and appeared palpably nervous. The lady with the grey hair cast a curiously defiant glance at Mrs. Bastian, who was standing sullenly in the doorway.

"Your housekeeper informed us that you were out, professor."

The old gentleman winced, and cast a deprecating glance at Mrs. Bastian.

"Yes, certainly, I was in the garden."

"Mrs. Murchison and I have come to take you for a drive."

The professor's face brightened.

"You are very kind," he said.

At this moment the housekeeper interposed with an air of deferential yet ominous anxiety. She stared rudely in Miss Gaskell's face as though offering that lady her whole-hearted defiance.

"Professor Bamborough, sir, let me advise you not to trust yourself in this east wind. Excuse me, madam. I understand Mr. Bamborough's delicate state of health; he is very liable to colds on the chest."

Miss Mary Gaskell, characteristically composed, turned her back on Mrs. Bastian, and smiled conspiringly at the professor.

"I do not think that a drive will hurt you to-day, Mr. Bamborough," she said with triumphant sweetness. "We can drive through the pine woods, and so keep out of the wind."

The scientist suddenly appeared to recover some of his proper authority. He turned, and with quiet dignity desired Mrs. Bastian to bring him his hat. The housekeeper, however, appeared to consider the part of valet to be beneath the dignity of her cousin the rural dean. She retreated dourly into the house, shutting the door of her sitting-room after her with a bang, after remarking "that she hoped Mr. Bamborough would not suffer for his indiscretion."

Whether the professor enjoyed his drive or no, it would be indiscreet, perhaps, to inquire. His face was tinged with a mild and tender gaiety when Mrs. Murchison's carriage set him down again before his own gate. The society of those two good women, their desire to please him, the ready outflowing of their sympathy, had re-

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opened the old man's life anew. In his simple and modest way he found himself reflecting that Miss Gaskell was a particularly charming woman. The professor thought her wondrous young—young enough, in fact, to be his daughter, despite her grey hair and her fifty summers. He found himself wishing instinctively that he had such a woman to share his life in place of the severe and godly Mrs. Bastian. Not that he was so egregiously elated as to imagine that he—Professor Bamborough—decayed old stick that he thought himself, could for one moment inspire anything but kindly regard in such a woman as Miss Gaskell. The professor was possessed by a chivalrous reverence for women that was almost boyish in its naïveté. To him Miss Gaskell was quite an unapproachable creature—a celestial being for whose sympathy he was cheerfully and honourably grateful.

Mrs. Bastian's temper was out of joint. The dislocation dated from Miss Mary Gaskell's appearance on the professor's doorstep, and it remained in that disarticulated condition for days. The whole régime of the little household suffered, as did the professor. Innumerable petty annoyances warned him of the lady's spirit of self-martyrdom. She was offended, and showed it in all the vexatious minutiae of life. The small servant, after crying herself to sleep for two consecutive nights, gave notice, and insulted the housekeeper to her face. An atmosphere of storm and strife enveloped the old gentleman's habitation. Mrs. Bastian was laying siege to the scholarly patience. She believed, and believed shrewdly, that the professor had not the courage to be rid of her. Her power over the old man lay in her ability to destroy his small comforts, to harass him till he was ready to propitiate her by acknowledging her absolute authority.

But though Mrs. Bastian made life wearisome for the scientist, she was discreet enough to magnify her loyalty before his eyes.

"You will excuse me, professor," she would say, "but I am so anxious about your poor chest that I must ask you to beware of this treacherous climate. I am an outspoken woman,

sir, and perhaps my sincerity makes me a trifle blunt at times. Now you had a cough, didn't you, sir, after that drive on Thursday? I knew it would do you no good, and it didn't, professor, you can't deny it."

The old gentleman remarked that he had noticed no ill-effects as a result of the drive. Had he been audacious, he might have suggested that the east wind did not suit the housekeeper's temper.

"I think the fresh air did me good," he confessed.

Mrs. Bastian looked at him critically over her spectacles.

"There, now, you men are so obstinate. It takes the anxious eye of a friend, professor, to notice the first signs of indisposition. I must really forbid you, James, to drive again in this east wind."

"But the wind is in the south-west now, Mrs. Bastian."

The housekeeper wrinkled up her bald, high forehead.

"But the paper states that we may expect storms—and chilly showers, professor. I flatter myself that I know the Sussex climate, sir, better than you do. I have put you out another vest."

It was no matter for surprise that the old gentleman was tempted to rebel, though as yet he had not gathered sufficient courage to flout the tyrant in the open field. He was one of those beings who suffer from an exaggerated dread of wounding the susceptibilities of others. In the discomfort of indecision, and in the midst of the modest dread roused by Mrs. Bastian's diligent and solicitous tending of his underclothing, his thoughts turned instinctively to The Friary where Miss Gaskell, that angel of light, was sojourning. Would the lady think it presumptuous of him if he sought her advice on so delicate a matter? Mrs. Bastian's batteries were becoming dangerous. She was beginning to prate of the loneliness of widowhood, of the wisdom of mutual interests in life, of the supreme bliss she had conferred on Mr. Bastian in her youth. The professor sneaked out of his house one afternoon, almost fearing that Mrs. Bastian would suspect his treachery and follow him, and trudged at a

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brisk pace for The Friary, his activity contradicting the housekeeper's assertions with regard to the delicacy of his health.

Miss Gaskell was at home. The professor, ushered into the sunny drawing-room, with its French windows opening upon beds of flowers, discovered the lady in the full glory of a new Parisian frock. The scientist was always awed by the vision of a woman in a fashionable dress. He felt as a stupid and blundering brown beetle might be expected to feel in the company of gay and gorgeous moths. Miss Gaskell appeared to him so stately and splendid a being that he promptly fell into a species of modest madness, and abandoned all thought of presuming to pester her with his private affairs.

Miss Gaskell welcomed the professor with sincere delight. She made him sit down on the sofa beside her, noticing the while that he had two buttons off his coat, and that the wristbands of his shirt were frayed. The professor's eyes were fixed on her with a diffident reverence that was almost pathetic. He was visibly grateful for her sympathy, and for the first time in her life Miss Gaskell realised how lonely his life must be. She had known loneliness herself, and her woman's heart went out to this quiet, courteous, and dog-like old man.

"So you are not going to Switzerland?" she asked, when they had chatted a while on impersonal lines.

The scientist shook his head.

"But surely you will miss the holiday very much?"

"I am afraid I shall, Miss Gaskell."

There was silence a moment between them, the professor gazing sadly at his knees.

"Don't you find The Rowans very lonely at times?"

"Lonely?"

He echoed the word, glancing at her almost vacantly like a man realising the truth for the first time.

"You have many interests—I know," she continued. "But do you not often feel the lack of having no one who can understand the fascination of your work?"

The professor gazed at her pathetically. Miss Mary Gaskell

seemed to cast such a sweet spell of sympathy upon him, to speak to him as though he were a great man, and not a gentlemanly pauper, that the scientist began to feel that it would be a very pleasant thing to be understood.

"Yes, I think I am lonely at times," he confessed.

"Why do you not go out more?"

The professor smiled a little sadly.

"Well, you see, I am afraid of being a nuisance. I am an old man——"

"Nuisance, indeed! Do you think that I find you a nuisance, professor?"

"Indeed, Miss Gaskell, I hope not."

"Then why do you not come and see us oftener?"

"May I?" he asked, with a deprecating look.

"Of course you may."

"I am sure you are very kind."

"Nonsense! I am the one to be benefited. Do you think that every woman has the opportunity of talking to one of the most learned men in Europe?"

The professor trudged home that day with a pensive smile playing about his mouth. Somehow this grey-haired woman with the kindly eyes seemed to bring back to him the braver visions of his youth. Miss Mary Gaskell had seemed pleased to talk to him, and very ready to listen to the many strange things he had learnt at the feet of Mother Nature. The old man's figure straightened perceptibly. A renewed self-respect was, as it were, reborn in him under the influence of a true woman's

NEXT WEEK.

The Tax Resisters.

A SANDERS

- STORY. -

BY

EDGAR WALLACE.

The Rescue

sympathy. He faced Mrs. Bastian that evening with unusual composure, gave definite and decided orders with regard to certain domestic details, and ignored the half-veiled insolence of her surprise with the calmness of a stoic.

As may be imagined, the professor availed himself of Miss Gaskell's invitation to visit her at The Friary. He went, and went often, coming away with beaming and benignant face, hugging his growing delight like a veritable boy. Yet, curious as it may appear, the professor began to display a distraught and increasing diffidence in the lady's presence. The secret that was working in him appeared to hamper him with a mysterious and courtly bashfulness. His admiration for Miss Mary Gaskell took on all the magic colours of youth, tempered by an autumnal dignity that made the old man marvel at the lonely life he had led these years. How was it that he had never known such a woman as this before? How much he had missed!—how much might he not yet retrieve? To be rid of Mrs. Bastian, that in itself would be one long flight towards paradise!

One afternoon early in July the professor walked with Miss Mary in The Friary garden. All that week Mrs. Bastian had been in the most scandalous of tempers. The old gentleman's frequent visits to The Friary had incensed her beyond measure, suggesting as they did that a more powerful influence was about to neutralise the housekeeper's authority. Her dicta with regard to the professor's health were passed aside by him unheeded. When her tongue pricked her to remark that she wondered that a man of Mr. Bam-borough's learning should care to associate with such frivolous fashionables as Miss Gaskell and Mrs. Murchison, the professor reproved her with the dignified severity of a bishop, and desired her to remember that the ladies were his friends. Mrs. Bastian had lost much of her clever self-confidence. She had succeeded solely in being insolent and gratuitously unlovely. Even the old gentleman's mild reserve betrayed to the housekeeper the truth that the days of her

empire might be drawing to a close.

Miss Gaskell and the scientist were alone together in the garden. The lady was wearing the pink frock that had charmed the professor's colour sense in June. Her blue eyes beamed under her aureole of waving hair as though the calm azure of the sky were reflected therein. The professor appeared nervous and ill at ease. Mrs. Bastian's mood that morning had hinted at a coming scene. The old gentleman was in mortal dread lest she should assail him suddenly with some suggestion as to marriage.

"How you must love flowers?" said Miss Mary Gaskell, as they strolled together beside a rose-bed.

The professor started.

"Yes, they have been the friends of my life," he answered.

Miss Gaskell halted, and touched a *La France* with her plump white fingers.

"And are there any flowers that you love better than others?"

The professor's eyes were studying her with a species of irresolute devotion. He stepped forward suddenly to where a pink rose grew like a bush of blushing flame. His hand trembled as he pointed to the topmost flower that had opened its petals to the sun.

"That—is my favourite," he said, with a curious lowering of the voice.

"That!"

He had plucked the flower, and, as though inspired by some critical emotion, held it close to the bosom of Miss Mary's dress.

"See, they match."

"To be sure, so they do."

Miss Gaskell was actually blushing under her aureole of grey hair. She looked at the professor, and the professor looked at her.

"Why do you like this particular rose so much?"

"Because it reminds me——"

"Reminds you of what?"

There was just the suspicion of a twinkle in the old man's eyes. No one would have believed him capable of such adroit and artistic gallantry.

"It reminds me of your dress," he said.

"Indeed!"

"And therefore——"

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"And therefore?"

"Of you."

Now Miss Gaskell was a sensible woman, and not given to the sentimentalities of seventeen. She looked at the professor steadily, yet with unmistakable kindness, a delightful smile playing about her mouth.

"Supposing you give me the rose, James," she said.

The professor, whose sudden audacity had collapsed into diffident confusion, dropped the flower, picked it up, and held it out deprecatingly to the lady.

"Will you accept it?" he asked, with a slight tremor of the voice.

Miss Gaskell tucked the rose into the bosom of her pink dress.

"Well, James?" she said.

The professor blushed, and hung his head.

"Do you like it still?"

"Yes, better than before."

They looked at each other, smiled, and felt that the situation was bordering upon sentimentality. The dignity of years bridled at the notion. Miss Gaskell, a woman of tact, came to the professor's rescue.

"Are you still feeling lonely, James?" she asked.

"Very lonely," answered the professor, looking impertinently happy.

Miss Gaskell turned aside from him and studied the rose-bed.

"I—too—have been lonely," she confessed.

"Mary!"

"James!"

"If it is not presumption in an old man, I should like to ask you to share my home."

"But Mrs. Bastian!"

"Damn Mrs. Bastian!" quoth the scientist, with more vigour than he had displayed for twenty years.

Thus, when Mrs. Murchison came out into the garden to bring these two young people in to tea she surprised the professor walking beside Miss Gaskell under the lime trees, with the pink lady's hand clasped in his. The future Mrs. Bamborough was equal to so delicate a dilemma. She kept a firm hold of the professor's hand, and marched him up to Mrs. Murchison without the sign or symptom of a blush.

"James and I have been discussing a tour in Switzerland," she said.

"Switzerland? My dear professor——"

Mr. Bamborough made the most dignified obeisance of his life.

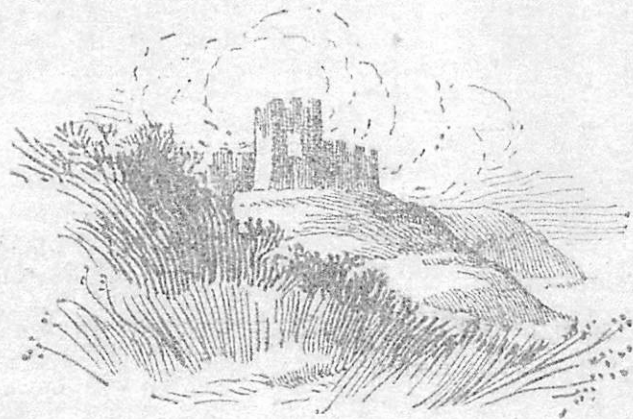
"Miss Gaskell has done me the supreme honour——"

But before he could complete the confession, Mrs. Murchison had started forward and kissed the lady in pink heartily upon both cheeks.

"I congratulate you both," she said. "I was never more delighted in my life."

"And Mrs. Bastian?" quoth the pink lady, with an inimitable twinkle.

And for some reason they all fell a-laughing, the professor as heartily as a boy just home from school.



Said Dan Jellaby to his husband - "I ~~suppose~~ ^{know} the man's a
snob. Some of these tiled people are the most disgusting
snobs. I suppose you - did I give him any interview?"

The S. S. Albatross informed I had placed at the news from China. It was not very flattering to British pride, & Mr. S. S. Albatross was a little bit of a man with a spirit so stubborn that he persisted in wearing a beard. His wife was always telling him to remove that appendage, but it remained.

"Very busy man" the manager.
"Too busy to be polite." Bob Clark as junior director to
dinner -

The Pillsbury arranged the paper in front of him & proceeded to read it. He knew how to deal with his wife at home in Harvard Square, though her own public activities were not to be embarrassing. He just sat in talk, & read his letters on his paper.

"She's all right. Very kind of my mother." *interference*

Two fellows with a "billy". The "billy" Pacific ~~was~~
ought to be closed down, but she threw words at it, and
threw the door back car. She was a very handsome
young woman of four or five, with a pearl white head, a
big collar, a greenish blue hair - a perfect head of a man.
She had been the head of the department
of Say a fellow who had said he would be
paid for.

all the world knows "Capn." It had excelled from
more laboring to miserable. It occupied a vast space
of building. It was better. It could provide you with
with from a hairpin to a refrigerator. In fact it was
wonder to produce in a way than the hairpin.

The President of St. Louis had joined the campaign board about nine months ago. He was a rather unusual person, so unusual that once a motor car a policeman apparently pulled him aside to arrest him. Maybe he belonged to the head of Buckle & Pomeroy, a well known firm at home in American Union or France, or was dated with. As a child his favorite game had been playing it safe.

Mr. G. says he has the right of the thought of, I know that he did not expect to be wife, for Mr. G. says - the material had become of what a woman. I thought you were a very slow & quick for me, a very poor mother - I am there for, could it be more well than a high?

The girl was very tired, for the Christmas rush was in full

same, a sh had been a he put for new town. She had
an those copper colored hair, a perfect skin, a eye of an expected
darkness. Her perfect face was with all nature, for we never a
misfit good had explained it. I see were shadow of shadow
under her eye.

She worked in the Children's Bureau Department, ^{an} a department who
had been expected for the Children work. She was a woman who
admitted and down with influence, a she was in charge of the
mechanical-ly still. She would have preferred to be responsible
for dolls.

Clock-wind train, motor-car, airplane, tank, speedboat. It was
a popular still with the children, a no way of their getting
was ^{little} ~~supper~~ ^{repeated}. "Are you sure that it works?"
How rich she was by that question! She had had to demonstrate
innumerable machines in the polished floor in front of her stall,
a she that no one tried in the polished floor. And she was
not feeling very well. He had a he put her back asked.
She ^{had} ~~the~~ that started her was ^{climbing} ~~climbing~~ the chance to
go to bed.

So, she could suppose that she was not a very good mechanism.
She had to have her own recently, like all the other
women, ^{but} in her case they had climbed rather badly - she
was very much alone in the world. She had a brother of
whom she had been about forty years old, but both of
her was in - "Yes, madam, a No. 70. How many?" Yes,
it must be that model? I quite understood. No, we have it
got the particular model in stock, but of course - Yes,
we had, madam, but it's a popular model, a we have
sold out. I'm sorry, madam. He can order - No,
no trouble, madam. You want better. Very good, madam.
Thank you -" Yes, yes, what time was it? I saw
minutes to nine. Forty more minutes. Could she continue to
be polite?

The world of toys seemed to be becoming a little blunder. Even
the dolls in the stall opposite her had features now. She had
noticed. The light a the crowded colors were too bright,
the air stuffy and overheated. Half past nine! Should she
struggle for a hour, or well have. Fresh air, movement, after
all this standing.

But innocent a capricious stage she did not pick up
the woman that passed from stall to stall.

"Good night, girls, the Dolls!"

"Silently - forward."

The presence decided upon her before she had reached the
ministry. For we were aware of the simplicity, a of the
fact that this Silently made a practice of conducting herself

town of injection. She cultivated the perfume. She was sitting on
 by a model, & was the only President of the Social
 Society. She was the last at the door, & she was the first
 at the club party. ^{that}
 Anne Bethel heard a voice. She was in the act of entering one
 of the dark streets that were spread at closing time all over the
 city.

"Are you in charge of this stall?"

Ann Bethel turned & faced the lady.

"Yes, madam."

"I should like some attention."

"Of course, madam. What can I do?"

"I require a No. 10 Horn Seam for my chaffin bag."

"O, dear that No. 10 Horn Seam. And I did not like
 the lady, or her voice or her manner."

"I'm sorry, but we are out of that model, madam. I'm sorry
 dear."

"Out of a stall?"

"Yes, madam."

"It is a - tradition - that I am out of a stall."

"But we are, madam."

"And what is my dear about it?"

"Of course we can find the other, madam."

"That is sufficient. Show me some other model."

What a party, dancing, light perfume! Ann Bethel happened to
 be a gentleman, & she did not like his lecture, especially at
 this time of the day, and probably he tried for himself at.
 But when she picked up a bad cutting another model than a
 displayed showed it to the lady.

"This is a very popular bag."

Ann Bethel expected it to be. She said was too colorful
 & good looking, & wished to be nice, now was he faced
 forward to Ann Bethel.

"Ah, indeed! And does it work?"

"All our models are in perfect order, madam."

"Let me see it work!"

Ann Bethel took the bag & turned a two corners from
 the back.

"Do you wish to see it on the back, madam?"

"Of course."

Ann Bethel turned to give up the circular back, & as she
 did so she noticed whether she was going to faint or
 how far beyond. Her back failed. She was heavily
 conscious of being watched.

"I'm, David the lady, 'what are you looking for, my
 good girl? I'm pleased for you.'"

Sally in her place.
"And returned to your table, madam."
"I beg your pardon!"
"I said, madam, a little consideration -"
"By good girl, do you know when I am I'm afraid I don't
know the faint idea, madam, and I'm afraid I don't
can."

Mr. Selby gave a turn of the head.
"Disgraceful! Spectator is a thy own allowed in the
entirely."

Am was a few feet.
"I suppose no one is allowed to be tired."
"Stand there, my woman. I shall have the matter dealt
with. Mr. Selby - Bill name and Mr. Selby
has - immediately."

She about ^{in person} the whole like a stout person. People
stood; Selby looked flustered. Mr. Selby who walked
the particular department, did not appear to be a witness,
but a tell, you know is a dead end, but who had been
standing beside the pillar watching a party, came smoothly
forward. He had known you, a rather large man, good
tall, in a ^{appearance} ^{appeared} perfect.

"Can I be of any assistance, madam?"
Mr. Selby placed at her.

"And who know - you?"
The young man smiled at her and stopped carefully but with
apparent desire a the scene of the day. He called
with a metallic ringing when the boat.

"Dear me, how cheap."
He looked down scornfully at the coked toy, then at
Mr. Selby's face.

"Indeed! Will happen - see in page."
But Mr. Selby did not answer, would not be to be
permeated from his face.

"I want names in authority."
"I have - see authority, madam."

"I don't know you -"
"I am what is called a professor, madam."

"Indeed! Do you know who I am?"
"I think so, madam."

"Very well. You will understand that the young woman must be
discharged. She has been greatly important."

She then looked at Ann.
"I think, madam, if you will forgive me saying so, the
selection is my friend."

"I said! So if I, my good man, but I don't know of you.
No employer in my husband's establishment is allowed to bid but
you."

She gave him a little, whimsical bow.
"Infinitely so, madam. Under no provocation, & under no
circumstances. If you will -"
"What's your name?"
"Hittington, madam."
"Very well, Mr Hittington, you will report the matter to the
head of the department, & he will report to the chairman
of the directors. You understand?"
"Perfectly, madam."
"I shall wait the department you in person tomorrow, & if I
find -"
"But I am took up the challenge."
"I tell that will be quite necessary. I shall not be here."
"The lady glared at him."
"Must certainly you will not be here, you woman!"

So he spoke to her. One of a crowd she collected
he lost a coat in the stuff clockwork, a war, carried by
the wind to the stuff with. All these things, chattering
jabs, free at last to hunt their feet on to her in the high
bosom of him. She passed at the pavement below the
high cliff of the great building as though she died in the cool
night and so to begin her journey. The crowd was sufficiently
disparate, ~~the~~ ^{for} you! There was a large standard here, ~~the~~
she stood beside it.

She did not observe the ~~weather~~ ^{weather} from the other side of
the street, but when she ~~passed~~ ^{passed} ~~by~~, the figure moved
she obliged across the road, a dodger behind her, followed
him. It remained some paces behind her until she reached
the Captain Road, & then it lengthened its stride &
overtaken her.

"Come on, Miss Bethel!"
She turned sharply to find a vivid hat & the smiling
face of Mr Hittington. "Did she wear any, that
you?" Did the fellow that she was who moved to be
pinned up?
"Please leave me alone!"

She walked on, head in air, yet trembling with uneasiness
against life & its conditions. She was not made for capricious
will high under elements; she was for too sensitive. But
Mr Hittington appeared to be a powerful person. He followed
her, really, but half a step behind her, & on the outside
of the pavement.
"Behave me, I'm not a coward cad."
"I tell all men begin by saying that."

"O, possibly. But in my case I happen to be true. You, I'll wager I waited for you."

She walked in silence, looking straight in front of her. She was sufficiently a woman of the world to know that the young man was not quite the ordinary person.

"May I suggest although no longer here as a matter of fact."

"Quite so."

"I'm discharged."

"No, I consider that you resigned. That old dog ought to be put in the shed or shipped."

She seemed to stare at him, for he had drawn level with her.

"By all this - trouble."

"Just about, I would think. Besides, it is part of my job to observe a response, all the intense economy of life."

She gave a little laugh.

"Natural economy! That ought to be another way of describing -"

"You, I think I know."

She smiled.

"Thank you, I don't want pity."

He looked at her steadily.

"Good faith! I'm rather prejudiced in feeling that you have a right to be other than this. That old heart in the midst of the changing direction, I think, who is paid. You, he happens to be a faithful friend of mine, though the lady does not know it. No, I'm not prejudiced for a moment that you should be recognized, that I could change it - if you wished it."

She looked at him about half an hour.

"Who are you - exactly?"

"Never mind. I have seen without. I found the firm about a year ago, & I was only at it because to have been a very useful person. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to put you into a position."

He was very friendly.

"Please - don't. I can't -"

"It's my turn. Do please - let me. I'm not going to fight you - just as full, I for the moment."

She smiled, content.

"I don't know what I -"

But he was steady - the edge of the front, along the tuff. A steady turn happened along. He moved the door up, found the door.

"Please. - What address shall I give you?"

She smiled.

"No. 7 St. James Street."

"Thank you, no more."

He took off his hat, closed the door, & turned to the door.

"No. 7 St. James Street. How's a few more notes. The lady will pay. Well that do."

"Absolutely, no, & thank you."

Stewart Street was a shabby street of h't a decent house
that looked as though they had been once finished & conformed
with the passing of time. She sat on the edge of her bed & her
bed-sitting room on the ^{second} floor, a capital & semi.

Stayed in hospital for three weeks - today.

She had walked out of town without collecting the money that was due to her. What a poor guide!

She had made herself responsible for a bed-sitting room on the
first floor for brother Hugh.

She has heard that he got at Sagar - that poor old
man! Poor people who preached the dignity of man and
love of truth shall be O, but what was the use of
feeling better?

High was caught out of Dattson & Coney, 1st

Poor, reckless Hugh She had hoped England for a man
upon for him.

Shirley had seen Mary for her in the year of Grace on the
displace.

As we had - the Hillyton boy. Clear tall & clear eyes
- a sense of humor & of melody. No, but not quite a
boy. Was a what, would he? The new type of ex-militant man
who was treating business in both art & science? Could not
see him again? Did not want to see him again? Perhaps.
But who would not want to be put in a position of a man
who might attract him. G. G., it was probably just some - unrelated.
Ben Clark, he admired her hair.

She heard footsteps in the stair & the clanking of objects in a tray. She soon found & she saw the head & high forehead of her husband.

of her family. I
I've brought you tea, Mrs. I know all about Christmas
shopping. Yes, from your father."

He wanted to say.

"I've lost my job, Mr. Peter. Sent the S -"

"I've lost my job, the fellow. I said
"About five or six, didn't you? Put you not down a part
the way. I lost job. Said I was in, but I'm not
job."

Sol. You've been my kid, The Peter.

"I've been my best, but I'm not a stone. I'll set another good, dear old boy, will you please - I've been bold for two eggs, and will ask for no quarter."

"She said, 'I'm too tired'." Part of type

One of the many not. I have 'em.

"But I should've had better my finger."

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

(By WARWICK DEEPING.)

Author of "Love Among the Ruins,"
"A Woman's War," etc.

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Sir John Hatherley's temper was worn to the bone.

King Charles had sent him on the road to Plymouth to meet Madama Brilliana, the Cardinal's daughter, who was making a romantic entry into the kingdom.

The Lady Brilliana was eccentric and beautiful. She had chosen to dress herself up as a cavalier, and to ride through the country with a couple of half-naked negroes walking in front of her horse, and a crowd of Italians in her wake.

Sir John Hatherley was a handsome man, and the Lady Brilliana had condescended to make love to him.

This would not have greatly mattered had not Sir John been betrothed. Moreover, to complicate the tangle, Mistress Marjory Manners, his betrothed, had taken it into her head to dress herself up as a young sprig of eighteen and had overtaken him on the road.

Never had a man had a more tempestuous three days of it, with two women dressed as men, one of them making love to him, the other in love with him.

Mistress Marjory was jealous, and the Lady Brilliana believed her to be a man.

It was King Charles's special desire that the Cardinal's daughter should be pleased, and while Sir John was pleasing the Lady Brilliana he was making himself an abomination to Mistress Marjory Manners.

They were lodged for the night at the Black Tun at Shottlingford, and Sir John sat in the garden pavilion of the Black Tun and dug at the floor with his spurs.

"Confound both the women!" he thought.

Then someone called him.

"Are you there, Sir John?"

From New Zealand - The Star, January 25, 1916

should serve with fury and with passion."

The smile was less marked on Sir John's face. Was it jealousy that was painting him such a character, or had he offended Mistress Manners too mortally?

The voices came out of the garden house and down the path. Sir John remained hidden, but poked his head round the yew tree when the two had passed. He saw Master Dick kiss the lady's hand, and saw her give him her lace handkerchief as a keepsake.

Now when Sir John Hatherley stalked out and found Master Lovell walking alone up and down the bowling green, Sir John was unwise enough to laugh.

"Upon my soul—sweetheart—"

There was no laughter in the lady's eyes, but a very fine anger.

"Laugh—my friend—laugh! I will teach thee something this journey. But I give you one chance to appease me—"

"My desire, what have I done? The lady found me, there, in the garden house."

"Creature, indeed! Listen to me, John Hatherley. Go, mount your horse this instant, and ride out of Shottlingford straight to London. I will bring this Cardinal's daughter to the King."

"May I be hanged if you do," said baronet bluntly.

"Then you refuse?"

He began to be as angry as she was. "Look you here, girl, am I to make a mock of the King because you have a most godless temper? On my honour, I am beginning to think that I shall be too well mated. As to making a fool of myself—"

She laughed.

"Then you will not go?"

"No, I will not."

"Good—very good. As to the fooling—I think I can play my hand at that. I'll read thee a lesson, John. The soul shall be sore in you, by the time we reach London."

"You are a jealous jade," he said, most inconsiderately.

"Jealous!—jealous, indeed!—How often have you sworn that you love

third gentleman did not need persuading.

But the crowd's blood was up, and it was in no temper to listen to reason.

"Woman forsooth! A pretty woman—to stick Noll Pilcher through the arm."

"That's no woman."

"Pull the long fellow down."

"Knock his legs from under him!"

"Dogs of Papists!"

Sir John got one arm round Mistress Manners and swept the crowd back with his sword.

"When the King hears of this, sirs, some of you will go to the Plantations. Make way."

They jeered him, and kept a close half-circle. Sir John retreated till he got his back against a wall.

"Courage, sweetheart."

"John, there's my sword lying. I'll help thee."

"You shall do nothing of the kind, child. Stand there behind me. These dogs have gone mad."

The crowd closed in, but holding just beyond the reach of Sir John's sword. He kept the point moving, and no man among them was quite bold enough to tempt it.

"So, men of Shottlingford, this is how you welcome the King's guests, strangers from over the sea! On my honour, you deserve whipping—like dogs that have learnt bad manners. Brave fellows, to mishandle two poor black-a-moors, and to maul a woman!"

They liked him none the better for his scorn, and for a certain grim respect he inspired.

"You be foul Papists—all of you."

"It seems to me, sirs, a foreign Papist is better mannered than a Shottlingford cur."

There was an angry swaying of the crowd, and in another moment Sir John's sword would have been stained red, had not a rescue arrived in the shape of half a dozen gentlemen, their armed servants, and the watch. The watchmen of Shottlingford knew the Shottlingford mob. They set their staves thwacking with a will, and in three minutes the courtyard of the Black Tun was at peace.

Sir John turned to find Mistress Marjory Manners, white as milk, and leaning heavily against the wall.

"Are you there, Sir John?"

It was Brilliana herself, no longer clad in doublet and white breeches, but in a most gorgeous habit of red damask and gold brocade. Her hair was all tortured into little ringlets, and she still wore the beaver hat with the black feather.

"Oh—solitary Sir John!"

She spoke very good English; Sir John might have found her more bearable if he had been unable to understand half she said.

"Madam, I was meditating."

His sulky look might have been mistaken for the moroseness of a man in love. The Cardinal's daughter chose to assume the latter explanation. The Lady Brilliana was preposterously vain.

"Ah, poor Sir John! A sonnet to somebody? When gentlemen steal away—and—hide—"

Her black eyes challenged him.

"I never wrote a sonnet in my life, madam."

"That is why you are finding it so difficult. Shall I teach thee to write sonnets, Sir John?"

His one desire was to get out of the garden house, but the lady stood in the way. Moreover, he was human enough to value the King's favour.

"You would find me a clumsy pupil, madam."

"La, but I am very patient. I have my wax tablets with me. Sit down, Sir John."

He waited for her to sit down on the wooden bench, and then placed himself a good yard from her.

"It is to be to a lady, is it not, Sir John?"

"Yes—to be a lady."

She had taken out her wax tablet, and a little silver style, and she handed them to him.

"You write, Sir John. Now, it is to be to a lady, is it not? And is she pitiless, and beautiful, and proud? And is she dark or fair?"

"Heaven knows, madam, for I do not."

She laughed, and drew a shade nearer.

"Jealous!—jealous, indeed!—How often have you sworn that you love me—and when I tried your love—you would not do the thing I asked you, but played the gallant to this piece of monstrous vanity—"

"Enough. Marjory, you are impossible!"

"Thank you, Sir John, thank you."

Now at this very moment a great hubbub arose in the yard of the Black Tun. There were shouts and booms, oaths and derisive laughter. Men were jabbering in Italian. It was as though a fox had got into a hen-roost.

My Lady's steward came running into the garden. He was a fat man, and spoke but little English.

"Sir—sir, zo pore black-a-moor; ze people—they do drown he, under ze poop!"

The Lady Brilliana followed her man, and she was angry.

"Sir John, these savages have taken my negroes, and put them in the horse-trough. It is an insult. And they are shouting 'Papist' under my window."

"They do such things in England, madam. We play rather roughly."

"Play—forsooth! Are my servants—though they be black—playthings for a low mob! The King shall hear of it. I would ask you, Sir John, how you came to let me stop in such a rascal town as this?"

Sir John returned her the truth, which was tactless.

"Madam, you said the look of the town pleased you. You chose it—yourself."

"Basta! And you stand there."

Master Lovell had his hat off to the lady, and his sword out, either for Sir John or for the mob.

"Madam—he—has not the heart for courtesy. These boors shall be spoken to. I go—at your service."

Sir John made a step forward, but eyes and swordpoint met him mercilessly.

"Oaf—meddle not with me, or you shall answer for it—and that—quickly."

leaning heavily against the wall.

"I feel faint, John."

He put an arm about her, and her head drooped towards his shoulder.

"Take me away, John. I—I cannot face all these people."

The audacity was out of her, and shame had taken its place. She was no longer the swaggering young gallant, but a woman shocked by the situation she had created.

Sir John half carried her along the passage towards the door leading into the garden, and suddenly she clung to him with passionate frankness.

"John—you—do—love me?"

"Sweetheart—yes."

"I'll not try you so again—I promise. And John, the Lady Brilliana must not know—"

"The Lady Brilliana can go to the devil," he said.

He pushed through into the garden, and there was the lady herself, quite unprepared either for heaven or for hell. She threw up her hands, uttered a cry of alarm, and showed herself ready for fine romantic emotion.

"Sancta Maria, he is wounded!"

Sir John swore under his breath.

"I fear he has been stabbed in the scuffle, madam. We must get him to bed, and send for a surgeon."

The Cardinal's daughter seized one of Master Lovell's hands, but Master Lovell kept his eyes shut, and knew nobody, not even the Lady Brilliana.

"The lad is swooning, sir. His hand is like stone. My own physician shall see him—"

Sir John's chief desire was to be rid of her for the moment.

"I will help the lad in, madam. And if this physician of yours—"

"He has recovered the Cardinal's health many times."

"Excellent man."

"Can I help you, Sir John? Poor lad! He does not hear, he does not know me! These savages! I will go and call Antonio."

"Madam, you have the wit of a man."

She hurried off with innocent enthu-

She laughed, and drew a shade nearer.

"You will not betray yourself, to be sure. Then I must teach you as best I can. Now, write, Sir John. Let us make our first line. Let us call the lady Diana. 'To the Lady Diana.' Write that down."

He proceeded to scratch the words in the wax, and the Lady Brilliana leant nearer to see that he wrote them properly.

"A pretty hand, Sir John. Now, for a beginning to our sonnet. You must think of the rhymes."

But there was no beginning, for a young gallant had strolled noiselessly up the grass path to the garden house, and was standing there in the doorway. It was Mistress Marjory Manners in sky-blue doublet, and beaver hat, periwig, buff riding breeches and horseman's boots.

"Why, Dick Lovell!"

"Well, Poltrover Jack!"

Sir John flushed hotly. The Lady Brilliana glanced from one to the other. She knew nothing of the romance between them. Master Richard Lovell was no more than a handsome young spark from his Majesty's Court—a gallant who had been sent out with Sir John to meet her on the road.

"You are apt at rhyming, Master Lovell?"

"Quicker than Sir John there, madam. He can no more handle a sonnet than he can handle a sword. Why, were I in his place, I would write such a sonnet—"

He swept his hat, bowed to the lady, and glanced scornfully at Sir John.

"But Jack has no soul. He could sit near a fire, and not feel the glow of it."

"Young sir, you seem to have a fine conceit of yourself. Did I ask you to intrude here?"

Master Lovell bowed to her again, and gave her a passionate glance from his dark eyes.

"Madam, I ask your pardon. I could not help myself. Sometimes a man is not master of his emotions. As for Sir John there, I dare him to keep the sun from me, the sun of the Lady Brilliana's eyes."

The Italian laughed. She was not displeased. But Sir John Hatherley got up with the air of a man who could not trust himself to speak, and walked straight out of the garden house without looking at Dick Lovell.

"A plague on both the women," he swore to himself. "I'll leave them to fool each other."

He turned into the lime-walk and paced up and down there, trying to persuade himself that Marjory Manners might play what tricks she pleased, and that to him it was no longer a matter of any moment.

"Oat—meddle not with me, or you shall answer for it—and that—quickly."

He was gone, a gallant figure in buff and blue, with the Lady Brilliana smiling after him. Sir John stood there, looking furiously foolish.

The lady remembered him, and there was no sonnet-making look in her eyes.

"Sir, it would seem as though his Majesty had mischosen his gentleman."

"Indeed, madam!"

"Are you not going? Is the gallant boy to face these savages alone?"

"He can go—to perdition, madam—for all I care."

Genuine colour flushed the Lady Brilliana's face.

"Sir, the King shall hear how your courtesy wearied itself in my service. Am I to believe that the boy spoke truly—when he called you a coward? Afraid of a few boors, Sir John! Pah—and an Englishman!"

For once Sir John Hatherley managed to hold his tongue, and perhaps it was one of the finest achievements of his life!

The uproar in the inn yard had ceased for a moment or so, but now it broke out again with more vehemence than before. It was no longer mere boisterous horse-play. There was a raw and vicious edge to the shouting; something had angered the mob-beast, and its howl had become a menace.

A door leading through the garden wall was thrown open, and Sir John's private servant rushed in. The right sleeve of his doublet had been torn off, and his head was bloody, for some Shottlingford worthy had broken it with a stick.

"Master Lovell—sir!"

"What's amiss, Hilary?"

"The crowd had turned savage, sir. Some of these furriners showed 'em cold steel. And then Master Lovell came into the yard. He seemed to anger them, sir. For God's sake, come, sir. He has his back against the wall."

Sir John seemed to forget the Lady Brilliana and his passion of a moment ago. He was through the doorway like a man leading a forlorn hope and running down a passage leading into the yard.

Hilary's mishandling had not exaggerated the savage temper of the mob. One of the negroes had crawled under a cart and was cowering there like a frightened dog; the Italians, after some sword-flourishing, had fled into the inn. But Master Richard Lovell remained to face the storm he had helped to raise. He had his back to the stable wall and was holding the mob off with the point of his sword.

Shottlingford was a notorious and turbulent town, and its workpeople as brutal and uncivilised as any in the kingdom. The crowd in the yard saw red.

"Throw the young Perdit into the

"Madam, you have the wit of a man."

She hurried off with innocent enthusiasm, and Master Dick Lovell promptly came to life.

"John, I'll not have her know, I'll not have her physician. Let's mount and ride straight out of the town, you and I—together!"

"But, my sweet—and leave my lady—!"

"Yes, John, and do you love me?"

"More than life."

"Then humour me. What is the King's favour to my love! Oh, I am wilful, I know it, and I have been a fool, but if the world hears of it—I shall be thought no better than that Italian."

"Dear, I give in. A pretty tangle you have made for me, but we'll call it a love-knot."

She threw her arms round his neck.

"Now, I love you! A woman wants to be first, John, even above the King. Come, let's go to the stables; we can take our horses out by that lane. And she will be coming back with that physician of hers."

He answered with a kind of merry despair.

"Will men call me a wise man or a fool?"

The Lady Brilliana was considerably astonished when she found that Sir John and young Lovell had vanished out of the garden. Her physician was in attendance, but no victim presented itself.

He returned to the inn, thinking that Sir John had had young Lovell conveyed to a room.

No one could enlighten her, till a boy was found who had seen the two gentlemen enter the stables.

"The stables!"

Madam did not know what to make of it, but she despatched one of her gentlemen to inquire.

He came back, bowed and shrugged his shoulders.

"There is no Sir John, and no Meester Lovell. They get on horse-back, and ride off."

For a while the Lady Brilliana would not believe it. But since it was proved to her that the horses were gone, and when the two gentlemen did not return, she was left to solve the riddle as best she might.

Then, someone who had been eaves-dropping, blabbed to her.

"Madam, Master Lovell was a woman."

"A woman! Are you mad, Guido?"

"Madam, do the Englishmen kiss each other, and, pardon, such kisses."

Perhaps there was no angrier woman in England for the moment, for a woman to be fooled by a woman is bitter indeed.

"The King shall hear of it!"

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He turned into the lime-walk and paced up and down there, trying to persuade himself that Marjory Manners might play what tricks she pleased, and that to him it was no longer a matter of any moment.

But Sir John was human, and he became possessed of a curiosity to know what those two were saying to each other in the garden house. He crossed the bowling green, walked cautiously up the grass path, and stepped behind a yew whose dense foliage hid him completely.

As he listened a smile overspread his face. Master Lovell was making impassioned love to the lady.

"Madam, I tried to hold aloof from you, but here is one of your gloves; you dropped it yesterday, and I have carried it over my heart. My presumption is great, but consider your own beauty—"

The Lady Brilliana appeared perfectly ready to overlook the presumption.

"Why—my child—I am sorry for thee."

"Child—I am I not a man—and as good a man as that blockhead and coward, Jack Hathcote. I cannot think what was in his Majesty's mind—to send such a fool to greet you. Save—perhaps—that his Majesty is jealous."

"You do not love Sir John?"

"Why, the man has no spirit. His courage is addled as his wit. It angers me, madam, to see such a spiritless thing near you; you—whom men

mob off with the point of his sword.

Shottingsford was a notorious and turbulent town, and its workpeople as brutal and uncivilised as any in the kingdom. The crowd in the yard saw red.

"Throw the young Papist into the river."

"Tear him, lads."

"He stuck Noll Pilcher through the arm."

"Knock him on the head with a pitchfork."

The mob made a rush. Sir John had a glimpse of a slim bit of steel sent whirling, of a figure in blue struggling and submerged in the thick of the press.

Now, Sir John was a big man, the tallest in the King's court. He drew his sword, but he only used the hilt thereof as he ploughed his way through the crowd of tinkers, tapsters, cobblers and what not. Men went down before him, staggered out of his way, for he struck with his sword hilt as a sledge of the stone age struck with a sharpened stone.

"Off—you fools. Would you beat a woman!"

He broke through to the very core, where the blue figure struggled helplessly in the rough hands of three men. And even as Sir John broke through one of these men struck her in the face with his fist.

The hilt of the baronet's sword broke the man's jaw.

"Off—you fools, it is a woman."

He took another fellow by the ear, and the persuasion did not fail. The

MAIDEN, DO NOT ENGUSHMIEH KISS each other, and, pardon, such kisses."

Perhaps there was no angrier woman in England for the moment, for a woman to be fooled by a woman is bitter indeed.

"The King shall hear of it!"

And hear of it he did.

But King Charles had the saving grace of humour, and it was whispered, too, that the Lady Brilliana bored him vainly within a month.

Sir John had held himself in disgrace. He had written the King a letter, and had betaken himself to his great house in the country.

"Sir," he had written, "I have sinned, but I am but as Adam. Women are irresponsible. I most humbly crave your pardon."

A royal messenger brought Sir John a letter.

"Sir John," it ran, "it has been brought to my ears that you have most foully murdered and done away with a certain Master Richard Lovell. Unless you can produce the said Master Richard Lovell to us within seven days I will have thee hanged at Tyburn."

Sir John spread the letter before that irresponsible creature—woman.

"Will you go to court with me, sweetheart?"

"As your wife, John, but not as Master Richard Lovell."

"Then I shall be hanged!"

"But I will plead with the King to pardon you."

He was pardoned.

THE DILEMMA

23

SHE woke to find the sunlight on her window, but the room seemed strangely cold. She could remember drawing the clothes more closely around her during the night and snuggling down more deeply in the bed, but it was the month of May, not winter, and slipping out of bed she went to the window and pulled up the blind.

She felt herself catch her breath, for she was looking at a white world, a January world, save that it was in flower, disastrously in flower. Lawns were silver, young leaves powdered with hoar frost, the tulips heads down, the water frozen in the bird-bath.

And the fruit-blossoms !

She was conscious of a sudden pang, of a little flare of anger and of fear. How senseless, how cruel ! She found herself looking beyond the swell of the Latymer woods to where the ground sloped down towards the river. Yesterday it had been an apple-farm in full flower, and this morning —— !

She clutched her nightdress over her heart and was somehow conscious of tragedy.

“ O, poor Tom ! ”

While dressing she heard her father's voice in the garden, an angry, scolding voice, bullying the gardener for being late. And then she heard her mother's voice speaking from another window.

“ Do come in Roger, you ought not to be out in that cold.”

“ Don't fuss, you fool,” said her father's voice.

Terrible old man !

She had to confess to herself that she hated and feared her father, though did not everyone in Sellbrook hate and fear Mr. Roger Crabtree ? Besides, she had reasons of her own, secret ones that smarted. Her finger's fumbled as she dressed. She must not be late. The whole house seemed to placate this implacable old man.

She met her mother on the landing. A tired, bleached woman with bewildered eyes. Mary Crabtree had repeated herself on her daughter, save the olive skin had the pearliness of youth, and her gentle eyes were not yet disillusioned.

“ O, mother, the frost ! ”

Mary Crabtree understood her. She shared and guarded her daughter's secret and nature was not being kind to either.

Yes, poor Mr. Burgoyne ! Two indifferent seasons, the promise of

The Dilemma

a year's good blossom and now this devastating frost !

She kissed her daughter.

" Perhaps it is not so bad."

" If only Tom had had the new heaters, he might have saved the crop."

Mary Crabtree sighed.

II

BREAKFAST — her father's great grizzled head at the end of the table, his big jaw going up and down munching toast, two silent women, self-consciously silent, even more because since they knew silence irritated him.

Olive stole surreptitious glances at her father. She could not help asking herself at every meal what would happen if her father suspected that she and Tom Burgoyne were in love with each other.

" Well, what's the matter with you both this morning ? "

He asked the question with a kind of truculent cheerfulness. He seemed to be pleased about something. Was it because he had caught Sellers, the gardener arriving three minutes late ?

" It's the cold, my dear," said her mother with that propitiatory smile that somehow humiliated her daughter.

" Cold ? The best joke I've heard for years. I wonder how that Burgoyne chap is liking it ? "

Olive caught his glittering glint and hated him for it. So that was why he was pleased. Other people's misfortunes amused him.

If Mary Crabtree felt it her duty to warn her husband against the unwisdom of going out on this bleak spring morning, she evaded it, perhaps because she realized such advice would be useless.

The whole village knew that old Crabtree had had one or two heart attacks, but the things that were said of him in the village did not suggest compassion. He was known as Sellbrook's Scrooge.

Laboring men said of him, " You can put a beggar on horseback, but you can't make a gentleman of him." In fact, there was nothing of the gentleman in old Crabtree.

He had made his money as a speculative builder, and he had been responsible for the creation of certain tawdry little estates in the London suburbs. Retiring into the country with the idea of being a person of property, he had bought " Gadhorst", conceived in the style of Stockbroker's Gothic, only to discover that the people who

The Dilemma

mattered would have none of him. Sellbrook had re-christened the villa “ Grabhorst ” for that was old Crabtree’s reputation. Every parcel of land that was not his seemed to provoke him like a Naboths vinyard. He had a kind of lust for land and behind this lust seemed to lie the suspicion of another worlds’ contempt. People like the Latymer’s kept him at arm’s length.

Out he went, a characteristic figure, that large bowler hatted head thrusting forward, back bent, his little thick legs bringing up the rear. He gave the impression of a greedy old dog grown stiff and crooked, but with its jowl still straining to snap at the prey. He had a habit of sniffing, and of rolling his head from side to side. His eyes were the colour of frosted glass, and his hands coarsely prehensile hands that might have been modeled by Epstein.

Unfriendly faces passed him. There was no “ Good morning, Mr. Crabtree.” Eyes looked at him slantwise with flares of secret hatred and suspicion, for Mr. Crabtree was a dangerous old man. You never knew what the old devil might be up to, and before quarrelling with him you had to be devilish sure of your ground. He was shrewder than most lawyers, and to him the law was a mere means of downing the other fellow. He loved litigation. That and the acquisition of land were his hobbies.

Old Crabtree took the lane that ran below the Latymer Park wall, and led him to the fields sloping down towards the Sellbrook. Seven years ago this land had all been grass until a certain Thomas Burgoyne had bought Hazel Farm, and planted apple trees — Cox, Bramley, and Lane’s Prince Albert. The thing had peeved old Crabtree not a little, because he coveted Hazel Farm, largely because he had become inspired to plaster it with bungalows and so wipe the eyes of those sneering snobs, the Latymers. In his estimate of the Latymers he was wrong. They were not snobs and they did not sneer. They laughed at him.

Mr. Crabtree came to a field gate in the lane. The sun was well up now and thawing all the silvered leaves, though the frost still lay in the shade. Old Crabtree spread his arms on the top of the gate, pushed his hat back and surveyed the scene. He saw the rows of apple trees with their poor pulped blossom. The frost had caught them at the most sensitive season when the flowers were well open and about to set. Old Crabtree knew that all the hearts of those flowers would be killed and blackened.

He gloated.

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“ That’ll about break him.”

For, old Crabtree was wise as to Mr. Burgoyne’s perilous position. Burgoyne may have had sufficient capital to tide over two indifferent years, but a frost like this would be final. Hazel Farm would be up for sale. Mr. Lunt of Medstone had a watching brief for Mr. Roger Crabtree.

The old man saw a figure moving down one of the alleyways. It was Tom Burgoyne examining all that ruined blossom. He came down towards the gate, a big fairish man with one of those quiet, country faces, and this morning there had been a blight upon it. The spirit of Thomas Burgoyne had been frozen.

He caught sight of that great ominous head with its grey face and bowler hat projecting above the gate. He stood still. Even at a distance of twenty yards he could detect the grin on the face of old Crabtree. So, the old devil had come to gloat ! Burgoyne hesitated, and then turned his back on the man whose daughter he had hoped to marry.

Old Crabtree watched him disappear, and his eyes glistened. He rubbed his chin.

“ That’s about done for Burgoyne, and he knows it. Sick in the stomach. Couldn’t face me, could he ? Damned young fool. He should have taken my offer when I made it. Now he’ll eat dirt.”

Mr. Crabtree sniffed, readjusted his hat, and went on down the lane with his jowl thrust forward, like a dog who felt sure of a coveted bone.

Someone else came down the lane only ten minutes or so after he had passed along it — Olive, his daughter. She did not stop at the gate, but went quickly in as though she feared that someone might see her. A broad grass path led up through the young orchards towards the old buildings of the farm. The sun was out in strength, making a mockery of those poor frosted trees.

They met near the gate in the garden wall where two old yew trees shaped like pyramids threw their shadows on the grass. She saw his frozen face break into a little, wounded smile.

“ Oh, I’m so sorry, Tom.”

He took her hands and held them. He did not tell her that her father had come to gloat over the havoc wrought by this record frost, and that was big of him.

“ Well, things might be worse. When you are up against nature you are up against fate.”

The Dilemma

“ But if you had had stoves, Tom —— ”

“ Couldn’t afford ‘em so what’s the use of whimpering ? ”

He looked down at her dearly. Strange that this little gentle thing should be the daughter of that evil old man.

“ Aren’t you taking rather a risk, my dear ? ”

“ I don’t care. Tom, will you marry me ? ”

His face became infinitely grave.

“ Maybe, I shan’t be in a position —— ”

“ I don’t care. I can work. It’s just now that I want to help you so much.”

“ And your father ? ”

“ I want to tell him. He can’t stop us.”

“ But he can make things ugly for you, Olive. I mean, that —— ”

“ I don’t care. I don’t want his beastly money. If I had it I would give it to you.”

He kissed her.

“ I want you, my dear, not — Well, tell him. Or shall I tell him ? ”

“ No, Tom. I want to tell him. I think it is my right to tell him.”

She did not hurry home. She took the field path up to the village, and walked back towards “ Gadhurst ” by way of the main road. She was within a hundred yards of the “ Gadhurst ” gate when she saw Sellers the gardener pushing his bicycle out into the road. He mounted and rode towards her. Had something happened ? She stood by the grass verge and waited for Sellers to come up.

He got off his bike, and looking at her with his good natural blue eyes, gave her the news.

“ Your father’s had one of his bad turns, Miss.”

She was voiceless.

“ I’m going for Dr. Standish.”

“ Did you telephone ? ”

“ Telephone’s out of order, Miss.”

He gave her a queer smile, and remounted his bicycle, and she had the feeling that neither Sellers nor the village would grieve if death called for Mr. Crabtree.

And then she realized the implications of her crisis. If she told her father that she was marrying Tom Burgoyne, and he flew into one of his rages, might she not find herself responsible for another heart-attack ? Oh, terrible old man ! He seemed to have spun a web round her life like some sinister black spider. What should she do ? Marry Tom and confront him with finality ? Well, what if she were pushed

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out of the house without a penny, would that alter things for two lovers ?

She went in and walked in the garden, the pretentious and suburban garden of old Crabtree's world. She heard Dr Standish's car stop at the gate. If only —— ? She smothered the thought with a stab of self-horror.

Standish was a big, quiet man, kind and laconic, and quick to register an atmosphere, and if there was one patient in his practice whom he never wished to see, that patient was old Crabtree. A doctor's duty is to save life, and some lives seem not worth saving.

Old Crabtree was propped up in bed, breathing quickly, but with that inexorable grin on his face. His greeting was characteristic.

"What did they send for you for ? I'm all right. I won't be fussed."

Standish stood and looked at him. He knew that old Crabtree had had two minor attacks of angina, and that he had just passed through another one.

"No one wants to fuss you, Mr. Crabtree."

"Damned fools of women. I'm not a ruddy kid."

The old man's physical distress was obvious. Standish walked to the bed-table, picked up a cardboard box and opened it, and saw the two glass capsules.

"Why didn't you use one ? "

"I'm all right."

"Nonsense. Why not be helped."

He took out a clean handkerchief of his own, broke one of the capsules into it, and held it under the old man's nose.

"This will help."

"I don't want to —— "

"Don't be silly. Breathe in. As you said, you are not a kid."

Old Crabtree pulled a face, but he did inhale the vapour, and in a little while his grey face began to flush, and his distress was eased.

"That's good stuff, doctor."

"Well, use it. You have a spare capsule here. I'll send you some more."

"Nothing much wrong with me, Standish, really. It was the cold."

"I've told you to be careful."

"Yah, I'm tough. And they know it."

He was downstairs next day, and so much his unpleasant self that he could bully his wife and daughter. Some malevolent spirit seemed

The Dilemma

to be prompting him. He ordered the car out and making Olive come with him, he was driven down past the Hazel Farm orchards. The chauffeur had been told to stop at the gate. Old Crabtree pointed through his window with his stick at all that withered blossom.

“Look at that. Nice mess. Yah, and the fellow calls himself a fruit-farmer. Any fool could have told that he was planting in a frost-hole.”

Olive sat rigid, staring at the chauffeur's back.

“And are you pleased, father?”

Old Crabtree sniffed.

“Fool's leavings, wise man's makings. I'll buy up the farm when he breaks.”

“So you want him to break?”

“Yah, he should have taken my offer.”

Not another word did she speak during the drive, and so silent was she that her father began to peck at her. What was the matter with her? Struck dumb?

“What are you sulking about? Haven't you got a good home, and food, and no worry? Fact is, you're just like your mother, moony and soft and spoilt. No spirit.”

She would not be provoked into speech, but her spirit was rising in rebellion, an unexpected spirit. And that night she went into her mother's room.

“I am going to tell him tomorrow.”

“About Tom?”

“Yes, dear. If he had been sorry for Tom I might have waited. I have a right to speak.”

Mrs. Crabtree's lips moved as though she was about to say something. Then she nodded at her daughter, and with a face of silent acquiescence, held out her hand to her.

They kissed.

At breakfast next morning Mr. Roger Crabtree appeared to be in great good humour. He had received a letter from Mr. Lunt of Medstone, his solicitor, telling him that they had succeeded in obtaining an eviction order against a defaulting tenant of Mr. Crabtree's. That was the kind of thing that pleased old Crabtree, though it was not so pleasing to Mr. Lunt, who was somewhat a humanist. The defaulting tenant's furniture might be put out into the road, after a sufficient portion of it had been impounded for auction. Old Crabtree was pleased, and sniffed and gulped his tea, and had two

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large helpings of marmalade.

Said Olive, "I want to speak to you, father, after breakfast."

He grinned at her almost benignantly.

"Want a new frock?"

"No, something about myself."

Mr. Crabtree had a room which he called his library, though books were few, and his reading was limited to the daily paper and a financial journal. It was a grim room, more of an office than a library, and when its door closed upon old Crabtree and his daughter, Mary Crabtree sat down on a chair in the lounge-hall and waited for the storm to burst.

She had not to wait long.

"I want to tell you, father, that Mr. Burgoyne and I are to be married."

Old Crabtree flew instantly into one of his rages. His wife could hear him storming and stamping about the room, and being the mother of her daughter and suddenly inspired with a mother's courage, she opened the door and joined in the quarrel.

"I won't hear her spoken to like this, Roger. The girl has the right to marry whom she pleases."

He roared at her.

"What, marry a bankrupt fool like Burgoyne! A chap who can't make a living. Why, you damned idiot, the fellow's after my money."

"That's not true, father."

"Oh, isn't it. You won't marry that fellow."

"Yes, I shall. I don't want a penny from you."

"And I'm on her side, Roger. You've never thought of anything but money. Yes, you shall have the truth for once."

Old Crabtree stormed at them.

"So, that's the game, is it. Two can play at that. I'll make a new will. I'll cut you both out with a halfpenny, and leave my money to charity."

"Charity!" said his wife.

"Yes, by god, I will. I'll have Lunt here at once. I'll go and telephone him."

He did. Mr. Lunt, called to the phone, heard that rasping voice scratching in his ear. "Come over here at once. I'm making a new will." Mr. Lunt demurred, for he was a busy man, and then realizing that some monstrous and malicious piece of injustice might be on foot, he agreed to come at once. "We'll finish the job this morning,"

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said the voice, " Short and sweet, Lunt. I'm leaving my money to charity."

Unpleasant old man ! Meanwhile, Mr. Crabtree, finding himself strangely exhausted by his rage storm, went back to bed. Maybe he felt that one of those heart-attacks was not far away, and that he was determined to safeguard his strength until his malice had been satisfied. Oh, yes, he would make that new will, and in a day or two those two fool women would come sniveling to him in surrender, and Mr. Thomas Burgoyne would get neither wife nor cash.

As it happened Dr. Standish called before the arrival of Mr. Lunt, and was shown into the drawing room where Mary Crabtree was waiting for him.

" My husband has gone back to bed, doctor."

" What, not so well ? "

" You have always been a good friend to us, and I would like you to know the truth. My daughter is engaged to Mr. Burgoyne. Her father is furious about it. He means to make a new will, unless she throws Mr. Burgoyne over."

" Cutting her out of his will ? "

" Cutting us both out, Dr. Standish. You see, I'm on the side of my daughter."

Standish looked fierce.

" But, my dear lady, it is inconceivable."

" You don't know my husband as well as I do. Mr. Lunt is on his way here."

" Yes, but a lawyer can refuse to draw up such a will."

" I don't think Mr. Lunt can refuse."

" May I go up and see Mr. Crabtree ? "

" Do. But I wouldn't speak to him about this. He never could tolerate any opposition. I almost believe it would be better to let him make this will."

" And have time to repent ? "

" Possibly. He may not forgive my daughter, but he may forgive me. No, I'm not thinking wholly of myself. I shall be able to give to my daughter what he grudges her."

Dr. Standish looked at her very kindly.

" I think I understand. I respect your magnanimity, Mrs. Crabtree."

Standish was about to go upstairs when Mr. Lunt arrived, and being old friends they withdrew into Mr. Crabtree's library to discuss the crisis. Said Lunt, when the doctor had explained the position, " The

The Dilemma

law should be altered to meet these cases. I expect it will be altered. Between you and me, old man, our friend upstairs is one of the better-deads. His motto should be "Bully or Bribe". Well, shall we go up ? "

"Are you going to try and reason with him ? "

"We'll see. He is not a reasonable creature. He has never learnt how to behave. I rather approve of Mrs. Crabtree's idea. When the girl is married, and he has to face the fact, one may be able to do something."

"Well, let's go up."

They found old Crabtree propped up in bed, looking grey and grim, with his fists lying on the quilt. He looked at them with suspicion, and the flicker of a cunning grin.

"Come in, gentlemen. Been hearing all about it from the women, I reckon. You can be a witness, doctor. Sit down. It's a straightforward job."

They sat down on either side of the bed.

Said Lunt, "I understand from your wife —— "

"Ha, she's told you. No need for sentimentality. Got a paper and pen ? "

Lunt nodded at him.

"Now then, short and sweet. You write that I leave two thousand pounds to my wife, on trust, for life, and that on her death it goes to the Medstone Hospital."

"Two thousand pounds ? "

"That's what I said. All the rest of my property, real estate, stocks and cash are to go to Thomas' and Guy's Hospitals, half and half."

"And your daughter ? "

Old Crabtree grinned.

"Tom Burgoyne can keep her."

"Do you expect your wife to live on the interest available from the two thousand pounds ? "

"That's her choice."

Mr. Lunt's face looked pinched and thin.

"It's my duty to tell you that I consider this a most unjust will."

"You do your job, Lunt, or I'll have young Cook in. He'll draw it for me."

Lunt had produced a sheet of paper and a fountain pen.

"I should be sorry to be guilty —— "

"Yah, cut out the preaching."

The Dilemma

Dr. Standish was watching the old man intently, and suddenly he spoke.

“It is a most disgraceful will, Crabtree.”

“Damn it, you mind your own business.”

“A blackguardly will. Just evil spite and tyranny and stupid selfishness. If you sign that will I shall have nothing more to do with you as a doctor.”

“By god, is it my property or yours? I don’t want any solemn sauce from you, Standish. Clear out. That will is going to be drawn and signed and witnessed.”

Standish rose, still watching the old man.

“You have never learnt decency. You are no better than a greedy, spoilt, screaming child. That’s my ——”

He paused, for old Crabtree’s face had gone suddenly very grey. Anguish and anger seemed to be struggling together in him. His eyes protruded, his hands clutched the quilt. A kind of terrible rigidity gripped his head and torso. And yet, though the anguish of the sudden attack was evident, the staring eyes remained implacable and fierce.

He gasped, in a kind of dry whisper.

“Get on with the job, Lunt.”

But Mr. Lunt was staring at that contorted face as though it fascinated him. And then he glanced at Standish.

“Hadn’t we ——?”

The doctor was moving to the table beside the bed. Very deliberately he picked up the cardboard box, removed the lid, and took the glass capsule between his finger and thumb. With his other hand he drew a handkerchief from his pocket. He walked slowly to the window.

Lunt watching, heard a sudden exclamation. The glass capsule had slipped from between Standish’s thumb and finger. It fell and broke on the polished boards where no carpet lay to soften the impact.

Standish stood and stared at the fragments and at the little smear of fluid.

A sound from the bed broke the silence. Old Crabtree’s head had fallen forward; his chin rested on his chest.

Lunt was on his feet. Not a word was said. The two men looked at each other with infinite understanding. Then Standish nodded, and turning, pulled down the blind.

The Dilemma

III

NOT a soul but these two men knew how death came to Mr. Roger Crabtree. Only once did they speak of it to each other.

“My sacred duty is to save life, Lunt, but in this case I was faced with a dilemma.”

Said the lawyer, “All I can say is, old man, you saved a patient from perpetrating a last outrage upon life. I have no quarrel with you. None at all.”

IV

BY the terms of old Crabtree’s previous will his daughter inherited one thousand pounds.

On the day that she married Tom Burgoyne, she put into his hands a little piece of paper.

“My wedding present to the farm, Tom.”





PEACE OF MIND

A Poem By Warwick Deeping

TURN out at six on a still June morning. That's the hour, with the dew sheeting the grass, and no one but the birds busy. Five o'clock may be better if the weather is hot and fair. This is one of the mystery hours in a garden, when the sunlight comes slantingly, and strikes upon the wet and brilliant colours, and everything is still.

You are alone. Your garden is yours and with it the whole world. Not a voice to be heard — you are alone with beauty, an impersonal and strange beauty, a something that heals the heart of our restlessness.

For we need to be alone sometimes ; and flowers ask no questions.



A STRANGE ILLNESS

A True Story by Warwick Deeping

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THE following story is quite true and happened many years ago to my father, George Davidson Deeping, who was a medical man with a large practice.

It was before the days of motor cars when doctors drove about in gigs or dog carts in fine weather and in a brougham when it was wet. And they wore top hats and frock coats, even in the country.

In a village some four miles from my home there lived a woman to whom my father had paid several visits. One day when he was there she said to him. "I wish you would have a look at my niece who lives with me. She used to be quite a healthy looking girl and now she looks poor and ill with great dark circles under her eyes and the village keeps saying 'I wonder what is the matter with her.'"

My father said, "Of course I will have a look at her," and the niece was brought in. She was as her aunt said — large dark circles under her eyes and very sickly looking.

My father asked her a few questions, gazing at her attentively for some moments. He asked her to come over and sit under the window, and in a good light.

Then he turned to the aunt and said, "Please bring some soap, hot water and a towel."

The girl was startled and looked uncomfortable, and when the things were brought, my father took the towel and very gently began rubbing the dark circles under the girl's eyes.

She was resistive and backing away from him said defiantly, "It won't come off."

And nothing did at first but my father persevered and presently and gradually removed with soap and water the black shadow which had been so noticeable under the girl's eyes. The aunt who was watching the proceeding uttered exclamations from time to time.

"Now," said my father, "What have you been doing to yourself to get like this and why?"

For some time the girl would not answer but remained silent and sullen. Finally, after some persuasion she described how she had little by little rubbed in black soot under her eyes and starved herself to make herself anemic looking.

My father said it had been done so thoroughly and made so level with the surrounding skin that anyone might have thought it was natural. Later, the girl confessed to her aunt that her object had been to make people in the village pity her and take notice of her. When they said "How dreadfully she looks ——" it had, in a queer perverted way given her pleasure.

A Strange Illness

On subsequent occasions when visiting Mrs. — , my father with a twinkle in his eyes would say, “ How is your niece now ? ”

And the aunt would answer laughing, “ Very well, thank you sir, but she doesn't want to see you ! ”



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My Garden Magazine October 1938

Two Garden Pests

By Warwick Deeping

OF the making of names—like the making of books—there is no end. And in these days of turmoil and of mechanical unrest, in the air and on our roads, the garden becomes more and more a retreat and a place of peace. Here, we can in some measure control our environment, like the good Georgians, and clip our yews as we please, and pose our statues, and as the patron of the goldfish in the lily pond. We can play, as small children play on the sea sands. The Inland Revenue does not penalize us for our phloxes, and if a tree should die, death duties are not demanded.

A place of peace. Let us assume that a garden is not a place in which one should pose, or carry an encyclopaedia strapped to one's shoulders. I know that we are bombarded with nurserymen's catalogues, and that, when ordering one's autumn bulbs, one is sometimes moved to exasperation, and to exclaim: "Damn these hybridists and producers of novelties! There is too much of everything these days." And one is tempted to revert to the cottage-garden philosophy where competition and commerce do not advertise themselves too blatantly. Not that one has any essential quarrel with the hybridist, for, after all, he is an enthusiast and an expert and an artist. He has given us Shot Silk in place of the dear old Cabbage, and rhododendrons like Alice and Britannia in lieu of the poor patient old Ponticum.

Nor, in this article, is one referring to aphids, or ants, or apple scab, nor to the leather-jacket and wireworm, nor even to the fearsome white grubs of the cockchafer.

TWO GARDEN PESTS

I am alluding to two human pests who invade the peace of one's garden, and sometimes cause one to feel a little nauseated, or to blaspheme.

I recall the story of the eminent physician, also an expert gardener, who was conducting a formidable lady round his place. She produced the Latin name of everything, and the smaller the plant, the larger seemed to be the name, and the eminent physician felt himself smothered and depressed by her verbal crudition. Then they chanced upon an enormous and arrogant weed, an immense specimen of the common dandelion, which somehow had been overlooked, and the lady paused before it, spellbound. What was the wonderful, strange plant? The physician had a sense of humour. Inspired, he coined a fine, pretentious name for the occasion, and the highbrow lady accepted it.

How that dandelion must have chuckled!

I would christen these two human pests the Garden Prig and the Garden Snob.

Granted that we are all of us partial egoists, yet in one's mellow years one should learn that egoism has no place in a garden. One should cease to speak of My This and My That. The prerogative is Nature's or God's, if anybody's. Nor does one wish to regard one's garden as a botanical treatise. If anyone has succeeded in making academic botany boring, it is the botanists themselves. After all, a garden is a live thing, and full of the infinite subtleties and complexities and perversities of life, and when your posing, bookish, encyclopaedic person enters it, one becomes infested with secret scorn. I am afraid my experience has been that most of these pedants are women. Possibly, this may be but another example of feminine emancipation, woman impressing herself and her power upon the mere male and his horticulture. One does not ask for the card-index mind in a garden. A passion for

memorizing long names, and for displaying them, does not impress the person who asks to be an artist. The pose is often so potent and petty. Mrs. Highbrow does not want to enjoy the flowers; she just wants to pat them on the head, catalogue them, and feel superior.

Often I have felt a wicked wish to put the pedant to work and see what a holy mess he or she would make of the practical job. There is such a thing as technique; there are the gardener's hands, his eyes. Life does not function like a text-book. There are the eternal problems, the snags and perversities that have to be met and pondered. Garden lore. How much of the essential stuff does the pretentious prig know? Could she or he tackle the pruning of an ancient and bushy apple-tree. How would she or he tackle a drought? Would he or she know how the drought-clock worked, and which were the first plants to suffer, and to utter a warning. On our sandy soil the common helenium is the signalman of distress. I have watched my gardener's hands at work and realized the essential difference between live knowledge and pedantry.

One should be asking oneself always in a garden: "Why?" Why this, why that? Not to produce some piece of Latinity or pseudo-science that can be culled if necessary from a text-book. Names, names, names! So many people seem to think that they have explained and settled everything when they have brought forth a name. I have always found your real expert a somewhat humble person. He knows too much, and how little he knows. He does not pose. He is not afraid of saying "I don't know."

So, my private opinion is that the pretentious people should be forbidden to enter a live garden. Let them go to Kew, if they want to. Kew should be capable of knowing a little more than they do, and of proving it. Also, they can feel superior without inspiring in the

TWO GARDEN PESTS

plain man or woman a feeling of secret disgust and of mild contempt. I can remember one of my gardeners saying about a pompous young male know-all: "What he wants, sir, is a day with a dung-barrow."

Let us put up a notice: "No posy of poses will be taken away from this garden."

Now, as to the other exhibit—Genus Snob. Possibly, it is less offensive than the previous pest, because it does pretend to admire beauty, but so often it expresses its admiration in a way that must make plants blush and feel apologetic. It may be too full of sweetness, of my garden is a lovely place, God wot. It is tweety-tweety. Also, when it displays knowledge it does so like a social person subtly assuming superiority. "Do you know the dear Artemisias? No? Really, you must cultivate them. Such charming plants." Substitute people for plants, and you have the complete picture. The Garden Snob both adulates and patronizes, leaving behind a suggestion of sweet slime, and an impulse in the gardener to go and fumigate something, or to tell off his delphiniums lest they should get swollen-petalled.

The last way in which a garden should be regarded is as that sort of social advertisement, properly decorated by Messrs. So & So, and furnished by Messrs. Pride & Prejudice. That is why a cottager's garden is so appealing. He may be a little proud of it, but he is his own artist, and he does the thing himself. His creation is so much more like old English domestic architecture, a natural growth, and not a new villa show-piece, calculated to assume itself to be superior to Mr. Jones' piece next door.

I am a man of peace, and I like to play in my garden, as the child and the artist, and that is why I do not welcome the self-superior and verbally erudite person who wants to put the plants in their places, and play

WARWICK DEEPING

the School Ma'am to Nature. I like to be told things, but I like to be told them by the people who are wise in their work. My great pleasure is to go round a garden or a nursery with the head gardener or foreman, if he is a practical enthusiast, which he usually is. He is interested in the trees and plants, and much less so in the names. He may pronounce the names in a way that would shock Mrs. Highbrow, and cause her to produce her book and read him a lesson. It is a funny world. We may be God's own angels, but we can be wrecked socially and professionally by emphasizing the wrong syllable or cutting a vowel.

Blessed simplicity. I would place on my garden gate the warning, "Let no pretentious person enter here."



Primulas in Winter

The candelabrum primulas are often a source of anxiety owing to crown-rot or the habit they possess of pushing themselves out of the ground during autumn and winter. To remedy this is not easy, but it is very essential to clear away sodden leaves and their own messy foliage and to keep down slugs by generous sprinklings of powdered alum or meta-bran. Any plants not firm in the ground should be re-planted, especially after frost, but if there is any dividing to do I would postpone this until spring.

M. V.

MONTH BY MONTH

THE post-war period has added a new category to the community, that of the people who reside more or less permanently and unconsciously in hotels. They are to be met in England, and on the Continent, drifting from one hotel to another, and carrying with them sounds of wrath and discontent and lamentation. Apparently their numbers are on the increase, and their influence upon the atmosphere of the hotels which they inhabit is not a happy one.

In nine cases out of ten it is the woman who is responsible for this surrender. She has grown weary of trying to solve the domestic problem. She has found the modern servant quite impossible. But, after coming into contact with numbers of these women who have abandoned the

Home versus HOTEL

A limitation of responsibilities, meals that arrive automatically, companionship, often uncongenial! In return for a life that tends to be parasitic, futile and trivial

By Warwick DEERING

problem of the eternal meals, and the bearing with the moods of other women. The making and keeping of a successful house is one of life's great accomplishments. It requires courage, but patience, and unselfishness, and, having a happy home of my own, I pay my homage to the mistress and the maker of it.

Now, what does an hotel offer? A limitation of responsibilities. Service, for which you are not responsible. Companionship. Gossip. Meals that arrive automatically. A rather fictitious sense of space. More leisure. Infinite possibilities for grouching. It certainly does limit certain worries, but also it imposes very grave limitations upon the people who attempt to elude such worries. It tends to be a parasitic life, a pottering, futile, trivial existence. The people who live it are apt to deteriorate. The women tend to become gossips and grumblers; the men often take to drink. For

they hear you. You share their activities, even the sleeping of their teeth. You are a creature hatched in a row of hatches.

THERE is the slamming door. How many people in hotels remember to shut a door quietly?

There is the bridge maniac who wanders to bed at any hour around midnight, and is complacently forgetful of his or her neighbours.

There are the people who air their domestic differences.

There is the communal bath, dependent for its sliminess or otherwise on the conscience of the floor maid. In how many English hotels do you find the private bath?

There is the gramophone maniac. Why gramophones are not forbidden in hotels is a matter beyond my comprehension.

There is the lady who keeps a dog.



domestic hearth, one realises just how and why the change has come about. Many of these good ladies are themselves so impossible that one can understand why no modern maid would stay and serve them.

These women who drift into hotels, dragging their more or less unwilling males with them, are the failures. They will give you a number of reasons for this flight to hotel life. Their children have married and the big house was not needed. Or an establishment for two was a complex superfluity. Or John was bored and liked his "bridge" in the evening. Or servants were not to be had, only vices and venches. But the real reason is that these women are selfish; that they have sunk one of the most vexing of our modern problems; they have found housekeeping too difficult.

As a mere man I am open to reproof. But I will temper it by saying that I realise how much of herself a woman has to give if a house is to be a pleasant and efficient refuge. I recognise the master and the woman and the work, and the little petty irritations, and the

the average, healthy man becomes desperately bored in a hotel. He has nothing to put his hands to. When he has washed and shaved and dressed, the pragmatic part of the day is over.

However luxurious the hotel, and however efficient the management may be, life here has a dreadful sameness. After the first seven days the menu seems to repeat itself, the food has a flatness, and there is too much of it. And there are various horrors, and the most horrid thing of all is the communal door. You hear your neighbours, and



There is the lift.

There is the hotel bore.

There is the family that imposes its children and its nursemaid upon you.

There are the people who possess all the fire in the lounge on winter evenings.

(Continued on page 150)

Home versus Hotel

By Warwick Deeping

(Continued from page 33)

There are the people who grumble; and whose winter is the worst sort of slovenly ever born. There are the old gentlemen who smoke and drink too freely. There are fat men who snore.

HOW often has one returned to one's home after exile in hotels, and stood in one's garden or sat by the favourite window, and given thanks for the blessed silence. Here is peace, that tranquillity, which, to the brain-worker, is so essential and so sacred. Here, too, are one's possessions, one's books, the familiar things ready to your hand, the shaving mirror just where it should be, your pipes laid out. You can come and go as you please. Your home is not a glorified parrot house. You can open your own doors and close them. There is no garrulous person at your elbow.

You are alone with yourself and your mate. And you divine in her a contentment, a spiritual purring like that of a cat when the fire is lit and the toilet unoccupied. She, too, has returned to the beloved and familiar things, her bits of china, her pictures, her piano, to that essential something which is her. Her wisdom has made the place good to live in. Even in the domestic quarters there is peace. Those who serve have welcomed her back. They are not wenches, but valued friends.

It seems to me that a house is for the happy, the hotel for the unhappy. Even a working girl when she marries can appreciate the preciousness of a detached cottage. "We shan't hear so-and-so coming home drunk on Saturday nights." There are moments when we ask to possess our souls in silence. We do not desire to camp even in the most spacious of railway stations.

THERE may be those who contend that the separateness of home life is selfish, that it makes for narrowness, and for a self-centred complacency. I do not agree. It provides life with a centre of gravity. It is the very antithesis of the hotel where life is an amorphous splurge, a passing from nowhere to nowhere. Moreover, as things are, the modern hotel has become the refuge of the discontented and the disgruntled.

I know a man who lives much in hotels, and one of his most precious possessions was a toy bird that had been presented to him at some gala dinner. When you compressed the bird's stand the creature cried—"Cuckoo—cuckoo."

My friend kept this toy on the table beside his bed, and if his neighbours aired their domestic differences, or grew sarcastic over their mutual play at "bridge," he would reach out a hand for the bird.

"Where the devil did you pack the soap?" or

"What on earth made you go three no trumps on"—etc.

A little pressure, and the bird sang mockingly and sweetly—"Cuckoo, cuckoo." And suddenly the night would grow still.

I asked my friend whether he had ever made the bird sing in a house, and he looked at me shily.

"Not in a house where the woman understands her job. I never stay in houses when she doesn't." O, wise fellow!

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OVER THE BACK FENCE

Getting on With Neighbours

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES

Some one once said that a nation gets the rulers it deserves. Let us agree to confess that a man gets the neighbours he deserves. Mostly so, but not always, writes Warwick Deeping, the famous author of "Sorrell and Son."

Your neighbour may be one of life's little ironies, or he may be your friend. Personally, I am fortunate in my neighbours. One of them is so considerate that he agreed to have the garden roller kept out of action during the hours in which I have to write.

That is neighbourliness—consideration for the other fellow's needs, even though these needs may seem funny and a little unreasonable. One cherishes such a neighbour and sees to it that a gesture of sympathy is returned.

But the trouble with many people is that their egotism is fenced in like their gardens. What is theirs is theirs. Their imagination cannot fly over the wall or fence to find out what the life is like next door. They make too much noise and no allowances.

MANY THINGS

There are a number of things which one would ask one's neighbour not to do, but first of all one should remember not to do them oneself.

Not to keep a yapping or a whining dog, for example. Not to poke a head continually over fence or wall, and wax conversational.

Not to offer advice. Your advice may be a stale egg to the other fellow. If you have children, to remember that your children do not possess the whole earth, and that an orchestra made up of ten trays and mouth organs and penny whistles may not be appreciated next door.

Do not borrow too frequently; and when you lend do it gladly and with a good grace. When walking round your neighbour's garden, do not make

a point of pausing in front of the one weak patch in his herbaceous border. Probably he knows just as well as you do that it is a weak patch.

If you must boast about your wall-flowers and your asters, and your neighbour listens to you, remember to listen to him when he boasts about his sweet peas. Most people forget

to listen to him when he boasts about his sweet peas. Most people forget to go halves.

THOSE PRIVATE OPINIONS

Do not air your private opinions too loudly in the garden. Probably they will be overheard. And probably they are of no particular importance.

And do not discuss your neighbours in the presence of your servants. There are back doors as well as front doors.

All this sounds rather negative, but the art of living pleasantly with oneself is the art of self-restraint, and one's neighbour is only another similar sort of man in the house next door. I like a nice restraint and reticence in my neighbours. I like to respect their privacy. We are made that way—or we used to be made that way when our parents taught us manners, and how not to be nuisances.

All decent living is discipline, and the child who gets no discipline will make a sorry sort of neighbour.

25

28

DEATH by

LET us begin with a platitude. Let us agree that power can be a menace, that it can be beastly and cruel and arrogant.

Probably there are few of us who are fit to be trusted with much power. It intoxicates and produces a hypertrophy of the ego. Give a man power, and at once he becomes a potential menace to himself and others. A car is an instrument of power. How will he use it? As a mere swank-machine, for the mere selfishness of speed, as a noisy toy? That a man or woman should feel just a little inflated when the power of possessing a car comes to them is understandable. He wants to try the thing out, show off, pass the other fellow. His car is so new, and so is he. That is the trouble. He may not have been educated to the control of any sort of power. He may not always be able to

control himself, much less a machine.

Skilled motoring is an art, and like all arts it may be perfected only after years of experience, and sometimes not at all. There are drivers who will never be capable of decent driving, simply because they lack the essential decencies in themselves. Luckily, they are in a considerable minority, and I would like to see this type of driver put off the roads.

But, to get at the core of the problem of what is partly responsible for the daily beastliness and noise and disaster. The supreme sin is selfishness. Stupidity, yes, but is not stupidity the selfishness of the insensitive? If we all were more sensitive drivers how much nearer we should be to eliminating all beastliness. It is the loud mind, the trade-van, sports car mentality that causes so much of the trouble.

What are the daily signs and symptoms of this selfishness? Speed. One has no quarrel with speed as speed. Youth demands it. It is speed in the wrong places, under the wrong conditions, and under the wrong control. Selfish and inconsiderate speed is the sin. Whatever may be said for and against speed there is no shred of doubt in my mind that speed adds terribly to the toll on the roads. Let some bright and brisk young thing accuse me of being an ancient potterer. I'll retort that I can change gears and swop experience with any youngster.

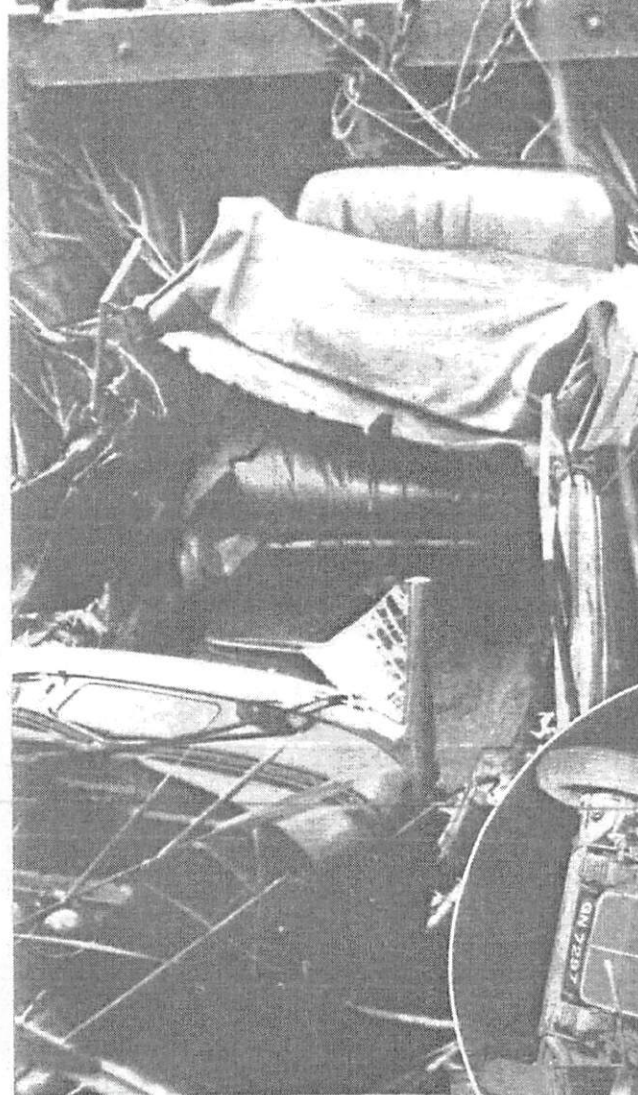
I am on the roads most days, and very rarely does one come back without having witnessed examples of selfishness and stupidity. People continue to pass you at idiotic places, or make it dangerous for you to pass them. There is the driver who cannot be bothered to give the proper signal, or any sort of signal, the driver who pulls out from the kerb without troubling to look in his mirror, the idiot who crashes across crossroads as though his car was the only car in the world. There is the cad who comes screaming up behind you when you are giving room to a cyclist, and who seems to want both you and the cyclist in the ditch. The same sort of cad will charge down and take your side of the road when you are both approaching a stationary vehicle. You have to brake hard, but I admit that I make a habit of telling that sort of gentleman what he is.

There is the idiot who parks his or her car at impossible places, on bends, on bridges, or a yard away from the kerb. It rather intrigues one to observe how the local ladies who have come to shop leave their cars with their tails sticking out into the middle of the road. They are not the only offenders. I can remember a traffic block in the local High Street caused by some person who had left a saloon tenantless, and four feet from the kerb in a narrow place. I was in sympathy with the young thing—a girl—who got out of her car and





The Queen of the Belgians, King Leopold and (right) the wrecked car

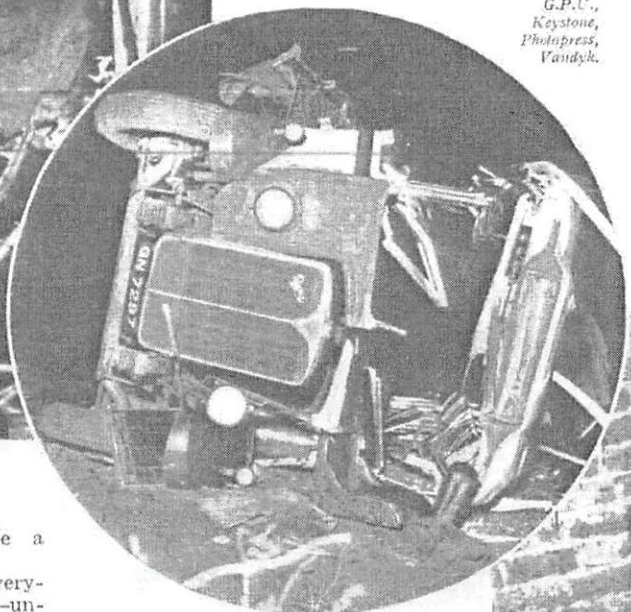


with fatigue, as well as with alcohol. Poise and delicate control are lost, and that right and intuitive response to the complication of a crisis. I have found myself driving execrably at the end of a hundred-and-fifty-mile run, and I have not wished to drive again for days.

Intelligent hotel managers have noticed this mental instability in guests who arrive by car. They are fussy and touchy and quarrelsome, and need delicate handling. Dinner and a night's sleep restore—some of them—to normality!

But let us turn to the positive side of the picture and decide how we motorists are to be philosophers, in spite of and because of pedestrians and bolting children and cyclists who will ride three abreast and give us sour looks. We should begin by asking ourselves whether we deserve the sour looks. Undoubtedly some of us do. Let us ask ourselves whether we want to be classed with the spoilt child in the car, or the crashing cad with a super-charged ego. Most of us do not want this at all. We think ourselves decent and kindly people, and we aspire to drive decently, but when we get out in the road a kind of crowd-fury can infect us. We are apt to set each

Photos: Associated Press, Central Press, G.P.U., Keystone, Photopress, Vandyk.



said to me, "Who's the ruddy fool who left this thing like this?"

Not only are there daily sins of selfishness upon the road, but one has the week-end driver to remember. One is very shy of the week-end driver and his habits both in and out of the car. A man who drives only once a week, perhaps for six months in the year, with a highly competitive and applauding family in the back seats, is apt to splurge.

As a cultured old countryman put it—"It is good for these people to come out into the country, but I wish they

would not come like a legion of swine."

The roads lead everywhere—and nowhere—unless you have a mind.

Then, there are what one might call the pathological effects of motoring. Bad motoring and much motoring are good neither for the soul nor body. A doctor has assured me that few people are normal after a hundred-mile drive, especially if the driving has been fast. Vibration and sense-strain produce fatigue of a particular sort, irritability, impatience. An irritable and impatient driver is dangerous. One can be drugged

All that remained of a bus which overturned at Devil's Punchbowl.

Right: this head-on crash at Wimbledon caused three deaths.

Can there be in this world a person for whom no one bears respect, affection? The celebrated author of "Sorrell and Son" here describes

The Man Nobody Loves

By

WARWICK DEEPING

HE is a cold person.

You meet him everywhere, even when you are a child, and if you happen to be a sensitive child, and you bump with innocent excitement against the sharp edge of him, you do not forget it. I remember the first man of the sort who displayed the type to me. He was a mathematics master at my school, a pale, tall, frigid, efficient person who used sarcasm.

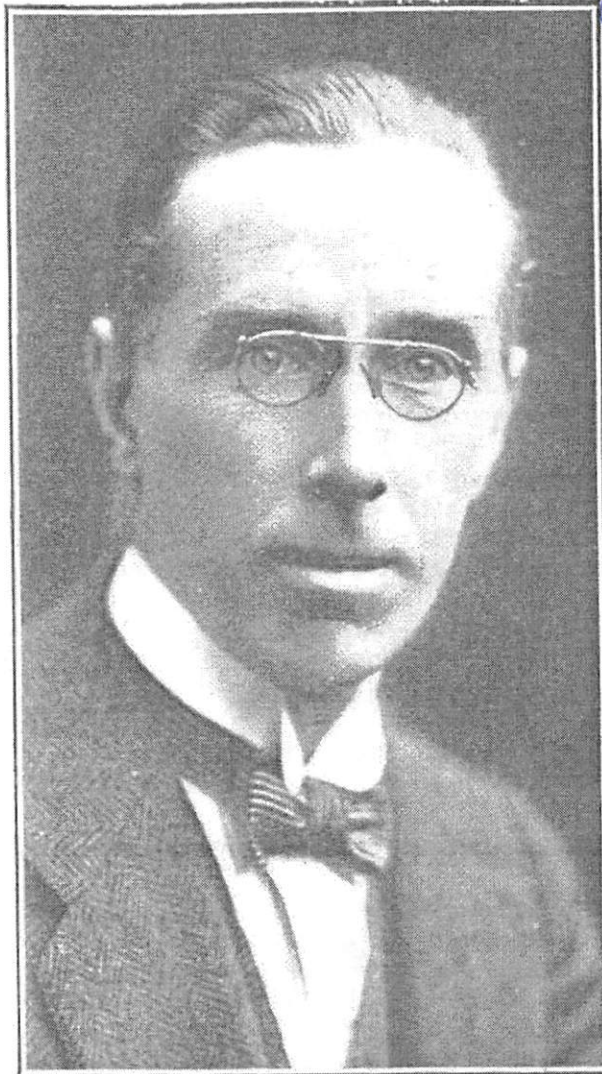
A Man We Loathed

How we loathed that man! He never tried to help you. He made no allowances, and I—being a perfect fool at "Maths"—had the acid of his sarcasm poured over me. I remained at the bottom of the class for two terms, and was asked:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

I managed to pipe—"No, sir." For I wasn't ashamed. I was just bewildered, and quite sure that mathematics were not for me, and that he had never got down from his icy altitudes and attempted to understand or to help. Instead of giving us sympathy, he gave us sarcasm.

Now I think I am right in saying that children understand the ordinary human



Warwick Deeping

heat of anger. They react to it. A good storm may bring tears and confessions and a reunion—but no child understands sarcasm, that cold, biting blast. And since most of us remain children, in a sense, we continue to hate and to be repelled by the icy and self-sufficient person who squashes our little enthusiasms, and whose sneers are like a switch of the cane.

Collared and Cuffed and Starched

The fact of it is—the superior sort of person has missed childhood, or has nothing of the child in him. It is as though he has arrived suddenly nicely collared and cuffed, starched and efficient and self-sufficient—your precise and intellectual prig. Probably he was a small prig at school, top of his form, but no great player of games, an admirable and superior little "smug." He had no mischief in him because he had no childishness. His collars were always clean. He was full of

run a race, or danced, but has—with little precise steps—kept to a narrow and complacent path.

One has heard women say: "I could kill such a man!" and one understands the revolt in them. Other men do not consider homicide, but they keep out of the superior person's way, avoid him in railway carriages, and are careful not to play games with him. He is thought of as a cold bore, a "boiled shirt," a supercilious beast. He has the evil eye.

But it is refreshing to break away and to think of the man who is loved, and why is he loved.

I don't suppose any man is loved for his cleverness. He may be loved for his strength, or for his weakness, for his courage, for his generosity, for his good temper, for his smile, and especially so in the face of adversity. The man who can take punishment and smile wins us instantly. We are with him; we want to see him in the end; we feel sure that he will win.

The Best-Loved Man

Thinking of the best-loved man I have known I would describe my own father. He was a country doctor. I think he was the ideal doctor, for his skill was equalled by his kindness. He had a golden nature, cheering, gentle, reassuring. He was splendid with children, having been a thoroughly mischievous and riotous child himself. I can remember his telling me how he and his brother—misliking the gravity of their Sunday top-hats—took those hats down into the parental cellar and kicked them into shapelessness. He understood the irresponsible Puck in children. He would talk to me severely on some escapade, and then dissolve into laughter.

Yet no man had a stronger sense of duty, or a fiercer hatred of anything that was false and mean and unwholesome. He was a very religious man, but his religion was a sun product, not gloom. He was perfectly fearless when his ideals were challenged. He could speak out, but with so much dignity and good temper that the reproof was both crushing and kind. He was overworked, but never impatient. He always seemed to have time to help people. Even on Sundays he gave up his afternoons to a class of young men and boys, and I happen to know that he helped many of those boys to face life like true men.

He was the leading personality in his own

neighbourhood. He was a good cricketer, a fine shot, something of an orator, and a student of English literature. Never was a man less of a prig. To see him romp with children was to realise his naturalness. He was loved by everybody, save by the very few who were jealous of him.

Only twice did he use the cane to me—and I think I began to bellow before the first cut. It was my realisation of the necessity—the fact that he had decided that I deserved a whacking—that reduced me to tears—because no man was ever more compassionate and just—and I knew that I had sinned. You felt sorry that you had forced the horrid responsibility upon him, and you knew that it was your fault.

In dying, he was as great as he had been in living. He suffered terribly, but I never heard him complain. He continued to think of and for other people. His courage was amazing.

Once—only did any sneering criticism of my father come to my ears, and it came from just that sort of cold, superior and precise person we began by describing. He was everything that my father was not. He was heard to say in the train—"O, Deeping's an old woman." There was a friend of my father's in the carriage, a warm-hearted, impulsive Irishman, and I think he tore fur from the cynic.

Two Types Antipathetic

But I have no doubt that this chilly and acid person did dislike my father, and was jealous of him. The two types were antipathetic. The one was always giving, service, sympathy, courage, laughter, and was loved for it; the other gave out nothing but his assumptions of superiority and his sneers.

I can imagine my father laughing at being called "an old woman." A man who has had to fight death on many occasions and has beaten him off, has no need to boast. All that I know is that when my father retired from practice hundreds of people were sad and said so, and proved it. When the superior person disappeared from the scene I don't suppose a living soul cared—in the vulgar parlance—a twopenny d——. Why should they?

Love begets love. Obviously. Who wishes to float in company with a human iceberg all very white and glittering and cold? We avoid icebergs. We do not love them.

The sun-man is the man who draws us.

The Feel of Things

Warwick Deeping

IT may sound heretical for a craftsman to assert in this mechanical age that the art of life is not the mere product of the machine shop or the draftsman's desk. You cannot make a blueprint of life and say, "That is what it is going to be."

In my hustling, strenuous youth I rather thought I could know everything, and ordered everything just as I wanted it. I was rather like a carpenter nailing up a packing case and thinking he knew exactly what was inside.

One day a very wise sailor man said to me, "Don't be in such a hell of a hurry. Softlee walkee catchee monkey." Now, I suppose my monkey was my craft as a teller of stories, and bound up with it was the sort of life I had to live. To begin with, one was so very pragmatical. The thing should go as I pleased ; I was busy with hammer and saw, but life and its craftsmanship are not built in that way. There is what I might describe as "the feel of things." Right down below the skin of our senses is the collective, intuitional wisdom of that profound other consciousness. It is a kind of well of wisdom, of strange experience, of rich emotion, forgotten memories. Our forefathers and the Stone Age are there.

Now, as I grew older and wiser, I began to learn that the art of living and one's craftsmanship might depend upon one's getting into touch with that larger self. The thing was to let it well up in one. There is a quality which

we used to call inspiration. The word seems rather out of favor. It suggests mystery. Yes, and without a sense of mystery, man is just a pragmatical prig.

Sit, relax, wait for the feel of things. I had set out to write books. I found in time that I was not writing books. The books were writing themselves. I did not know what they were going to do. In a sense, I just sat and watched and listened, and let my pen attempt to describe what that deeper consciousness chose to throw up.

I used to worry about a book. Now, I do not worry. I may feel that I have not an idea in my head, but that other self is gently seething below the surface. It seems to know much better than my shallower surface-self what will happen and what life is.

Not only in books does this intuitional self provide one with vision. I am also a designer of gardens, and in this craft also one has to wait and watch. The willful, drawing-board plan is not a happy one. Suddenly, you will see your garden as it should be, proportioned and dressed by that strange inward sense which seems to come from nowhere out of nothing. So it is with life. When the hustle and hurry of youth are chastened, that other wisdom comes to us. We do not vex our problem. We do not sit and pick it to pieces with restless, fidgeting fingers. We wait for the Feel of Things. We wait for the inward plan which our more profound and intuitional self will throw up. We do not worry. We sit and wait. I realize now how much of my life, as well as my craft, has been prompted by this inward feeling about things. Did I plan to fall in love with my wife, that supreme good comrade who has given me so much? I did not. I just fell in love with her. My intuition told me that I was utterly right in loving her, and I was wiser than I knew. Did I plan to live in this peaceful old house? I did not. I had a feeling about the place I wanted. I searched, I opened a gate, and there the house was. I believe most profoundly in being guided by this inner wisdom. We may call it by all sorts of names, but the art of living is in its keeping.

Tomorrow Magazine 1942

These Mannerless People

By Warwicl
DEEPIING

(32)

A WOMAN said
I never saw
any one so
bumpy as the people
who push and shove
about. Take such a
place as Wimbledon
I have seen so much
roughness and un-
pleasantly bustling that
I did not care to go there
now. I stay more and
more in my garden.

Euripides, I am
fond of, the bitter
street of Athens and
the low fellows who
beast him into the
cellar. They did not
avoid the old poet,
and perhaps the poet
was recited and saw
the little world of his
day as a mass of fish
poor and hucksters,
but even a Covent
Garden porter of to-day
will apologise if he
snaps a passer-by, or
when the nursery to
give heed to his basket.
"Mind yer feet!" Al-
most perhaps, but con-
siderate.

EURIPIDES would
have thought very
well of our city crowds.
He would have thought
very well indeed of our
poor men, and of our
conductors, and
even of our taxi-drivers.
So much good temper in
the midst of so much
hate would have im-
pressed him as one of
the most admirable and
strange virtues of this
age of bustle.

But had Euripides
carried his investiga-
tions further he would
have discovered a seem-
ing paradox. To-day
rudeness is exhibited
by those people who
have the leisure to be
overbearing. It appears
to be the prerogative of
the poor to push.

The impartial obser-
ver would be to put down
the instances of rudeness
that came to his
notice during the course
of a year, might find
that nine-tenths of
these acts were per-
formed by the well
dressed and the well-to-
do. There is the ruler
man of the road, of the
square, of the railway
carriage, of the re-
sident. It is the
rudeness of selfishness,

It would seem that
the selfish people
are the most self-
ish. Having climbed
above the heads of
these fellows, their
inclination is to walk
upon heads instead of
upon paving stones.
They resent social
discipline. They
cannot and will
not wait. Wait-
ing is for the
crowd.

to be on the increase, and is helped by the
class that is described as "Upper Middle-
class." You meet it everywhere. Enter a
busy provincial shop in which all classes
congregate, and if some person thrusts
herself in front of those who were
there before her, you may be pretty sure
that the lady is not of the people. Or
again, you will see some such Christian
sell into a crowded shop and hasten the
proprietor. "Oh, Mr. Smith, I'm in a
hurry. I want to be attended to at once,"
and Mr. Smith, being a man of mean fan-
dise and knowing that the lady may
count considerably in the matter of cash,
may ignore the more patient and protesting
glances of the more patient rattle.

WOMEN have much the same charge
to bring against a certain type of
arrogant and begotting female who
sterns the West End shops, and not only
at sale times. I have in mind just
such a lady, who, when her neigh-
bours complained of the noise made

Decorations by
ARTHUR WATTS

by her children, exclaimed
with scorn, "What damned
cheek! These half-crown people,
complaining of us when we can put
down a pound to every wretched two
and sixpence next door!" It is true.

Then there is the new gentleman who
is too lordly to wait his turn. He does
not insinuate himself. He walks serenely
across your toes. He arrives and places
himself in front of the lesser people at
theatre box offices. You are about to
inquire as to your table in a restaurant,
and this gentleman is there before you,
blandly blind to your presence. From my
own personal observations this new super-
swell is true to type. Usually he is tall,
well dressed, personable. He has an air,
almost the appearance, of a sahib.
Usually he is rather blond, with an
unpleasant blue eye, and that particular
type of nose that has prodigious nostrils.
Probably you are surprised at being
cheated out of your turn by so presentable
a fellow, until you realise the insensitive,
serene insolence of him. Either other
people do not exist, or he makes a point of
effacing them. This is the kind of new
(Continued on page 35.)

To the
somehow rich
and successful,
life must be a
series of quick
responses. They
knock and expect the
door to open instantly.
Like youth--when most arro-
gant--they clamour for quick
results. Having got into the
habit of presuming that all that
they wish will happen and happen
immediately, they will not deign to
wait. Life must give way instantly, and
with the bow of some slave maltreated hotel.
This infinitely self-sufficient type seems



These Mannerless People :

By WARWICK DEEPING (Continued from page 47)

gentleman who purloins your seat at Lord's, or coolly removes your wife's deck-chair at Henley.

THOSE of us who motor have suffered the rudeness of the road, the selfishness of the flamboyant owner-driver of a "class" car, who travels dispensing scorn and curses. Always he is in a hurry, and the other people are but dawdling fools.

There is the rudeness of the golf course. Often it is due to the arrogance and the impatience of a certain sort of youth. "Damn these old rabbits! Let's drive into 'em."

There is the rudeness of the young woman who will not deign to do this or that. She refrains with an air of bored indifference. She will not dance save when her selfishness is properly befloored and partnered.

There is the boorishness of the "bridge" table.

There is "old man's" rudeness. It snarls, or is strangely and obtusely un-

seeing and unfeeling. An old man treads on a French lift-boy's foot, and growls at him. The child might be hurt. But what was his foot doing there—anyway? An old man is presented with a seat in a crowded tube, and takes it without so much as a word or a glance at the giver.

WHAT is the "inwardness" of such people? Why is it that they belong so largely to a particular class? Certainly life has become more crowded and restless, and self-expression has tended towards material ostentation. The new barbarians must swagger, but when there are so many other people who can claim the right to swagger, competition becomes more fierce. The country spirit has decayed. To wait at the gate and listen and to gently let others pass is to be weak. These pushful people despise those of us who have thin skins. They keep their money in a good pig-skin purse, and believe in it and in little else.

With them it is no case of "The spirit

is willing, but the flesh is weak." The spirit is not there, and the flesh is strong. These prosperous and pushing people must use their horns and their hooves. They appear to assume that the world owes them things, the front seats, the head of the queue, the centre of the road, the big car. But again there are too many of them, and jostling each other and the decent multitude, and growing impatient, they become hot and headstrong and rude.

"Damn it! I've got the money. What are all these other people doing here? I come, I see, I conquer. Get out of my way!"

But these people are not Caesar. Moreover, in these crowded days we have no room for multitudes of self-made Caesars, nor for Assyrian bulls who must trample and trample. We do not want these people who advertise the arrogance and selfishness of material success, and the insolent and unregenerate "I" of moneyed Bolshevism. They may be more dangerous and provoking than rangers on sugar-boxes.

Manners maketh man. Bad manners may help towards revolution. If these mannerless people cannot be persuaded, perhaps they can be frightened.

A Roman Holiday : By WALTER DURANTY (Continued from page 95)

locate the sword. He fussed about that, and one thing and another, till he nearly drove me crazy.

"SO at last I took him down to the place where we'd got the Christians, all waiting for their call. They were kind of resigned and fairly cheerful, so I introduced him to a little dark girl from Lutetia on the Seine; one of these black-haired babies with snappy eyes. And I told him for Jupiter's sake to tell her nothing about him biting the lion. 'Just ask her where she comes from,' I told him, 'and talk about your own home in the west, and that sort of thing.'"

"Well, Ponty, you know how they do these things in the Circus. I mean, the brass trumpets blaring 'Jove save the Emperor' from every tier in the arena, and the speech from the rostrum below the Imperial box about Rome being the greatest city in the world. All that sort of thing. . . and then the trumpets sounded again, and the little mob of Christians shuffled out on to the yellow sand."

"I'd got poor Tuni wrapped up in a kind of brown bath-robe like the others, for it seems that Christians have funny ideas about clothes, and I didn't want him to be recognised too soon. He'd evidently made progress with this Lutetian kid, for they came out hand in hand."

He crouched flat on the sand, his black mane fluffed up over his head.

"The whole house was silent, waiting for him. And he didn't move. And didn't move. Just when I thought they could bear it no longer, the lion sprang into the air and came down on all four paws, and lifted his head and roared."

"You know how the steep walls of the arena throw back sound. I could see that whole crowd jump, and sort of shudder."

"Most of the Christians dropped down on their knees. But the roar started Tuni. He threw off the brown thing and began running forward in zigzags across the Arena. The lion stood steady, moving his head right and left to keep his eyes on the man."

"Barbarian or not, I'll say that boy used his head. His fourth zigzag brought him right under the Emperor's box, where the sword was. He seemed to grab it in his stride, and swung it flashing up into the air in salute to Nero."

"*Mortuus te saluat, Imperator!*" he shouted, and then the crowd knew him."

WELL, you know, Ponty, the older you get in the show business the more you learn that the effects you haven't planned are always the best. There was Tuni standing like the Colossus of Rhodes, and twenty thousand people

him and Tuni before the gladiator realised that the fight had begun.

"In the silence I heard a man, patrician in the box below me, whisper to his friend, 'The lion's striking him. Two to one in thousands on the man.'"

"Then Tuni did a clever thing. He gave a loud yell and ran back towards the Christians before the cat could spring."

"I'll take you," said the old patrician boy. "He's ducked that cat anyway."

"Tuni stopped suddenly and came right back at the lion with a sweep of a sword. But the cat was quicker than oil in the air, three yards away. Now the sword came down."

"The man ran forward again, straight right into the lion's neck. The cat turned the blow and the sword broke off short, a foot from the hilt. A tip of the lion's right paw knocked Tuni sprawling."

"Ten to one on the lion," shouted the boy below me. "Ten to one on the takers. It's twenty to one on the lion!"

"I thought so too. But at that instant the little girl Christian I spoke of ran forward and smacked the lion's nose across the lion's face. As the lion's back she slipped and fell almost between his paws."



From St. Josephs Gazette October 2, 1932

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By WARWICK DEEPING

AFTER reading a number of war books, English, German and Russian, I was tempted to compare woman as she is revealed in this war literature with woman as she appears in the less sensational world of one's normal experience.

Inevitably, I was moved to wonder what kind of war book a woman would have written, whether it would have been so crudely elemental, so much a surrender to fleshly things, for in much of this literature woman is no more than raw meat in a butcher's tray.

Granted that the tendency of the day is toward a kind of primitiveness both in art and behavior, a return to nature and nakedness, a revolt against the priest and the tailor, and that our highbrows see in matrimony only an obsolete and most reprehensible superstition, does woman in her emergence during this post-war period express for us nothing but unsublimated sex?

THE new frankness shows us woman in the novel and on the stage as a creature who is delightfully obliging towards the male, quite as eager to be satisfied as to satisfy, witty and flip-

THE new frankness shows us woman in the novel and on the stage as a creature who is delightfully obliging towards the male, quite as eager to be satisfied as to satisfy, witty and flip-

Is this rather free and flippantly frank creature, woman as we think we know her in her ambitions and her enthusiasms, the woman who works and accomplishes things in the world of today?

I have a very vivid recollection of the anger displayed by a distinguished woman writer when a male orator rose at a literary dinner and reduced the whole matter to the fascinations of the feminine leg.

Just because woman is so much more than this, or can be so much more than this in the fineness of her faith and the fire of her fastidiousness, one has faith in woman. One may not speak of her as wife and mother, for that is to challenge the accusation of being sentimental, and yet somehow there are millions of wives and mothers in the world who manage to be quietly successful.

Warwick Deeping, Author of "MY FAITH IN

quickly as the man does.

In business she can be extraordinarily persistent, sometimes too persistent.

I have been amazed at the slackness of many man-managed concerns, the faded ennui of the young gentlemen responsible. I have found woman much more alive and eager.

She reads, she talks, she listens. A great number of men neither read nor listen, but they do a great deal of talking.

HER understanding can be a delightful instrument. She can appreciate a mood, the

number of men neither read nor listen, but they do a great deal of talking.

HER understanding can be a delightful instrument. She can appreciate a mood, the infinite gradations of mental color. She can look at a landscape and see it as a landscape, not as a possible golf course.

In terms of transport she can be compared to a swift car; we men are so often like lorries.

Her intuition has wings. She is quick and generous in her appreciations and her enthusiasms, and perhaps too enthusiastic in expressing them. But she does express them.

She has a fine feeling for the artistry of life.

She can be very witty.

She can take the realities and plant them in a garden.

I think she is less open to the minor corruptions that are so exasperatingly prevalent in the commercial world.

She may drive a hard bar-

"Granted that the tendency of the day is toward a return to nature and nakedness,

being sentimental, and yet somehow there are millions of wives and mothers in the world who manage to be quietly successful.

FOR woman—when most successful and convincing—is still a quietist. Granted that there appear to be an increasing number of formidable and noisy women in the world, striding domestic Mussolinis, this type is neither prevalent nor compelling.

Not by getting her photograph into the pictorial press does a woman impose her will upon the world. She may be checked by jowl with a murderer.

Woman in a work-a-day life is largely occupied with persuading material things to behave with order and niceness.

She may sit at a typewriter or stand before a gas cooker, or serve at a coun-

with order and niceness.

She may sit at a typewriter or stand before a gas cooker, or serve at a counter, or supervise a department.

In spite of the new freedom woman's life is still less full of movement than the male's.

Essentially she is more static, and yet though she is so responsible for a minor materialism I think she is far less material in her outlook than the male.

In many ways her response to life is more subtle and varied. She has more enthusiasm, and sometimes more staying power, perhaps because she does not get bored with her job as

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OUR WISER DAUGHTERS

WARWICK DEEPING

Forum Table Talk



Drawings by Johan Bull

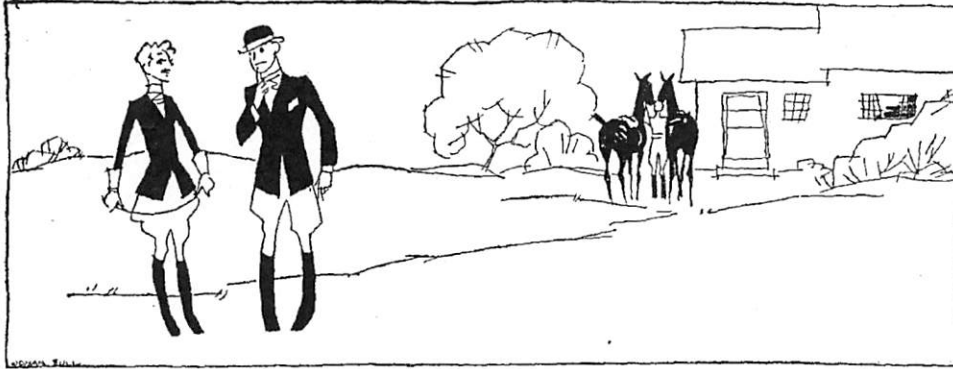
WHAT would the New Eve have said to the Old Adam and the Serpent? How would she have accepted Adam's shirking of the responsibility: "The woman tempted me"? I can see the New Eve handling the situation in a very different manner and allowing Adam to understand he was no sportsman.

In our family it was the tradition that a woman should be adoring. I can remember my little, old, maternal grandfather — dear old autocrat that he was — deporting himself like a bespectacled emperor, and his crown was a stovepipe hat.

I have pondered on the passing of the top hat. Yet women, without exception, seem to approve of the top hat and to regret its decadence. My own wife would lead a revival. I shed the headgear early, but was not the shedding of it a sign of man's descent from Victorian pomposity, a putting away of the double crown of the Pharaohs, because the Neo-Georgian woman has found him out?

How shall he appeal to the New Eve? As Pharaoh or as Moses among the bulrushes or as a brown rabbit that is easily scared? I have heard a soldier and a man of stout experience exclaim: "These young things frighten me to death. I don't know what the devil to say to them." I have heard a young thing at a dinner table take an eminent diplomat to task over his collars and ties. On another occasion I asked a sprightly young woman if she had any views upon parents. She had. She said, "Parents are better disciplined than they were."

Admirable frankness!



The accusation is that the New Eve lacks mystery and has no reverence. She is apt to say just what she thinks about men and about particular men. She may say very frankly what she thinks about the middle-aged and flirtatious married man. And hear Miss Eve on her brothers! She is more ready to look life straight in the eyes. You do not get so many downward glances and self-conscious posings and flushings. Man does not cause the same tumult, unless he happens to be a Valentino or a Borotra.

But there is a rightness in that. It seems to me that the New Eve is more ready than the Old Eve to cry, "Well played!" I don't think she cheats, as some of her sweet sisters used to cheat at croquet. All youth is apt to be a little raw and dogmatic and aggressive, and sometimes this cockiness conceals an immense diffidence. Sons criticize father's golf and his handling of the family car, because father's maturity brings a nice and balanced cunning — and youth is not cunning.

For generations the world has held up hands of horror over the "New Young Man." Because man insisted on being allowed to be new, woman was not allowed to be new. She was supposed to inherit her mother's chair, cookery book, and knitting. But woman is reasserting her freedom. Her very newness is a symbol. The New Eve causes consternation because of her newness. She is doing just what the young men did and doing it with vehemence. Hence raised hands and questionings, "What has become of womanliness?" Young Eve claims the prerogatives that belonged to her brothers. I don't think it is so much that she is new as that she is a frank, more natural, freer waisted, more free breathing creature, with her skirts sensibly shortened. She does not deign to humbug man as he used to be humbugged.

And isn't it for man's good? Man has to play the game on his



merits now that Eve is playing it to such good purposes. What a tyranny he has exercised for generations, especially the base tyranny of money! What humiliations have been suffered by women who do not own a check book! I admit that lowered eyes and blushes had a charm. So has the frank glance that asks, "What manner of man are you? Stand up and be considered."

But has womanliness ceased? And what is womanliness? We read of viragos to-day stoning the police and screaming to their men to do violent and cowardly things. So did the women of Paris of the Terror and the Commune. It is just the cruelty of young souls, children, and such souls always will be with us.

But is gentleness dead in the New Eve? Is she less of the essential woman because she is better and more reasonably dressed and better groomed and better washed than were her mothers? She doesn't read so much poetry. She can write devastating and ruthless books. She displays her courage and that almost fanatical thoroughness which many a business man will vouch for. She can bring devotion to her work. That she will fail man in the great issues, I, for one, cannot believe. If, in her newness, she has lost a little of that gentleness, as she has lost the crown and clouding of her hair, it seems to me that it is just a phase of her newness, of her exuberant, new youth. Man will have to rise a little higher to reach and touch that gentleness.

Sometimes it would seem that in the stress of modern life, woman is more generous than man. Man is an envious beast. Socialism was the conception of a man. I can never see woman as an out and out socialist, especially a mother. I have never met a woman who was a convinced socialist. I know they exist, but I think woman could produce something more human and vital than socialism. Let her try.

MONTH by MONTH

Let us learn the Art of Loafing

The art of intelligent loafing may be for the few, but if this earth is to be something better than a vast Picaresque Circus, it must have its moments of repose by the many.

By Warwick Deeping



A WEEK or two with a morning's correspondence in the mail is that in America they have instituted a crawl, instead of a well-lashed hunt, and that on certain roads, unless you are going along at forty miles an hour, you will be checked by the law. This same correspondent hinted that progress would display itself inevitably upon our roads in a compulsory speeding up of all traffic. The cyclist would be regarded both as a nuisance and a menace. He would be eliminated.

The prospect is intriguing. One has visions of the Portsmouth road on the Sabbath becoming like an elongated Fifth Avenue in New York, with cars as all crossroads, and traffic shot in checks, through Albany. At the word "Go," the mass of cars will accelerate like a herd starting at the slaughter. At the word "Stop," there will be a halting of cars for a quarter of a mile or so, a most stupor-inducing thing.

There will be no other traffic, no other than those who go to gaze. Progress will be guided on all high roads. No doubt it will be found that our roads are arteries of commerce, and that the flow of property must flow. Dawdling, dawdling, when necessary, will have to be speeded up.

But some of us—a few—with taste and mild vision and protest. We shall say, "We do not want to be enclosed in steel cases and sent like shells toward the landscape, and perhaps the authorities will show compassion. Upon some minor roads the law will be parted. 'Crawling along here,' or 'You may stop for some minutes and look at the trees.'"

Perhaps some of us may remember that delightful picture in *Punch*, "Mrs. Smith goes to pick a flower," and because of that flower-picking and busy spread of the scene. Or in the innocence of one's heart one may say, "I will walk to-day to some quiet places where machines

are not." I said this to myself a week or two ago, and in the innocence of my heart I ventured upon a part of the Pilgrim's Way only to find that a suburban motor-bike club had chosen the track for a stunt test!

But is it necessary? For we loafers have a case. If Progress will refuse us the roads at least they might leave us the tracks and the field paths. Or if Progress is contrary-minded it might park itself and come to the chosen spot upon flat and revertent feet. A generation that ceases to walk will cease to see—the things that matter.

For the inevitable paradox is there for the pining. Man may be most mobile when he is sitting still. His mind is most when he has not looked out carefully to see. More say is made when you are facing no your back.

The art of intelligent loafing may be for the few. To some it may appear as a dead art, but if this earth is to be something better than a vast Picaresque Circus the art of intelligent loafing will have to be relevant to the many. The dimension of speed gives us, but to be no more than a rifle bullet fired at a target is to be three-dimensional. One might say that intelligent loafing has in it the possibilities of the fourth dimension, for it implies mind and mind that is super-sensuous. The toe of your foot, rightly applied, is all that is required to give mere speed.

Conversely, the toe might be applied elsewhere, and there are occasions when we dawdling folk would wish to have it applied to the posterior of all this futile haste. Thought to fill at the patrol patch may be as quiescent as sitting at windmills.

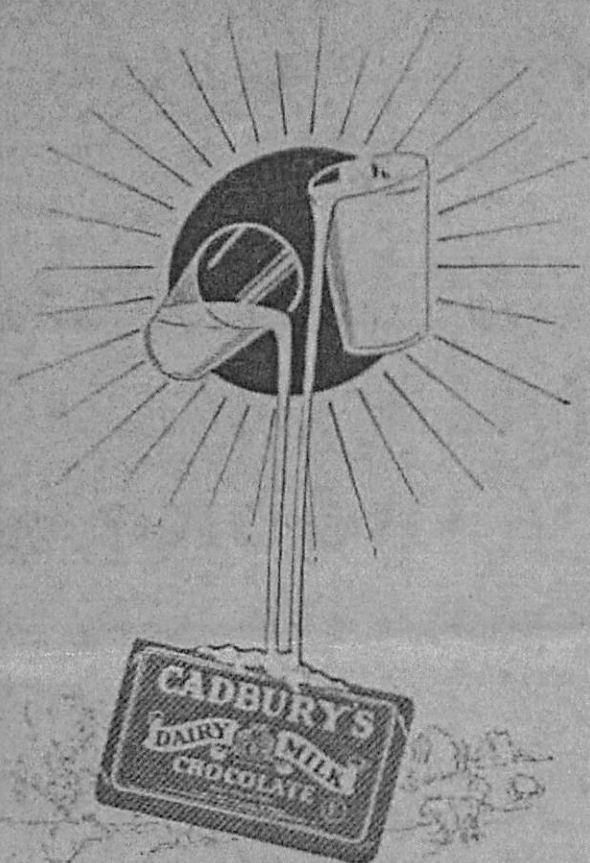
THE path of the problem is this: "Do we wish to see? If so, we must learn to sit and loaf. Or is this beautiful world of ours to become even less than chunks and cubes of concrete and piles of boardings? Haste makes things both sensuously and spiritually. The old star-gazers must have had their robes. The artist sits to paint. The wanderer after the infinitely little is perched on his stool with his eye to the horizon. Let us prove on a stretch of foot and back, and the amazing life that becomes visible in that world of the weeds and the grasses will astonish you. Follow on, or look steadily into the cup of a flower."

There is city loafing as well as country loafing, and to the intelligent looper the city's possibilities are infinite, though loafing is not what it was. To see his—sit on a seat. It is amazing how it comes to you when you sit on a seat. They may have his history poured out to you in a London park.

Even in gardens there are people who would speed things up. They cannot wait upon the rhythm of nature; they come and go like a motor-mower. Even some of the wise and the expert have fallen to the sin of too much system. The flowers blush for them. "Yes, that color is a guinea," or "Come and see my Tremulus Gigantea," and the emphasis is on the "my." But even when we pause to gaze we are not allowed to look at our leisure, for this restless horticulturist has the vice of the collector. He does not want us to look at the thing as a thing of beauty, he wants us to realize

(Continued on page 26)

HELP BRITISH AGRICULTURE



One and a half glasses of fresh, full-cream, English milk are used in every $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. The Vitamins natural to the milk, including sunshine Vitamin 'D' are retained in the chocolate. Milk from English farms only is used and every purchase of this famous sweetmeat is a direct aid to British Agriculture.

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

2⁰ bars
6⁰ packets

1¹/₂ lb.

"The you think you would
Captain was, first, to you, you are
Cyril? I have been thinking of you
have had some experience in the
bonds. Some of the time the
your ability to go to the point
will be subject to criticism. I think
It is on the duty—on the duty
In these we will arrange to get
couple of French girls. I think
have no objection to that, as they
will be in the secret service. In
to get our information, they are
I might tell you that the secret
secret service are usually chosen for
beauty."

"But, this is the first time I ever
of a soldier who was ordered to get
and disorderly by his superior officer.
regret that I have only one life to give
my country or yours. If you will
a gallon of that Naval-bone cast, I
make a drink that will open the
the Sphinx. Captain was back
you all he knows and a lot to do
only trouble you will have will be
him—or me. But please promise me
nothing I say will be 'Good night'
And if I don't put that square
the table and make him spit the
just leave me on the beach where
tide can get me. That's all I
worth."

Let us learn the Art of Loafing

By WARWICK DEEPING

(Continued from page 55)

it as "his." He drags us here, and he
drags us there, until we comprehend that
the very garden is but a place in which
his egotism flowers too freely.

MAN, the little megalomaniac, created
God in his own image, but now that
science has refused to allow God to wage
the earth, man has lost the voice in the
garden, and a murmur in which might be
reflected the more mysterious of his
dreams. Our urge is to express himself,
and if we cannot express ourselves in
terms of God, we are apt to do it in terms
of test-tubes. Phobos and his chariot are
out of the sky, and man has become like
chariot. His egotism is on wheels, a
restless, unreflecting vanity that must
travel as fast or faster than the other
fellow's.

Not merely are we behaviourists, we
are in danger of becoming a generation of
exhibitionists. We cannot let life come
to us down green lanes, and across still
water, and from the green gloom of the
woods. We have not the humility that
can stand and wait and, in waiting,
see.

I have a friend who sedately drives a
high-powered car. He prefers to see the
landscape whole, and not stirred into a
green pastiche by the speed of speed, but
even he is human. I have heard him

(Continued on page 180)



Miss Diploma
says:

You can't have a real picnic without 'Diploma'

'Diploma' Crustless is now recognised as the standard foodstuff for outdoor meals. It is so handy to carry, so delightfully and invitingly packed, and there are sufficient portions for everybody. This English cheese converts the 'frills' of a picnic basket into a wholesome, satisfying meal. Try a 12-portion box to-day.

Cheddar or Cheshire
BOX OF
6, 8, or 12 portions
1/4 1/2



DIPLOMA

The ENGLISH
CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Also for 'MOONRAKER' BUTTER

WALTON DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

The Art of Loafing

describe how he has been vexed and challenged on the road.

"Some little poop-car comes tramping at my tail. There is a man in it and a girl. Usually he has a longish pipe protruding like a proboscis from the centre of a soft, pink mouth. He passes me—vainly gloriously. I see the two young creatures look at each other. 'Ha—what about it! We've put paid to that!' And I confess that the base and venal—sometimes stars in me. I put my foot down on the accelerator and swoop past that little car and its two exhibitionists. Silly, isn't it? But soon I say to myself, 'You ass. Must you blow your tin trumpet with those two children?'"

As exhibitionists we are such fiends. We lie about our incomes and our fortunes, and about the speed of our cars, and about the game of golf we played yesterday. "Did the 9th in three," and we think that the other fellow believes us. He doesn't. He does not want to believe us. All boasting may be childish and offensive, and its offence is all the more nauseous to the other fellow if the boast happens to be true. As exhibitionists we irritate each other; we become like a lot of howling louts kicking an empty tin to and fro across some piece of desolate land.

Intelligent loafing is otherwise. It is the mood of the mature. It demands mellowness, wisdom, a nice sense of humour, a dignity of its own, a feeling of balance and proportion. The loafing philosopher is not out to be seen, but to see. He is not exhibiting himself to nature; he is asking nature to show him more wonderful things than Mr. Bert Bloomer of Batham driving his 9 h.p. Blog-Wog. Even rabbits at play in some green dell are more suggestive of other worlds. The loafer understands humility. He is happier than the Hunk-Konk brotherhood, because the very essence of his philosophy is unsensational. He is not disappointed when he sits under a tree and looks upon other trees in their stillness and the greenness of their grandeur. The mere restless exhibitionist knows so many little quirks of chagrin. Some other fellow has a bigger car, or some other fellow's wife has a shaved lamb coat.

"Well, anyway, let's go and tear up some bluebells. We can impress ourselves on the flowers. They shall understand that we really are important people, and they shall wilt in our presence."

IMPORTANT! For the loafer's philosophy teaches him the divine importance of feeling unimportant. In the spirit he is an anonymous super-tranny camped on life's heath. He need not be vexed by little vanities.

Then it is that one lives and snags in the spirit with all the essentially great ones of the earth, and with the bird of the bough, and with the rabbit nibbling downland turf, and with the cow chewing the cud in a valley meadow.

This age of ours will have to recover the art of loafing. The days must come when our crude speed will be transmuted into a noiseless, lazy glide of hover. At present our very machines compel us to exhibit ourselves and fuss. They clamour for it. The machine will have to be taught silence in order that we may learn to loaf and listen to ourselves.

Mr Warwick Deeping Thinks It a Sense of Failure

(30)

MUTE REPROACHES OF THE BETRAYED

IN SINNING AGAINST LOVE AND THE SPIRIT MAN FAILS HIMSELF

The third article in our "Is Hell a Reality?" symposium comes from the pen of Mr Warwick Deeping, one of the best known contemporary novelists, and author of "Sorrell and Son."

Mr Deeping thinks that Hell is a sense of failure. "Hell," he says, "is to look back at the dim reproachful faces of those who loved us, those whom we betrayed."

"The Glasgow Herald" holds the exclusive rights of publication of this series in Scotland. The articles appear daily, previous contributors being Sir Oliver Lodge and Bishop Welldon. They will be followed by other famous thinkers, including Dr F. W. Norwood, Abbot Butler, Dean Inge, Professor Moffatt, and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.

To-morrow Mrs Besant will make her contribution to the series.

Glasgow
Herald

July 3, 1929

THE LITTLE MAN'S OPPORTUNITY

It has been said that "Man, having created God after his own image, was perforce compelled to create a Heaven for himself and a Hell for his dear neighbour."

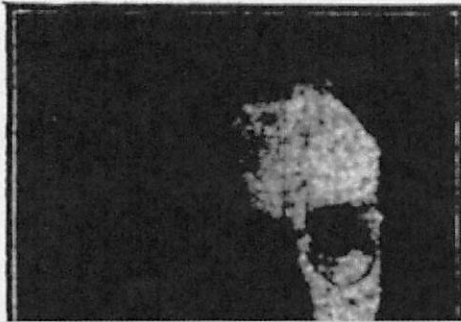
For if one asks what manner of Hell Pithecanthropus Erectus or Piltdown man would have created, had either of these creatures been capable of conceiving Hell or Heaven, one realises the relativity of the conception.

Man creates to his own measure, to the level of the platform of his own progress, and it would be possible to speak of a Stone Age Hell, of a Bronze Age Hell, of the Hell of the Middle Ages, of the Hell of the Now and To-morrow. For man's conception of

passed. Man is his own priest, and his heavens and his hells are personal. They are in the now and in the nearby future. Man in his mass movements may appear to be tending towards a material conception of life. His cry may be, "The social millennium in our time." He may seem to be led like the eternal ass by a bunch of golden carrots. The golden age of the Socialists. It may come, and man may find it an age of brass, and, having lived through it and savoured it, shrug his spiritual shoulders and set out again on the road towards mystery. He will have passed by another illusion.

For what is Hell for the wise man but the realisation of his own failure? Failures are various, and the hells of inward grieving and remorse are as various.

To fail! But what is failure? In a commercial age it is almost synonymous with lack of success in the accumulation of wealth. And what is wealth? The political economists have always struck me as being perplexed and purblind people. The old Midas fable is as significant as ever. A rich man may be the most gloomy of failures, his house of success plastered with dead plates of gold. Your working-man might express the poignancy of failure by saying "that he was out of work and without a bob for the Saturday football match."



To-morrow. For man's conception of



Mr Warwick Deeping.

God and of God's ordering of life has rarely been a pure conception. Man has always been a masterful creature, and whether one regards him as the chance production of blind forces or a creature willed and created, the master-

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Reality of Sin

But the soul of man is otherwise. Once again we dare to speak of souls. We may dare to speak of the soul of a stone or of a flower. And Hell is the shadow overhanging a man's soul. It is the shadow of failure, of defeat, of a loss of faith in his essential inevitable self. It is consciousness of sin, and sin is a reality. The sense of sin is a reality. I cannot see it as a mere offence against the herd instinct or the crowd convention. I see it as a part of man's individual personal consciousness.

For man is "I." He will become more and more "I," while growing more and more conscious of the "I" in his neighbour. As he develops, he

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Mr Warwick Deeping.

God and of God's ordering of life has rarely been a pure conception. Man has always been a masterful creature, and whether one regards him as the chance production of blind forces or a creature willed and created, the masterfulness in man has to be accepted.

Whence came the conception of Hell? If God, to begin with, was the product of fear, of a primitive perplexity, a deity of wrath and war and lightning and catastrophe, and if God grew with man's growing consciousness into a being of love, and of sprouting corn and husbandry, so Heaven and Hell grew likewise. The conception changes as man changes, as his awareness of life becomes subtilised. The Hell of the mystic is not the Hell of the sensualist.

An Inferiority Complex

Psychologists might discover in the conception of Hell the manifestations of the inferiority complex. Hell was the little man's opportunity for getting even with his bigger brother. For man, observing the inequalities of life, its arrogance and agony, its riches and poverty, set out, like the ingenious little egoist that he is, to try to level things out. The Greek might conceive reincarnation. To the Christian, poor man and slave, with his self-conscious exalting of humanity and poverty, it would seem natural to postulate a future life in which the fortunes of this life

reality. I cannot see it as a mere offence against the herd instinct or the crowd convention. I see it as a part of man's individual personal consciousness.

For man is "I." He will become more and more "I," while growing more and more conscious of the "I" in his neighbour. As he develops, he lives more and more in the world of his own expanding consciousness, as the artist and the poet and the scientist lives. Consciousness is like a light spreading further and further over the seeming darkness of objective things. Consciousness may be Heaven or Hell.

For we see that which we deserve to see, and feel that which we desire to feel. We are the illuminants or the crusted hogs. Nothing is more certain and solemn and tragic than this. We may bury our heads in books upon heredity and environment, and argue and object; but the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and the blind are leaders of the blind. They fall into Hell and wander and wail, and accuse the politicians and the rich. How often does a man in Hell point the finger of judgment at himself!

The Traitor

Life is so much a personal affair. And in thinking and striving and erring and suffering one comes through the years to a knowledge of the great verities, to the things that matter. They matter, and they matter supremely. No man is blessed till he

even with his bigger brother. For man, observing the inequalities of life, its arrogance and agony, its riches and poverty, set out, like the ingenious little egoist that he is, to try to level things out. The Greek might conceive reincarnation. To the Christian, poor man and slave, with his self-conscious exalting of humanity and poverty, it would seem natural to postulate a future life in which the fortunes of this life would be reversed. The rich and haughty should frizzle in torment, and Lazarus lie in Abraham's bosom.

But, taking the mediæval conception of Hell, one realises its potency, its priestcraft. It was a conception of power. It was used to coerce and to dominate. Its red fire could be displayed to the credulous. Into it could be pitchforked the refractory and the argumentative, those troublesome people who had vision and who asked questions. Hell was the crucible in which an established cult melted down contradiction. It was the Hell of coercion.

But always man is a little better than his Hell. He evolves, and his Hell evolves with him. Coercion may go out of favour. The "I" in man insists on other realisations. Though man is multitudinous, Christ and Karl Marx can be found in the same generation; also a Buddha and a Lenin. Russia may make its own red Hell in earth, while other mysteries are getting other glimpses of other heavens. Sensual man is sensual man, and mystic man is mystic man. To the seer Hell becomes personal.

The Traitor

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I think my own picture of Hell is that of a lonely old man standing on the edge of the unknown and looking back at his past. The past is a great space full of memories, and in that space all the memories are dark and sinister. Hardly a hill or a building or a tree catches the light. He looks back upon failure. But upon what kind of failure?

He has failed people. He has failed those who tried to love him. He has hurt and made unhappy those who sought to give him happiness. He has given no happiness, and therefore he has no memories that are happy. He has caused little ones to stumble. He has been a traitor to that one good comrade—his wife. He has piled up the hard stones to build a house of success for his purblind self, and his house has been nothing but a pile of dead possessions.

In Retrospect

For in failing people, in sinning

glimpses of other heavens. Sensual man is sensual man, and mystic man is mystic man. To the seer Hell becomes personal.

A New Urge

Now, I take it that, in spite of the decay of the Churches and of organised religion, the mass of men still retains a vague, intuitive faith in a life after the death of the body. Incurably and intuitively we are immortals. Setting aside for a moment the evidence offered by the spiritists, a man has no sensible proofs. All the observations of contemporary science, and his own experiences, are destructive of the conception of another life. Man may be said to have no more than "a feeling about immortality." Or he may take his stand and, after considering the marvels of life, its order and sequences, exclaim with Butler, "What rot! There must be cunning in it. It can't be mere blind chance."

This age has been called an age of materialism. I doubt it. I have a feeling that this age is accumulating an immense inward urge towards spiritual things. We are living in a period of disillusionment, but this mood of discouragement will pass. Man may not label himself Christian, but I believe he is nearer to Christ than were most of his forefathers. For the average contemporary man is, beyond doubt, kinder, cleaner, more humane than the man of any previous century.

Grieving and Remorse

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Grieving and Remorse

But to return to the conception of Hell. The Hell of the priests has

In Retrospect

For in failing people, in sinning against love and against the spirit, man fails himself. It is so old and so very simple a truth. And that is my idea of Hell, to stand at the end of your days, looking backward, and seeing nothing but a shameful grey landscape. To see the many occasions when you might have given gladness and you gave wounds. To remember traitorous false moments. To remember the savage slaver of sex and never the saving grace of the greater love. To see nothing but a careful, sly, shrewd selfishness. We sin, but sin is not Hell. Sins may be but steps in the great ascent, if we remember our sins and do not forgive ourselves too easily. It is the broad landscape upon which we look back at the end of our days that should have for us the face of Hell or of Heaven. Has it a brightness, a gentleness, the suffusion of something somehow good, or is it grey and hard and hopeless?

That is my idea of Hell, to stand at the end of one's days, and to know that the landscape you have painted is grey, a place of stones and of the bones of broken memories. Who will deny it? Can any man deny it? I defy any man to deny it. Our little clevernesses will shake at the knees when we come to that last, lonely place and stand looking back.

Hell is to look back at the dim, reproachful faces of those who loved us,

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Hell is to look back at the dim, reproachful faces of those who loved us, those whom we betrayed.

(Continued.)

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Sept 1928
EXAMINER

37

Warwick Deeping on HAPPY MARRIAGE, including his own.

In last Wednesday's "Daily Express" Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour, the novelist, vivaciously discussed the question, raised in a recent divorce case: Is love essential to a happy marriage? Most marriages, she insisted, are based on "something much cooler than this heady emotion of love." Below Mr. Warwick Deeping, world-famous author of "Sorrell and Son" and other best-selling novels, replies to Mrs. Kean Seymour in one of the most challenging articles he has ever written.

But marriage has become with us moderns a much more complex affair. Treat it crudely, and it is a failure; treat it commercially, and it is still more of a failure. Treat it as a casual yet commonplace office relationship, a sort of friendly business compact, and it is not marriage.

When one hears of people speaking of marriage as a failure, one begins to ask questions. Where and how have they failed? Do some people know what love is?

Marriage does not fail. It is the married who fail because one or both cease to love. One has seen so many of these failures, and often one can put out a finger and point to the frayed and broken threads. Errors in outlook, lack of understanding, of sympathy, of patience. Little frettings, little selfishnesses, silly little trifles. Marriage breaks down because of the irritant grit more often than because of the large catastrophes.

Love is the oil and the perfume.



Warwick Deeping.

Modernise the old atmosphere and it is as sacred as ever. Woman is more free, more candid; man less of the old potentate in trousers. Children are more rare. Marriage must have love, for no other solvent can contain all those delicate human relationships, and retain them through the years of an intimacy that may become nauseous without such a solvent. Some people prefer the use of the words affection, respect, mutual interest, but how cold such words sound.

of them, and especially among working men and women. I have gone into cottages in which one felt the beauty of a workaday love that has borne all the troubles and sufferings, and grown deep and strong. I have been touched by the quiet and simple tenderness, the chivalry and compassion of the plain people.

Some cynics say, "The poor cannot afford love or sentiment," but I always have a feeling that these cynics never go out in the highways of the world and into its homes and see the old man and the old woman. These people grow into each other; they are necessary to each other. They love according to the old, wise, eloquent words of the ritual.

Of course, it is possible to argue that you can produce a nice, bright, practical, unemotional relationship which will wear like a steel box. You say, "No nonsense, no illusions, no tosh. Let us just be good friends, and business partners. Let us try to cut out sex."

* * *



The Imitation Boy

A shrewd blow at one type of the modern girl—how well we all know her!—by one of our "best sellers"

By WARWICK DEEPING

AT fifty a man should be able to savour his prejudices as he sips his port. For prejudices are pleasant possessions provided they are well washed.

I like frankness in a confession, especially the frankness of my doctor, when, as a physician and a man of the world, he lets loose his disapprobations and dislikes.

There are certain types that are furiously disliked by him, and since I find that the physician and I agree, I will set down a little list of our agreements.

My doctor confesses to being prejudiced in favour of good manners.

He is prejudiced against what he calls the "senile flabbiness" of a part of the young generation. They are so damned tolerant, because they haven't the character to care fiercely about anything. It is their carelessness, what-the-devil-does-it-matter air of decadence. The phase interests him, both as a man and a physician, as a biologist and a psychologist.

The particular type which rouses him to eloquence is that which he calls "The Imitation Boy."

Many of us know the sort of youth who hogs it hatless in small cars. You see him in front of you on the golf links—mooching, hollow-stomached, with flabby trousers and rounded back. He is a kind of slow motion figure. He appears incapable of walking more than two miles an hour. He mooches and mooches. He picks up his bag languidly with a casual club. Not usually is he aggressively offensive. He hasn't the

guts to be aggressive. His rudeness is just lack of vital good will.

Now, "The Imitation Boy" is something like this, only she is a girl. But she appears to be more aggressive and more of a nuisance than the male. She may mooch, but her mooching has a swagger and a defiance. It suggests sex combat—a challenge to parents and professors and all that sort of thing. She, too, crashes round in one of those little hip-bath cars. She may have a gollywog tied to the radiator cap.

She strolls, but her strolling is supercilious. She gives the impression of knowing that she is keeping you and the rest of the world waiting, and she thinks it good for the world and for you. Perhaps you have two such young neo-goddesses on the links in front of you. Perhaps you are playing alone, trying to get your drive back. At a certain distance these young things look very much like languid lads. They slouch, they have the same hollow figures and the same slow motion attitude to life. They dawdle on the tees, and have little conversations, and light cigarettes. They loaf on. They arrive in due course on a green, and putt at their leisure, and have more conversation. They replace the flag as though they were putting up an emblem of ennui and casualness.

They never look back. They do not appear to be aware of the players behind them, and yet they give you the impression of knowing very well what the fuming fathers behind them are feeling and saying.

"What's the old fuster fussing about? Let him freeze a bit. We've more right to be here than he has. We are the generation; we are it."

And at this point my doctor shows heat. "That's just the damned impertinence of the thing. These young women are paid for—by us—or the likes of us. They don't do any work; they don't earn a penny. They don't want to. They can't do anything well. They are just bits of supercilious, self-complacent futility. They can't even walk properly. They lounge and mooch and loaf. The only occasion when they show any animation is when they are doing nigger dances."

But he is a man of observation. He has a philosophy, and his prejudices are scientific. He observes and classifies his types. He looks for causes.

He talks about fool parents and cowardly parents.

He explains the presence of this type by calling it a spoilt sport. It is a hot-house production. It grows up tall and sappy and supercilious under glass. It has never had to face the wind and frost and drenching rain. It is incapable of facing the fundamental necessities of life. It should be sterile.

He says: "I hope to God it is sterile. We don't want it perpetuating. Life hasn't got to the point when it can do without women as wives and mothers. All this rot about sex antagonism. The anti-man woman is a failure."

(Continued on page 72.)

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DIEU D'AMOUR—continued from page 58

voice (the voice of the woman of the house) answered in a whisper: "Maintenir." He drew a breath of relief, stole in, and heard the door barred behind him. The woman, shading the candle in her hand, beckoned him into a room, poor-looking, with shuttered windows. The room was empty. He gasped: "The lady—?"

She shook her head, and made signs that seemed but half reassuring. The lady had come—oh, yes, had come, she whispered.

"Where, then, is she? And he damned? Is there no one—?"

In the same whisper the woman, evidently frightened and confused by his bewilderment, told him that they had gone again, perhaps a half-hour earlier—she thought at least a half-hour.

Visions of conspiracy and betrayal flashed through the darkness of the boy's mind. Everyone knew that Dieu d'Amour was thick with spying and delation; there was a watcher behind every arras. Fool that he had been, ever to imagine. . . . Oh, God, oh, God, what had he done to have betrayed his Princess to disaster? He caught the woman by the shoulders, and shook her as if to rattle her secret out of her. "Gone—gone where? Are you mad—or only lying to me? Give me her letter! Repeat her message! If you say she left none—" He was clutching wildly at his dagger.

The woman raised imploring arms. "To the ship; to the ship; that was her message. . . ."

Godfrey's anger broke under a wave of humility and gratitude. To the ship—she had gone to the ship. No doubt she had had her reasons. Perhaps the Circassian girl had picked up rumours, had hinted that they would be safer in the vessel's hold than in the house. She would certainly have had her reasons. "To the ship?" he repeated. "To the ship?" The woman, choking with fear, signed yes, and yes, to the ship. . . . she had watched the two of them slip down to the port . . . on the blessed Virgin and all the saints she swore she had. . . .

Godfrey loosed his purse. Norman-like he counted, by the shaking light of the candle she held out, the exact sum he had promised her; then he flung from the house in a whirlwind of haste, and down the slippery black lane to the port.

The port was dark and deserted. The fishing boats huddled there, flank to flank in the narrow space, looked like sleeping birds a-roost. The water clapped their sides with sharp little ripples; it was evident that outside the harbour a fresh wind had risen. But all the boats lay dumb and dark, as if unaware of it; not a sign of life was to be seen on any of them. Godfrey, bewildered, dizzy with excitement, groped from one stern to the other, stumbling over coiled ropes, sea-weedy chains, slimy ovals, and all the dirt and welter of an Eastern harbour side. The darkness confused him. He thought he knew where his vessel lay, the vessel whose sails should be already spread; but he was blinded by the night and by his own excitement. He feared to call aloud, to attract attention, even to risk the danger of boarding the wrong boat. With a sinking heart he stood and waited—waited for some signal which should come to him from his own vessel; though a deep inner dread already told him that her berth was empty.

At length he turned about and looked back at the obscure threatening mass of the overhanging fortress, and at the black house-fronts, lightless, indistinguishable, along the quay. . . .

Everything that might have happened to baffle and upset his plan rushed on him with the fatal certainty of evil. Why, there was no dark thing that might not have befallen the fugitives! Even between the house and the port the Princess might have been waylaid, carried back to Dieu d'Amour, or locked up somewhere behind those secret walls above him. He stared up at the fortress in an agony of dread and conjecture. It almost seemed as if he must force his eyes to penetrate those thick walls and tear their secret from them, as he had tried just now to shake it from the woman. But he turned back disheartened, and looked again at the berth where his vessel had lain, and saw that past question its place was empty. Would the sailing-master, despite his orders and injunctions, have sailed without the Princess? It seemed incredible—if anything that was dark and unsurmised had been incredible in those secret Eastern places. But what if he had sailed with the Princess, if she had deserted her faithful page? Godfrey, in fresh agony, turned again to the row of houses along the quay. He detected a feeble light twinkling in the window of one of them; a sailor's tavern, he remembered, of the humblest sort; he would go in, and see if anyone was stirring who could give him news. Even there, he well knew, a trap might lurk, but he was desperate now, and it was easier to face new risks than to stand there, listening, straining into the night, like a man whose eyes are bandaged and his ears stopped.

He was moving towards the tavern when he felt a slight twitch at his cloak. He started back, and in the stifling darkness just guessed a man's figure before him, cloaked too, but bareheaded—beggar or pilgrim, he conjectured. He held his breath, waiting a stretch for a word or a sign. The man did not speak, but only pushed some small object into his hand, and slipped hastily away into the night. Godfrey called after him in a wild whisper and made a frantic dash in his direction; but already the darkness had swallowed him up, and his flying steps woke no echo in the dust and slime underfoot. Baffled, confused, Godfrey turned back. Clutching at the packet in his hand he crept up to the tavern window on soundless feet, and examined what the man had given him by the faint thread of light from within.

He saw a cord fastening a bit of brownish stuff that seemed torn from a pilgrim's cloak. Wrapped in it was a rough wooden cross, folded in a scented scrap of Tyrian gauze. Godfrey knew the scent, he knew the delicate scarlet—they were hers. The gauze was torn from the veil in which she had wound their heads that evening on the balcony. . . . And suddenly, in the same instant, he knew the man who had started up so mysteriously out of the darkness, and then vanished into it again. It was the haggard pilgrim he had questioned in the church of Saint George of the Latins at Famagusta, the man who had said to him: "Will you leave all and come with us, Sir Page?" But then, the cross—did he not know that too? He lifted it to the light, held it closer, and recognized it for his.

cross the strange preaching woman in the square had worn at her girdle, the cross he had stooped to kiss when she promised him that she would pray for the Princess Medea. . . .

Alone there in the dark, clutching the cross to him, grown had that he was, and a Princess's champion, Godfrey burst into sobs. For he understood at last that God had stolen his lady from him, and that the vessel he had seen an hour earlier, speeding away before the wind, was bearing the Princess, and with her the pilgrim woman who had vowed to save her from the ruin of her house.

Years later, long after that ruin had fallen, and all the burning dream was over, Godfrey the Prior, an old man, sat in a grey Norman Abbey, and heard from a wandering monk how the holy Bridget of Sweden had forsaken her estates, and her seat in the King's Court, to go through the world denouncing evil in high places. And the friar said that one day she had stood in the market-place of Famagusta and retold to the mocking crowd the woe that was to fall on the land two short years later, and the doom of their kings. But in what country and what convent the Princess Medea had taken refuge the monk could not say; of her he had never heard men speak.

THE IMITATION BOY—continued from page 46

"And the other way about?" I asked him.

"Of course. Talk sour grapes to Nature and she laughs at you."

But my doctor has daughters. He is quite pally with his daughters. He likes 'em feminine, and they seem to like him male. "Though sex is a mixture."

The modern girl as girl he thinks charming. She has frankness, freedom of movement. He agrees with me that there is nothing pleasanter than to watch two young things playing modern tennis well. They are so much more graceful and liquid than the men. But as a doctor my friend is a little bit worried about possible physical results. Talk to him about Spartan women and he shakes his head. He thinks in terms of physiology. "It depends upon what you regard woman's chief function to be. I'm old-fashioned. Much of modernity is excellent. But life isn't all playing games."

But for "The Imitation Boy" type he has no use at all. I believe he would like to empty out the pots and get rid of the strain. He says that any gardener could tell you that when a plant has gone sappy and all to leg and can't set its seed, the only thing is to cast it.

We won't see any pathos in the type.

"Fathos! Flabbiness, my dear chap. That sort of thing is the product of self-complacent flabbiness. And I won't compromise about it—either."

A PRETTY POINT—continued from page 9

was sorry for her; she seemed a nice little thing and intelligent. I got her moved and then I met her in the corridor one morning and asked her if she was happier. She was, and told me so very prettily. After that I met her in Dever Street one Saturday and asked her to come and have tea with me." Charles frowned. "A dashed silly thing to do," he said.

"Other people are fools about secretaries as well as old Mark," I said softly.

The ghost of his ironical smile curved Charles' mouth.

"It turned out like that," he said whimsically, and fell again into silence.

"How did Lucy find out?"

"Someone saw me in town the day I came from Vienna, and told her. She's damned clever, is Lucy. She kept quiet and followed it up until she got the truth out of a letter from Daisy. I've always been infernally careless with my letters."

I lifted my eyebrows.

"She'd the right to read it," Charles said sharply. "She had to find out, when once she'd been—warned."

"Of course."

Charles cried, "Lucy. She was such a gay, joyous thing. I've been damnable to her. You don't know what she's suffering. Jim. Oh, I know she'll get over it, but nothing will ever be the same again. I've spoiled our marriage for her. She remembers it at all sorts of odd times. I can see it in her eyes, her dear eyes, Jim. Little things remind her."

This afternoon she took up a book and found an old letter of mine between the leaves. Her eyes filled with tears and she slipped away, and when I followed her upstairs she was lying across her bed, half crazy with crying. She said, 'Oh, how could you do it to me? You did love me once. You did.'"

I stirred. I could not endure the tale longer. It was not decent to show me Lucy in agony. If grief had not made Charles insensitive he would not have done it, I think.

We sat silent. Upstairs was Lucy crying? I did not doubt the reality of her suffering, for Charles was the very heart of her life. Down here the fire leaped and sank. Charles rested his head on his hand and thought his own remorseful thoughts. I thought mine.

I thought that it would take vastly from Charles' burden of regret if he knew that during the last month of his stay in Vienna Lucy had taken to herself a lover, and that had he come straight home instead of visiting his Daisy he would have found her in her lover's arms. To be sure, Lucy had resolutely given up her lover as soon as Charles came home, and that not from indignation, as I knew, though no doubt an indolent dislike of the trouble involved in deceiving Charles in his presence had a little counted in her resolution. And, too, on Lucy's part there had been no such long and mean deceit.

Nevertheless, I think Charles would have been vastly relieved to know of that lover, how brief so ever his reign and however utterly done with and ended the passionate episode.



CONFESSIONS

Month by Month

By WARWICK DEEPING



Mr. Warwick Deeping

THERE are people who love to be shocked, and people who love to do the shocking, and such shockingness is part of the joy of life. For it may be that these little excursions and alarms are all that are left to us of that world of mischief and make-believe when we were parates and Red Indians. Never have we heard of children playing at being angels. In those days we climbed into other people's back gardens at the dead of night and turned on the garden tap and sent the roller running amok into the rockery. It was just the adventure of the thing, something hazardous and unusual done in the darkness, a protest against the ordinances of those bureaucrats—our elders.

Jehovah, that arch-bureaucrat, is still served by those who love to exercise interference. There is a type of man, and of woman, that loves to say no. It sounds stately and it creates a feeling of self-importance. These priests of the holy of holies take pleasure in forbidding the pleasures of their fellows. They will suppress this and they will suppress that: night-clubs, whist-drives, football competitions, the secret mysteries of the Primrose League, the sinister activities of suburban cat's-meat clubs.

"O, decadent and shameless generation!"

There have always been such generations. Ours, of course, is the most shameless of them all. Our Jeremiahs have said so.

NOW, most of us ask for our little thrill of adventure. Personally I get mine by rising very early in the morning and running a "Dawn Club" of one in my garden, though the birds join in, and the domestic cat may cut capers. I do this because I like it, and not because of some moral urge, but some day I expect that solemn person, Old Censor, to fall upon me officially.

NOW, it is obvious that there are people who like to stay up late. Their sense of adventure comes with the night hours. But Old Censor looks darkly upon such prodigies. He murmurs—"Night-life, night-clubs, night-lights. These people should be compelled to put on night-caps at 10.30 p.m. precisely. I will get a bill drafted."

Having divined the inwardness of night-clubs and realised that they possess just such an esoteric meaning as do the pocket-flasks of the U.S.A., Young Logic decided that it was his duty to visit night-clubs and cabarets, and he did so.

HE went with people who knew. There were sacred mysteries. Doors had to be passed, books signed. It was all rather surreptitious and exciting. Young Logic knew that it was his duty to feel that he was getting over the back wall into the forbidden garden.

There was much people much dear and rather indifferent liquor, dancing that was not exactly exquisite. There were pretty ladies—of course. The drummer syncopated on his chair. Bald heads perspired. Paper caps and other oddments were distributed. But the gaiety creaked at the knees.

Someone inquired: "Well, what about it?"

And Young Logic replied: "I want to go to bed."

He was profoundly and healthily bored.

Now, boredom in the presence of certain social phenomena is a state of mind that Old Censor does not legislate for. He is so absorbed in sniffing out little odours of nastiness that he misses the boy and the

roses. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred prefer the boy and the roses, and the perfume of a pipe, and they will continue to do so if only Old Censor will refrain from provoking them. Let us have less talk from him about purity and more about humanity at play. A very shrewd naval gentleman once said: "When a man begins talking purity to me, I take good care to keep him out of my house. Either he is a sensible pedant or a secret sensualist, probably the latter."

I AM sure we should all like to see Mr. Bateman produce a picture of the Arch-Bureaucrat getting into a pair of his trousers and proceeding to seat himself on some little blowhole in the sulphur fields. We should observe him solemnly sitting down to suppress and smother one small eruption, while hundreds of other pimples became joyously swollen and active. And how pleased we should be were some more powerful pimple to erupt and blow him heavenwards into Abraham's bosom.

Just because of the bureaucrat one regards night-clubs and such institutions as symbolical. They are not only for the nasty and the few, but they also make an inward appeal to the normal many.

"Keep to the Right," says the Old Censor, and instantly the Puck in man is moved to diverge to the left.

But somewhere there is a human and an understanding god holding his sides while he laughs. He knows that the boy will go out with his bull's-eye lantern, and all the more so because Old Censor may have said that bull's-eye lanterns are the creations of the Devil. So, the boy will flash the forbidden light in the solemn creature's eyes and Old Censor will boot: "This debauched and decadent generation. Let us draft more bills and regulations. Let the domestic cat be put into pants. Let all tiled roofs be protected with wire netting."

But why?

LIFE is neither an hydraulic press, nor a meat-sate, nor a nest of pigeon-holes for official forms. Almost, Old Censor resembles a goggle-eyed child with a bucket and spade building a nice little sand wall to coerce the sea. He is a high-brow little fellow who reads bits out of "Blue Books" to Mother Life, and Mother Life smiles and says to him, "Yes, my dear, very interesting, but go on playing with your nice little bucket and spade." She knows that the sea will come in.



"... There are people who love to be shocked, and people who love to do the shocking, and such shockingness is part of the joy of life..."

FIFTY MONTH

YOUNG CYNICUS, who was a man about town, finding Old Sylvanus at work in his garden, asked that ancient man a question. For Young Cynicus knew very little about flowers, and cared less because flowers are so normal, and suburban, and are supposed to smell nice. Though Cynicus's experience of floral perfume was limited to those scents with which Madame La Mode perfected her person.

"Look here, why don't you grow something interesting, fungi, fly-agars, and that sort of thing?"

Old Sylvanus looked a little perplexed and also a little suspicious, and then emerging from that horribly healthy herbaceous border he addressed the young man.

"I'll show 'ee same at'."

So he conducted Young Cynicus to a dark corner and displayed to him a certain vile fungus that shall be nameless, and Young Cynicus sniffed the air.

He said: "What a nice, pornographic weed!"

"Maybe you'd like to pick it and take it home."

But Young Cynicus refrained. He had quins. It occurred to him that Old Sylvanus was not quite the fool he wanted him to be, and feeling piqued, he returned to town and wrote a caustic little article on "The Rustic Mind in Cabbage Patch and Literature."

AN acquaintance of Aquine complained that the bright young men among the critics

Abnormalities:

By Warwick

DEEPIING

Decorations by
Arthur WAITS

Now, in a sense, Young Cynicus was right. What we call the normal is an overlying sort of human behaviour, a reasonable rightness of reaction. There are gradations. One might say that the congenital idiot had the normality of the congenital idiot.

There may appear too commonplace and Victorian for these times, but it is certainly obvious. They insist on the extravagant and the abnormal, upon spicy aberrations upon habits that leave little tracks of slime. One might say that they prefer the ding to the new gull. They like their faces yellow and their hair green. The wholesome and the calculable and the normal exasperate them. They give it to literature and in art. The interpreter of the normal is damned by them as a shishmonger and a sentimentalist.

IT is an understandable cult, and has its uses, save when it is carried to extremes, and itself becomes a pose and a perversion. It is an old saying that the physician who spends his life dealing with the insane, himself ceases to be wholly sane, though sanity is relative. So these rather complacently superior people in their quest and cult of life's deformities are apt to become mentally deformed. They are not satisfied with the more or less calculable and the straight; they crave for the perverse and the crooked. They may come to prefer decay to growth, fungi to flowers, license to love. Their attitude might be of mere pathological significance were it not the attitude of rather impertinent and self-sure people who, because they see all nature coloured green and yellow, insist that it is so, and that we poor out-of-door fools are fit only for the forking of potatoes.

Any man who has seen something of doctoring, and the reality of sick bodies and sick minds will protest against the insidious suggestion that we should flatter these criers-up of the abnormal. That the abnormal should be studied and be understood is of vital importance, but that the cult of it should be allowed to take the form of a self-complacent and aggressive psychic parade is quite another matter. We do not want these mental mannequins to posture in public.

BECAUSE normality is humanity's most precious possession. Our civilization would not last a week without it and that is why the mass of humanity, realising the importance of the normal and the healthy, is apt to turn somewhat fiercely on the

(Continued on page 204.)



attacked him because he wrote about normal and wholesome people, and not about ocean-takers and crooks. He, too, consulted Young Cynicus and was told: "My dear chap, abnormality's the thing. What you take to be the normal is only a silly transparency with which you cover edity. There is no such state as normality. You are thinking in terms of wooden clothes. You call a thing abnormal because you don't understand it, and your beer and wet art cannot express it."

A dull fellow. And these bright young men and women who demand the unusual and the macabre, are apt to find the cheats and the revokers more piquant.

THE man in the train may find his inclination towards the abnormal satisfied by "crook" stories. Not so the superior and the elect. For them the whole of consciousness is psycho-this or psycho-that. Almost they go about like amateur alienists, searching out strange sins and interesting perversions and the more sinister moods of the human atmosphere. They prefer the twilight to full noon. To them the light-



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Abnormalities By Warwick Deeping

(Continued from page 57)

abnormal. The sick or tainted beast is driven from the herd. It is here that one comes upon some of the most tragic episodes in the history of the race, and comprehends the bitter cries of these abnormal individuals who accuse the crowd of having misunderstood and martyred them. The abnormal, when delicately guided, may be of infinite significance and use.

One's quarrel is not with genius or with an exceptional ability that is associated with some jerky mental make-up. The quarrel is with those who parade a perversion of the normal and who advertise and extol a taint.

Let anyone who has any leanings towards this cult read that very moving book, "Reluctantly Told," in which a sensitive and highly intelligent woman describes her four years in a house for the insane. It is a tragic piece of work, but it ends in the sunlight. Her self was lost, but in the end she recovered self, and the priceless possession of a balanced personality. She, who had experienced the abnormal, knew—as few people know—how precious is the normal.

MOREOVER, her return to sanity was rendered possible by those very simple and kindly reactions at which the elect are inclined to scoff. There was a patient, wise, and understanding doctor who said to her, "When people shy at purple vans, I make them go on passing and passing purple vans." A nurse was gentle to her. An understanding person gave her a job, the care of the institutional library. How sentimental it all seems! She was made to face the sinister activities of her abnormality; she was helped to get the disordered fragments of self back into order. She was enabled to return to her work among the more or less normal who carry on the work of the world.

She did not rejoice in the abnormal. She deplored it; it terrified her; she knew just how shameful and terrible it could be. She wanted to wash and be clean, and when cleanliness came back to her she cherished it and watched over it with a fearful joy, dreading lest some of those smirches should return.

One is tempted to recall a previous period when the abnormal was cultivated as a protest against too much complacent convention. Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley and their school may have had their uses, but it seems to most of us that such a phase should be carefully controlled. It provoked Gilbert to useful satire and his ridiculing of "The Greenery Vallery." It made a sturdy and eminent naval officer greatly desire to punch the head of a passing decadence.

We are not in the 1880's. We are much more open-air people. Our young women have cast an unhealthy artificiality. We are much more tolerant. But too much toleration of the abnormal is a sin against social health. We can sympathise with and try to understand those whose reactions are a little crooked, but when they begin to boast of their crookedness, and to declare that we healthy folk are mere slush-mongers and fools, it becomes very much our business to see that these hysterics are controlled.

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WARWICK DEEPING gives A SIGNPOST TO YOUTH

The well-known novelist in an interview with our London correspondent, Betty Ross, makes some illuminating remarks about parents, children and young people generally.

"A SIGN-POST to youth?"

At my question Warwick Deeping, that author beloved by youth for creating the ideal parent in "Sorrell and Son," lights his pipe, tosses the match into the blazing fire-place, and is lost in deep abstraction. We are sitting at afternoon tea in his delightful, rambling country estate in Weybridge, Surrey, not far from the site where Henry VIII. once had a palace.

Slowly, as though he is thinking aloud, the author finally replies: "Do not hurt people. Try not to hurt your own soul. For a girl, the great thing is fastidiousness. A niceness which repels you from anything ugly, crude, or unpleasant can be your safeguard. If you cultivate your sense of beauty, you achieve beautiful behavior, a quality we do not realise but should appreciate more."

"Something in a person's make-up keeps him out of trouble while others are like the butterfly and the flame—always having their wings singed. But," he adds sincerely, "the one great thing to have is compassion, the horror of hurting anyone who is fond of you. If you have that, it safeguards most things."

Creating a Selfish Husband

"Does a child's home life mould him as a future marriage-partner?" I wonder, and Deeping replies:

"The mother who spoils her son by too much indulgence or by putting wrong ideas into his head is creating a selfish husband for some girl."

His next comments on children he prefaces by remarking: "Even though, like myself, one has no children, one feels justified in speaking about them

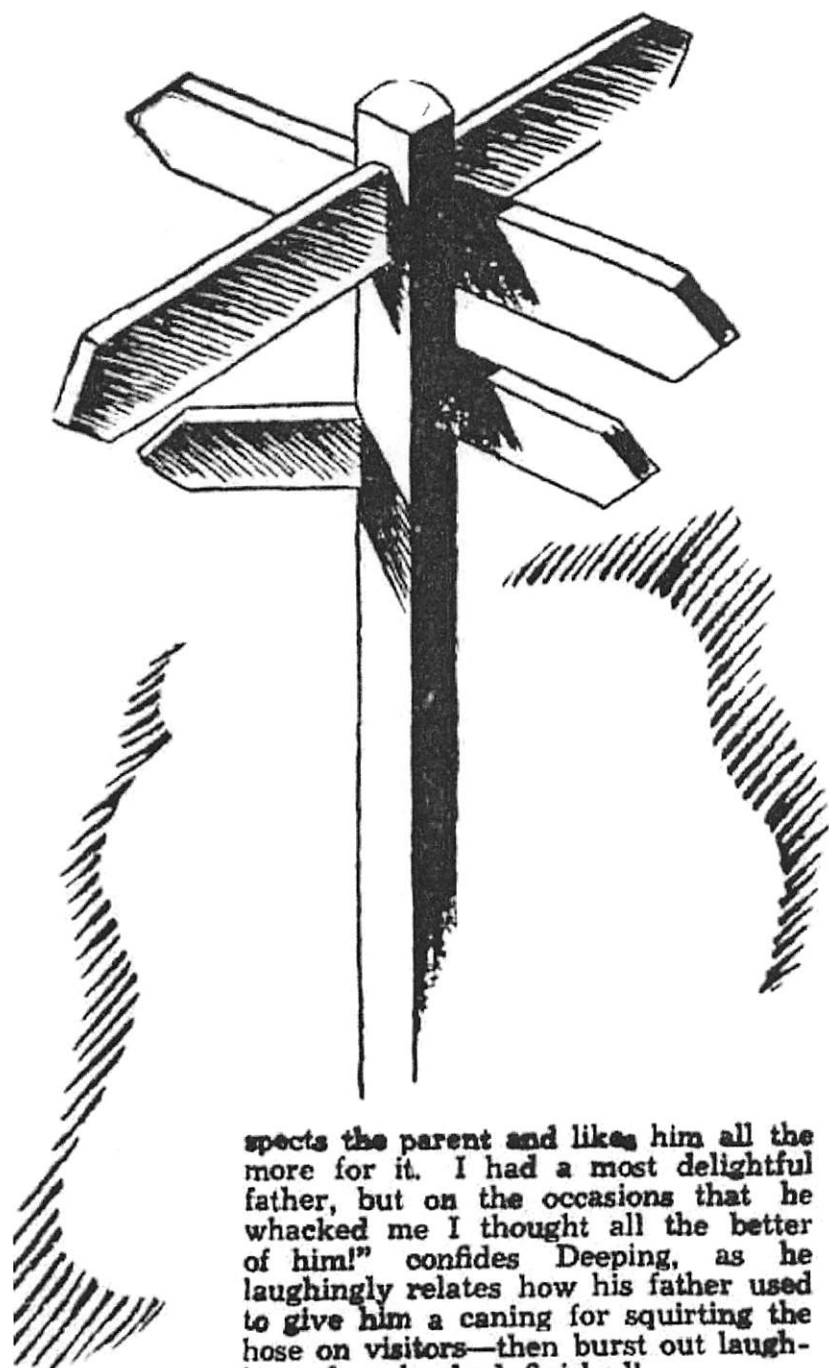




if he has been a child; and if, as I, he has been happy in his relationship with his father and mother. Many modern parents are afraid of losing their children. They want to possess them and think of

Many modern parents are afraid of losing their children. They want to possess them, and think the only way to hold them is by spoiling them—which is fatal. Children are very quick. They want to respect and admire their father. But if they think he is a flabby weak fool, there is no respect in the relationship.

"I am quite sure no child resents justice, but re-



spects the parent and likes him all the more for it. I had a most delightful father, but on the occasions that he whacked me I thought all the better of him!" confides Deeping, as he laughingly relates how his father used to give him a caning for squirting the hose on visitors—then burst out laughing when he had finished!

ing when he had finished!

"Parents with grown children have a very difficult relationship," comes his next observation. "They are in a most tantalizing position—they see their children making the same mistakes they did, and it is useless to warn them. Coercion is not effective. Advice is no good, for youth never heeds it. Each generation has to learn for itself. Opposition is a most fatal thing; it usually drives them further into the other direction."

"In such a case, what would you say to your imaginary son?" I ask the creator of Sorrell, that ideal father.

"Simply this," he remarks: "My son, I think you are making a mistake. I can point out why, but I am not giving you advice. It is your life, not mine."

He Shakes His Head

Although the famous novelist is an avowed champion of modern youth, he admits his distaste at hearing them exclaim that the old morality is a humbug, and that whatever one does these days is "natural." He shakes his head sadly. "Youth must know the value of self-restraint. We need faith and religion in ordinary working-life. The old Decalogue seems to be dead."

The author with the sensitive mouth sheltered by a firm chin continues reflectingly: "Youth must be made to realise that marriage is still the best relationship in the world—especially if it is turned into camaraderie. Then it gets to such a subtle understanding that words are not even necessary—husband and wife understood each other with a look. But this state is not easy," he admits. "It does not arrive out of space. One must work for it."

"And how is it gained," I wonder.





"You must learn to know each other—how to give and take—how to forbear. A good rule is for both not to be angry at the same time. A man is very grateful to a woman if, when he is testy, instead of being testy herself, she lets it pass. He doesn't really mean to be cross, he may be tired.

"In most marriages that fail," he continues, "one is often sorry for the wife. She doesn't understand that give-and-take spirit; a man who knocks around the world does. A wife must give her husband something more than the romantic part of marriage."

something more than the romantic part of marriage. It is not enough; it is evanescent, ephemeral. Their union must grow into something deeper. For a man soon tires of the woman in woman—he wants a friend and a comrade."

The Old Hunting Spirit

When I ask whether young men prefer the company of the girl who is "the life of the party," the novelist shakes his head exclaiming:

"The young woman who tries to impress a man too much loses out. The clever girl gets into a corner by herself and finds men will gather about her. I suppose this is a relic of the old hunting-spirit." An amused expression flits across his face. "The man who is really virile wants to do his own hunting. He will never be attracted to a woman who makes her liking for him too obvious; he will always fall for the mystery. When the right woman comes along, he will go after her at all costs. She need not try to help him along!

"I find that love, like life, comes to you as you sit still," he adds philosophically. "Wait, and it comes to you. Rush after it, and it eludes you. To achieve things by patience and sitting still; to take more pleasure in the quiet, simple things, is what the world will learn. Then one will stop tearing about seeking excitement. Cities have much to do with it.

Why All This Haste?

"City-dwellers have not the countryside in which to lose themselves, so they can only walk the streets and visit the cinemas. The speed of modern life makes it hard for them to sit still. So many people always seem to be rushing to get somewhere, then dashing back again—and at the end of the day have nothing but a headache!

"I often wonder what all this haste is about. Is there a treasure at the end of the journey? They may rush past it!" he laughs.

(Continued on Page 16)

A SIGNPOST TO YOUTH

(Continued from Page 11)

"Is that characteristic of young people, too?" I ask.

He nods. "They rush too eagerly at life."

at life."

"And love——?" I ventured.

"They refuse to put love on a pedestal. The girls are so extremely boyish and 'matey' that all romance is gone. This is not to their advantage. True the young man of today does not want his bride to sit by the fire and spin; but he likes a happy medium—a mixture of femininity and comradeship. Providing that she is not too boyish or bossy, the enlightened modern girl could be an ideal wife because she has a good grasp on life."

When in parting, I ask for a final message to youth, Warwick Deeping sums up:

"They should not try to be too brainy, nor should they fill themselves with second-hand ideas obtained from books, or from someone else; for then they cannot grasp their mettle nor pluck their rose. By being analytical and over-critical, they are not creative; and so they bring no drive or enthusiasm to their jobs."

"Youth should have a philosophy of life and learn that FAITH is one of the essentials. Let everyone realise that the business of life is to live; that it is better to grow the rose than to pull it to pieces."

NO MAN WANTS TO PET A DOLL!

What the Tired Business Man
Wants Is a Serene
Wife, a Friend and Comrade,
Says the English Author—Each
Must Know How to Play
the Game of Give-
and-Take, and Both Should
Not Lose Their Tempers
at the Same Time

-WARWICK
DEEPIING

By Betty Ross

"A SIGNPOST to modern youth"
Warwick Deeping, that author beloved by youth for creating the ideal relationship between parent and offspring in "Borrell and Son," in his pipe, threw the match into the blazing fireplace and stared moodily down at the design on the carpet. He slipped into this attitude whenever lost in deep abstraction while we were sitting at afternoon tea in his delightful, rambling country estate in Weybridge, Surrey, not far from the spot where Henry VIII had his palace.



As a signpost to youth, Warwick Deeping says: "Do not hurt people. Try not to hurt your own soul." Mr. Deeping is shown in an informal pose with Mrs. Deeping.

Slovely, as though thinking aloud, came the author's reply: "Do not hurt people. Try not to hurt your own soul. For a girl, the great thing is fastidiousness; a niceness which repels you from anything ugly, crude or unpleasant can be your safeguard. If you cultivate your sense of beauty, you achieve beautiful behavior, a quality we do not realize, but should appreciate more."

"Something in a person's make-up keeps him out of trouble, while others are like the butterfly and the flame, always having their wings singed. But the one great thing," he added sincerely, "is compassion, the horror of hurting anyone who is kind of you. If you have that, it safeguards most things. An extremely great compassion is one of the main ingredients of every happy marriage."

"NAME another one," I urged, and the English writer replied: "The mother-feeling." This remark he amplified by explaining:

"The mother-feeling in woman is admirable—not alone for her children but her husband as well. It is what makes a successful wife, for she finds complete satisfaction in looking after her man. Does this spoil him? No, for men are lovable, and what in others would appear horribly selfish in him she looks upon as a 'nice child.'"

"Some of the happiest women I know are successfully married, with husbands entirely dependent on them. A woman in that position does know 'he is necessary. To know that you matter supremely to some one and that everything you do interests them is something in life."

"For the successful woman matters only to herself and her job. When the time of life comes when she wants something more, the chance is gone. She should realize what she is missing. True, her job may give her a great feeling of pride and adventure, but these pass, and she has missed the greater thing."

"Which are—?"

"A happy human relationship, understanding and a mutual interest in work. Wives are often jealous of their husbands' devotion to their business, but, instead, they should be more interested in it, and, remember, the successful wife gives more to the man."

"The mother-and-wife attitude is appreciated by the husband. If she treats him like a fraction boy and passes over his caprices, he comes back, grateful for her wisdom. When he strays, if she is big enough and has the sense to wait, and the man has any sense, he will come back feeling a fool. And if she does not rub it in that he has been a fool, she will have him stronger than ever, because he has learned sense."

falling, the author's life partner entered, as though this were her cue. She had been strolling in the garden, and was in fawn tweeds and a pert little hat whose upturned brim revealed a fringe of black hair and daring brown eyes. Petite, vivacious, a smile was tucked at the corners of her mouth, giving her a Puck-like expression, and when she spoke her quick, birdlike gestures carried out the comparison still further. "Well," asked her husband as she gratefully edged toward the fireplace. She shook her head. "That's not rain; it's like gentle dew from above."

Deeping smiled and candidly remarked: "The best job I ever did was when I married. I was a young doctor then, and we had poor days together, but enjoyed them thoroughly. When we couldn't afford to buy things we needed, we tried to make them ourselves. We even made tables and chairs out of tree trunks."

"Does a child's home life mold him as a future marriage partner?" I asked, and Deeping replied:

"The mother who spoils her son by too much indulgence or by putting wrong ideas into his head is creating a selfish husband for some girl."

His next comment on children he prefaced by remarking: "Even though, like myself, one has no children, one feels justified in speaking about them if he has been a child, and, as I have been, happy in his relationship with his father and mother."

"Most modern parents are afraid of losing their children. They want to possess them and think the only way to hold them is by spoiling them, which is fatal. Children are very quick. They want to respect and admire their father, but if they think he is a baby, they

feel, there is no respect in the relationship. I had a most delightful father, but on the occasions that he waked me I thought all the better of him," he confessed. "I am quite sure no child resents justice, but respects the parent and likes him all the more for it." The author smiled as he related how he, during his boyhood, was earning for his pocket money by mending shoes for the neighbors. "I was a good boy," he said, "and I was a good boy."

Speed Ruins Romance

RUSH after love and it eludes you, says Warwick Deeping. Wait and it comes to you.

Achieving things by patience and taking more pleasure in the quiet, simple things is what the world is coming to, instead of tearing about seeking excitement.

Young people today refuse to put love on a pedestal.

Girls are so extremely boyish and many that romance is all gone.

Boys know too much. Youths of 18 or 19 are like old gentlemen—introspective, self-analytical, without illusions about anything.

To know that you matter supremely to some one and that everything you do interests them is something in life.

relationship in the world, especially if turned into a camaraderie. Then it gets to such a subtle understanding that words are not even necessary; both just look at each other and understand. But this state is not easy," he admitted. "It does not arrive out of space. One must work for it."

"How?"

"Each must learn how to give and take; how to forgive. A good rule is for both not to be angry at the same time. A man is very grateful to a woman if, when he is busy, instead of being busy back, she lets it pass. He doesn't really mean to be cruel; he may be tired."

"In most marriages I know," he continued, "the wife talks, and one is often sorry for the man. She doesn't understand that give-and-take spirit which a man who knows around the world has. Man soon tires of the woman in woman; he wants a friend and a comrade."

"The dull idea doesn't last long," he admitted. "A man who has a job and works hard doesn't want to come home and pet a doll. He expects companionship, comfort, serene atmosphere—all wonderful things. How many wives have the sense, when a man comes home tired, not to rush in and tell him what the cook did? If she fills the house with serenity and keeps all petty trou-

bles away from him, at least until he has had his dinner, he is grateful to her. What the tired business man wants is not a painted doll, but a serene wife. "At the same time, I am a great believer in woman," he hastened to point out. "She is less personal, less jealous, more enthusiastic, quicker to praise, than a man. She knows much more of what is going on in the world, especially about music, painting and art, than her husband. She reads more, but he comes home from his job too tired to read, so never gets any new thoughts. This makes a funny gap between the sexes at present."

"What can bridge it?"

"HE SHRUGGED his shoulders. "Maybe when we get back to some simpler relationship, for home life has disappeared. I don't know if Americans are the same, but so many Englishwomen these days try to boss their husbands. We call them formidable women, striving and strident. But I think this type makes a big mistake."

"Why?"

"Every woman who tries to impress a man too much loses out. The woman who is clever and gets into a corner by herself finds more men about her, a relic of the old hunting spirit, I suppose."

An amused expression flitted over his face as he fell to reminiscing again. "As a youth, I spent one of the most boring week-ends of my life with that type of woman, overanxious to be affectionate. Four of us, all undergraduates, went to a watering place. They all had friends. The girl they invited for me was very flirtatious, and I was not at all. As we sat there on the beach I kept wondering how long before the wretched train would take her off; all because she was not somebody who piqued me, but was too anxious to please."

"The man who is really virile wants to do his own hunting. He will never be attracted to women who make it too obvious to a man that they like him, but will always fall for the mystery. When the particular right woman comes along, he will go after her at all costs."

"Love, like life, comes to you as you sit still, I find," he added philosophically. "Wait and it comes to you. Rush after it and it eludes you. Achieving things by patience and sitting still, and taking more pleasure in the quiet, simple things, is what the world is coming to, instead of tearing about seeking excitement. Cities have much to do with it, for city dwellers have not the countryside in which to lose themselves, so can only walk the streets and visit the cinema. Due to the speed of modern life, they cannot sit still. Motorcars have much to do with it. People are always rushing to get somewhere and then dashing back again, and at the end of the day, have nothing but a headache."

"IS THAT characteristic of our young people, too?"

He nodded. "They rush too eagerly at life. They refuse to put love on a pedestal. The girls are so extremely boyish and many that romance is all gone. This is not to their advantage, for, while the boy of today does not want his girl to sit by the fire and spin, he likes a happy medium—a mixture of femininity and comradeship. The more educated modern girl should make an ideal wife, providing she is not too boyish or hoarse, because she has a good grasp on life. In older days, after the first few blissful months of married life had worn thin and the girl had to re-create a comradeship, she could not, and often wrecked the marriage."

"And the young man of today?"

"He knows too much," sighed Deeping. "From the letters I get from them, I find that boys of 18 or 19 are like old gentlemen—self-analytical, self-introspective, with no illusions about anything. This is a phase, an unfortunate phase, of the present day. Young men these days should have their eyes open—but not turned on themselves. It is far better to enjoy life than to worry about its internal arrangements."

"Modern youth should not try to be too brainy," he concluded. "They should not fill themselves with second-hand ideas they get from books or from someone else, for then they cannot grasp their little and pluck their rose. By being analytical and very critical, they are not creative, and bring no drive or enthusiasm to their jobs."

By Betty Ross

"A SIGNPOST to modern youth?" Warwick Deeping, that author beloved by youth for creating the ideal relationship between parent and offspring in "Sorrell and Son," lit his pipe, threw the match into the blazing fireplace and stared moodily down at the design on the carpet. He slipped into this attitude whenever lost in deep abstraction while we were sitting at afternoon tea in his delightful, rambling country estate in Weybridge, Surrey, not far from the spot where Henry VIII had his palace.

Slowly, as though thinking aloud, came the author's reply: "Do not hurt people. Try not to hurt your own soul. For a girl, the great thing is fastidiousness; a niceness which repels you from anything ugly, crude or unpleasant can be your safeguard. If you cultivate your sense of beauty, you achieve beautiful behavior, a quality we do not realize, but should appreciate more."

"Something in a person's make-up keeps him out of trouble, while others are like the butterfly and the flame, always having their wings singed. But the one great thing," he added sincerely, "is compassion, the horror of hurting any one who is fond of you. If you have that, it safeguards most things. An extremely great compassion is one of the main ingredients of every happy marriage."

"NAME another one," I urged, and the English writer replied: "The mother-feeling." This remark he amplified by explaining:

"The mother-feeling in woman is admirable—not alone for her children but her husband as well. It is what makes a successful wife, for she finds complete satisfaction in looking after her man. Does this spoil him? No, for men are lovable, and what in others would appear horribly selfish in him she looks upon as a 'nice child.'"

"Some of the happiest women I know are successfully married, with husbands entirely dependent on them. A woman in that position does know she is necessary. To know that you matter supremely to some one and that everything you do interests them is something in life."

"For the successful woman matters only to herself and her job. When the time of life comes when she wants something more, the chance is gone. She should realize what she is missing. True, her job may give her a great feeling of pride and adventure, but these pass, and she has missed the greater things."

"Which are—?"

"A happy human relationship, understanding and a mutual interest in work. Wives are often jealous of their husbands' devotion to their business, but, instead, they should be more interested in it, and, remember, the successful wife gives more than the man."

"The mother-and-wife attitude is appreciated by the husband. If she treats him like a fractious boy and passes over his caprices, he comes back, grateful for her wisdom. When he strays, if she is big enough and has the sense to wait, and the man has any sense, he will come back feeling a fool. And if she does not rub it in that he has been a fool, she will have him stronger than ever, because he has learned sense."

"The mother-woman is big-minded and extraordinarily kind and patient with men. To expect, as some wives do, to be petted and spoiled herself is wrong. She must give, as she gives to her child from the day it is born. That is her fate—and the woman who follows her fate is always more successful."

Although a fine, mistlike rain was



As a signpost to youth, Warwick Deeping says: "Do not hurt people. Try not to hurt your own soul." Mr. Deeping is shown in an informal pose with Mrs. Deeping

falling, the author's life partner entered, as though this were her cue. She had been strolling in the garden, and was in fawn tweeds and a pert little hat whose upturned brim revealed a fringe of black hair and dancing brown eyes. Petite, vivacious, a smile was tucked at the corners of her mouth, giving her a Puck-like expression, and when she spoke her quick, birdlike gestures carried out the comparison still further. "Well?" asked her husband as she gratefully edged toward the fireplace. She shook her head. "That's not rain; it's like gentle dew from above."

Deeping smiled and candidly remarked: "The best job I ever did was when I married. I was a young doctor then, and we had poor days together, but enjoyed them thoroughly. When we couldn't afford to buy things we needed, we tried to make them ourselves. We even made tables and chairs out of tree trunks."

"DOES a child's home life mold him as a future marriage partner?" I asked, and Deeping replied:

"The mother who spoils her son by too much indulgence or by putting wrong ideas into his head is creating a selfish husband for some girl."

His next comment on children he prefaced by remarking: "Even though, like myself, one has no children, one feels justified in speaking about them if he has been a child, and, as I have been, happy in his relationship with his father and mother."

"Most modern parents are afraid of losing their children. They want to possess them and think the only way to hold them is by spoiling them, which is fatal. Children are very quick. They want to respect and admire their father, but if they think he is a flabby, weak

fool, there is no respect in the relationship. I had a most delightful father, but on the occasions that he whacked me I thought all the better of him," he confided. "I am quite sure no child resents justice, but respects the parent and likes him all the more for it." The author smiled as he related how his father, after giving him a caning for squirting the hose on visitors, burst out laughing when he finished.

"Parents with grown children have a very difficult relationship," came his next remark. "Coercion is not much use. Advice is no good, for youth never heeds it. They are in a most tantalizing position, for they see their children making the same mistakes they did and it is useless to warn them. Each generation has to learn. Opposition is a most fatal thing and usually drives them further into the other direction."

"In such a case, what would you say to your imaginary son?"

The creator of Sorrell, that ideal father, replied: "My son, I think you are making a mistake. I can point out why, but am not giving you advice. It is your life, not mine."

Although Deeping is an avowed champion of modern youth, he admitted his distaste at hearing them exclaiming that "the old morality is a humbug" and that "whatever one does these days is natural." He shook his head sadly. "Youth must know the value of self-restraint. We need religion in ordinary working life, and faith. The old Decalogue seems to be dead."

THE author with the long face and the well-arched nose above the sensitive mouth sheltered by a firm chin continued reflectively: "Youth must be made to realize that marriage is still the best w

Speed Ruins Romance

RUSH after love and it eludes you, says Warwick Deeping. Wait and it comes to you.

Achieving things by patience and taking more pleasure in the quiet, simple things is what the world is coming to, instead of tearing about seeking excitement.

Young people today refuse to put love on a pedestal.

Girls are so extremely boyish and maty that romance is all gone.

Boys know too much. Youths of 18 or 19 are like old gentlemen—introspective, self-analytical, without illusions about anything.

To know that you matter supremely to some one and that everything you do interests them is something in life.

relationship in the world, especially if turned into a camaraderie. Then it gets to such a subtle understanding that words are not even necessary; both just look at each other and understand. But this state is not easy," he admitted. "It does not arrive out of space. One must work for it."

"How?"

"Each must learn how to give and take; how to forebear. A good rule is for both not to be angry at the same time. A man is very grateful to a woman if, when he is testy, instead of being testy back, she lets it pass. He doesn't really mean to be cross; he may be tired."

"In most marriages I know," he continued, "the wife fails, and one is often sorry for the man. She doesn't understand that give-and-take spirit which a man who knocks around the world has. Man soon tires of the woman in woman; he wants a friend and a comrade."

"The doll idea doesn't last long," he admitted. "A man who has a job and works hard doesn't want to come home and pet a doll. He expects companionship, comfort, serene atmosphere—all wonderful things. How many wives have the sense, when a man comes home tired, not to rush in and tell him what the cook did? If she fills the house with serenity and keeps all petty trou-

bles away from him, at least until he has had his dinner, he is grateful to her. What the tired business man wants is not a painted doll, but a serene wife."

"At the same time, I am a great believer in woman," he hastened to point out. "She is less personal, less jealous, more enthusiastic, quicker to praise, than a man. She knows much more of what is going on in the world, especially about music, painting and art, than her husband. She reads more, but he comes home from his job too tired to read, so never gets any new thoughts. This makes a funny gap between the sexes at present."

"What can bridge it?"

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders. "Maybe when we get back to some simpler relationship, for home life has disappeared. I don't know if Americans are the same, but so many Englishwomen these days try to boss their husbands. We call them formidable women, striving and strident. But I think this type makes a big mistake."

"Why?"

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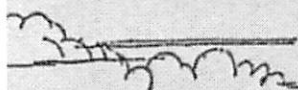
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tionary committees in New in Florida and in other places, they were more than dubious, couldn't agree on anything, fighting over policies, personalities over every dollar that was contributed to the cause. The Cubans in the United States were red and illiterate. What unifying material Marti had to with is told by Horatio S. S., who handled the legal affairs of the Cubans in their brushes with the Washington department since over gun running activities. A typical Cuban patriot, says S., was Juan Fraga, owner of cigar store in Brooklyn. Loyal and extremely naive, Fraga, on hearing the call for another uprising, at he could give most effective



Parade

With Isolationists Silent

the new embargo but, once

'Potatoes Will Save England'

Warwick Deeping, the Novelist, Sets Example for Nation to Follow in Case of War

Warwick Deeping, British novelist, writing in London Daily Express

Most of us in England know, or should know, that we have to import about 60% of our food. We prate about liberty, but if war comes this England of ours may well be a beleaguered citadel.

A citadel may have shells and guns and men to fire them but if the food fails, the strongest citadel must surrender.

What broke Germany in the last war? Lack of food, and, as a result, falling morale.

What is helping to break republican Spain? Lack of munitions and lack of food. It is said that at this moment the people of republican Spain are being kept alive on broccoli.

No, I am not an alarmist. I want England to insure against the chances of an empty belly.

Imagine our great cities and our

can just about grow its own year's supply of potatoes.

If war came, this supply might last us a very few months. If the potato was to be our standby, and supplement wheat.

Remember that it takes about 18 months when a planting season has gone by for the land to produce a war crop.

If we could increase our local supplies, create a green belt of growth round all cities, the crisis would be mitigated.

We could keep the citadel provisioned. We should be saved.

The Real Trouble

From Montreal Star.

Robinson's whisky was disappearing in a manner which he thought suspicious. So he talked to his new housekeeper about it.

"I hope, sir," said the housekeeper,

I shall distribute it to people, cottagers, who can use it. This isn't charity; it is common sense.

I would have none of this food grown for sale. It should be for the use of the community, a voluntary effort in the cause of food insurance.

I hope to grow about four tons this year, enough for 10 families, at a war rate. That would supply 10 families of three, 30 persons.

It is only a small thing, but if thousands of us set to and crop thousands of acres there will be a mass of additional food for the citadel.

But someone will ask: "My dear fool, if war doesn't come, won't all your spuds rot? And what about the people who live on growing potatoes?"

I reply: "No, my spuds won't rot. I know plenty of families where they will be welcome even in peace time."

As for the professional growers, are we to risk starvation to please a small section of the community?

At present, I am told, the country



"Don't you think it's time for you to

44

"I Was Twenty Years Old Once Myself"

Noted Writer Looks Back Thirty Years From Fifty, and Finds That Any Change in Youth Since His Time Has Been for the Better



Allegedly, "Don't be silly. There aren't such things." Talk about criticism. You know quite well that when the wireless goes wrong we have to put it right for you."

Every generation has its idols, though they may be a little different from the idols of the previous generation. They may be where we walked, or have to be Jack Palance where we intended to sermon. Frankly, I confess to a preference for Jack Palance. In those Victorian days, however, was a word to comfort with. Our fathers and grandfathers believed in domestic discipline, though some of them treasured it with sympathy and kindness. I rather believe in that, who suppresses, but of that—more anon.

A WEEK or two ago I was talking to a very intelligent American, a hard worker at his job. He, too, had arrived at 50. I said to him, "How do you find your youngsters out here?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Mad, quite mad. Nothing but play, nothing but dancing. When you reason with them they say, 'we shall only be young once. We mean to have a good time.'"

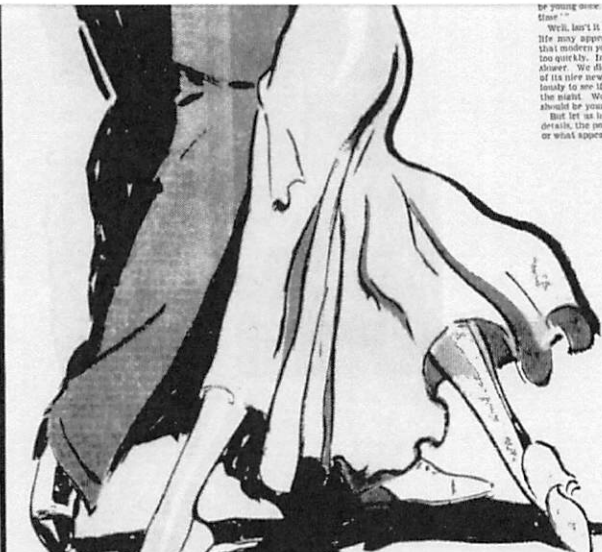
Well, isn't it rather natural? Modern life may appear so rapid and restless that modern youth sees it slipping away from him. In our day the rhythm was

like that, we were. I think it is less changed by age, because its attitude to sex is more natural.

MY ONE criticism of modern youth perhaps amounts to this. I would say, "You young things are in revolt against tradition. So were we, but less consciously so. You reject the older assumption that life is a serious matter, and that there is nothing in the world but work. You say that we made a lousy job of work, and that it is high time that the young generation pulled the false hair out of that deity's head."

It seems to me that the youth of the day is so full of its reaction against routine and the daily task that it is carrying that reaction too far.

Our hosts cheer young men referring to money as dirt. I don't think modern youth realizes how useful that dirt is and how difficult it is to acquire enough of it to make a modicum.



be young once. Very modern, isn't it?

Well, isn't it rather natural? Modern life may appear so rapid and restless that modern youth sees it slipping away from him. In our day the rhythm was slower. We did not take our youth out of its life so soon and look at it anxiously to see if it had grown smaller in the meantime. We rather thought that we should be young forever.

But let us look at a few different details, the positive results of progress, or what appears to be progress.

I WOULD say that the modern young man of 20 is much older for his age than we were 30 years ago. You can assert either that he is more sophisticated or that his eyes are more widely open. He is sure to touch with the realities, less dense in the presence of tradition.

In the main the younger generation is cleaner and better mannered.

The impression of the person has been extraordinary — so far as the women are concerned. On the other hand, I have often been surprised by the conservatism of the young men. They appear to be very casual about their clothes. They have been outdistanced by their fathers.

I find that you can talk more honestly and directly upon the problems of life to modern youth than

don't think modern youth realizes how useful that dirt is and how difficult it is to acquire enough of it to make a modicum.

THE young man deplores his father's work schedule, but at the same time he rather expects to stand at 30 where his father stands at 50. He asks to play like a boy and to receive the pay of the veteran. Well, to my mind that is one of modern youth's dilemmas.

It asks for the fast car and thinks it (himself) that the only person who can afford to possess such a car is the old fellow who may appear too old to drive it.

But he isn't all fast car. The long years spent in the gradual evolution of such a product may contain more creative fascination than the mere driving of it. All the youth that matters makes that discovery. Modern youth will make it.

I would say to the young man and girl: "Let the old fellow be placid. You are a wonder. Possibly you won't believe me, but we too were young once."



and even at 30 one is not quite sure. We may have felt, as you do, but the years of our infancy teach us that life is more than a mere task or a plaything.

"You found that we did not get a that we desired, or all that around us to us. We had to sit at our desks for a many hours a day. And partly we had to do this because we had brought poison into the world."

"Play hard, but you may have to work, for those others of the next generation will cry to you, 'I want to play. I shall only be young once.'"

The Early Morning "Owl" Car Riders

Continued From Page Three

Wednesday at 5 o'clock the other morning. No, she was not going to work, she was just getting through after having cleaned and scrubbed in a beauty parlor all night. Her duties begin at 10 o'clock at night. Her wages are \$12 a week. There are many other women among the army of early workers.

A woman of about 38 was entering

most many women have supported their families when the husbands were unable to find work. Among the early workers there are others who have kept their families off the economy.

ONE of the large insurance companies employs 48 women to clean and scrub the offices and the buildings. These women begin at 6 o'clock in the morning and work until 2 o'clock in the afternoon.



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"Woman can be compared to a swift car; we men are so often like trucks."

"As a competitor, woman is not so remorselessly jealous as the male."

"Granted that there appears to be an increasing number of formidable and essay women in the world, this type is not prevalent."

"Woman in a workaday life is largely occupied with persuading material things to behave with order and efficiency."

"The severe cannot be subdued by mere cleverness. Man must believe or perish. Woman must succor or starve."

By WARWICK DEEPIING

(Author of "Surreal and Son")

IT WOULD appear to be the privilege of the man of 30 to assume that nearly all the members of the younger generation are pleasure-loving playboys and playgirls.

"Nothing but play, my dear chap, no sense of responsibility. They haven't the wits in them that we had."

I confess that there have been occasions when I have joined myself to these



Jeremiahs. We, who suffer from the illusion of our own importance, are apt to suffer from other illusions, and survive survivors from a disaster of 30 years are the victims of the old excitement.

We are apt to remember all that was remarkable about ourselves, how we counted the 13 without failing, how we studied and worked, how we read till 1 in the morning before that particular dawn.

We are convinced that we were inured by an admirable sense of duty, we appreciated the inevitability of work. We were made of sterner stuff than these young moderns. We were different.

But were we so very different?

ONLY by brutal yet sympathetic study of ourselves can we understand others.

I can recall a particular incident of my own early twenties. I was particularly full of myself and of the swag and the joy of life. I was sure that beyond 40 there could be nothing but a platitudinous reality.

I was walking with a dignitary of the church, who beneath an air of staid pompousness, concealed a beautiful sense of humor. He was an archdeacon.

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He was an archdeacon and in those Victorian days an archdeacon was not expected to advertise a sense of humor.

He said to me, "Well, young man, what are your ideals?"

Now I had plenty of ideals, but my revered friend challenged youth's rebellious reverence. Why should I be challenged?

"The severe cannot be subdued by mere cleverness. Man must believe or perish. Woman must succor or starve."

I answered, "Ideals. O yes, my ideal is to do as little as possible for as much as I can get."

I can remember the delighted snort that swept over the face of the staid humorist. He twinkled at me. Probably, he had expected not to be snorted.

"That's not a very high ideal."

And we laughed, and I adhered to the ideal, and that he understood that I was in revolt against the new seriousness that may—like a hair shirt—have etched the soul of an alert and intelligent archdeacon.

BUT do not those Jewish words of some 50 years ago furnish a certain attitude that the wisest condone in the youth of today?

Young man, young woman, what are your ideals?

And modern youth, vaguely reacting against assumption of humdrum, may reflect,

we are less sentimental and more realistic than our fathers. In fact, the gap between the generations has been narrowed by a mutual feeling for sincerity.

Youth asks us, not to talk like a father, but to talk like a man. There is a difference and it matters. We may think that we are wiser than our sons, but modern youth is not minded to let us assume it. It questions our wisdom waits for us to prove it.

"What about that disinterested old way of youth and your rather paltry politics?"

It is supposed to be the age of the machine. Thirty years ago we peddled along our push-carts, but now youth asks for the plane or the car or the motorboat. There is more movement and just because we all talk out in crowds—there is less space. The city becomes, "Get up into the air. The rooms are jammed."

WE ALL ask for self-expression, and in youth this passion for self-expression can be a fever, and perhaps a delusion. This hunger for life, and the thing we cravily call sentimentalism, should make those of us who have experienced it and survived it kinder and more tolerant in our attitude to the youngsters.

There is no question of youth's courage. Try handling a fast car on the English roads or piloting a snap-plane. It takes plenty of nerve and modern youth has it.

Modern youth can stick to it, in spite of the Jeremiahs. On to Healey and we a racing eight row itself blind.

And not all modern youth is like a sport child in a hurry. It can walk and carry a pack, and make for the green and quiet places and lie on its back and dream.

To assert that all modern youth is sport and pervious and unchaperoned and merely pleasure loving is a gross misstatement. Possibly in some respects it is more honest, in its attitude to

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"What about that disinterested old way of youth and your rather paltry politics?"

It is supposed to be the age of the machine. Thirty years ago we peddled along our push-carts, but now youth asks for the plane or the car or the motorboat. There is more movement and just because we all talk out in crowds—there is less space. The city becomes, "Get up into the air. The rooms are jammed."

WE ALL ask for self-expression, and in youth this passion for self-expression can be a fever, and perhaps a delusion. This hunger for life, and the thing we cravily call sentimentalism, should make those of us who have experienced it and survived it kinder and more tolerant in our attitude to the youngsters.

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The Early Morning "Owl" Car Riders

Continued From Page Three

most many women have support their families when the husbands are unable to find work. Among the women there are others who have left their families off the coast.

ONE of the large insurance companies employs 40 women to do and scrub the offices and the buildings. These women begin at 4 o'clock and work until 2 o'clock the evening. On Monday mornings 5 o'clock a part of this crew comes on the owl cars. They start for 1 hour and so over the work they do the following evening before. The day that accumulated on Monday morning appears. By the time the 1200 o'clock comes in at 9 o'clock the place is as clean as a whistle.

Another large building department has a large staff of cleaners who work from 11 o'clock at night until 4 o'clock in the morning. One woman who was in one of the oldest office buildings in the city and that there are no vacant offices about town that she cleans.

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WINNIPEG, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1933

WHAT FIFTY THINKS OF TWENTY

The Famous Author of "Sorrell and Son" Finds Modern Youth More Honest and Cleaner In Contrast to the Youth of His Own Generation

By
WARWICK
DEEPIING

It would appear to be the privilege of the man of 50 to assume that nearly all the members of the younger generation are pleasure-loving playboys and playgirls.

"Nothing but play, my dear chap, no sense of responsibility. They haven't the stuff in them that we had."

I confess that there have been occasions when I have joined myself to these Jeremiahs. We, who suffer from the illusion of our own importance, are apt to suffer from other illusions, and, surveying ourselves from a distance of 30 years, we are the victims of the old enchantment.

We are apt to remember all that was remarkable about ourselves, how we caught the 7.53 without falling, how we studied and worked, how we read till one in the morning before that particular exam.

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"That's not a very high ideal."

AND we laughed, and I gathered that he liked me, and that he understood that I was in revolt against the new smugness that may—like a hair shirt—have chafed the soul of an alert and intelligent arch-deacon.

But do not those ironic words of some 30 years ago foreshadow a certain attitude that the wisecracks condemn in the youth of today.

"Young man, young woman, what are your ideals?"

And modern youth, vaguely resenting any assumption of humbug, may retort flippantly: "Don't be silly. There aren't such things. Talk about realities. You know quite well that when the wireless goes wrong, we have to put it right for you."

Every generation has its ideals, though they may be a little different from the ideals of the previous generation. They may fly where we walked, or listen in to Jack Payne where we listened to sermons.

Frankly, I confess to a preference for Jack Payne.

In those Victorian days obedience was a word to conjure with. Our fathers and mothers believed in domestic discipline, though some of them tempered it with sympathy and kindness.

My toys were not allowed out on Sunday. My small library contained Sunday books and week-day books. I was not expected to exhibit myself socially and aggressively in public. Such exhibitions were quietly suppressed.

I rather believe in that wise suppression, but of that—more anon.

A WEEK or two ago I was talking to a very intelligent Austrian, a head porter at an hotel. He, too, had arrived at 50. I said to him: "How do you find your youngsters out here?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Mad, quite mad. Nothing but play, nothing but dancing. When you reason with them, they say: 'We shall only be young once. We mean to have a good time.'"

Well, isn't it rather natural? Modern life may appear so rapid and restless that modern youth sees it slipping away too quickly. In our day the rhythm was slower. We did not take our youth out of its nice new case and look at it anxiously to see if it had grown smaller in the night. We rather thought that we should be young forever.

But let us indulge in a few objective details, the positive results of progress, or what appears to be progress.

I would say that the modern young man of 20 is much older for his age than we were 30 years ago. You can assert either that he is more sophisticated or that his eyes are more widely open. He is more in touch with the realities, less docile in the presence of tradition.

In the mass the younger generation is cleaner and better mannered. The improvement in dress and in the aesthetics of the person has been extraordinary—so far as the women are concerned. On the other hand, I have often been surprised by the slovenliness of the young men. They appear to be very casual about their clothes. They have been outdistanced by their sisters.

I find that you can talk more intelligently and intimately upon the problem of life to modern youth than our fathers could talk to us. Probably we are less sentimental and autocratic than our fathers. In fact, the gap between the generations has been narrowed by a mutual feeling of sincerity.

YOUTH asks us not to talk like a father, but to talk like a man. There is a difference, and it matters. We may think that we are wiser than our sons, but modern youth is not minded to let us assume it. It questions our wisdom, waits for us to prove it.

"What about that disgraceful old war of yours, and your rather paltry politics?"

If the man of 50 years has remained a fool instead of becoming a physician, he cannot expect modern youth to drink down any little mess of colored water that he hands to it.

It is supposed to be the age of the machine. Thirty years ago we peddled along on pushbikes, but now youth asks for the plane or the car or the motorboat. There is more movement, and just because we all rush out in crowds—there is less space. The cry becomes: "Get up in the air. The roads are jammed."

We all ask for self-expression, and in youth this passion for self-expression can be a fever, and perhaps—an illusion. This hunger for life, and the thing we crudely call sensationalism should make those who have experienced it and survived it kinder and more tolerant in our attitude to the youngsters.

There is no question of youth's courage. Try handling a fast car on the English roads, or piloting a super-plane. It takes plenty of nerve—and modern youth has it.

Modern youth can stick it, in spite of the Jeremiahs. Go to Henley and see a racing eight row itself blind.

And not all modern youth is like a spoiled child in a hurry. It can walk and carry a pack, and make for the green and quiet places, and lie on its back and dream.



To say that all modern youth is spoilt and peevish and undisciplined and merely pleasure-loving is a sheer nonsense. Possibly in some respects it is more honest in its attitude to life than we were. I think it is less obsessed by sex, because its attitude to sex is more natural.

My one criticism of modern youth perhaps amounts to this. I would say: "You young things are in revolt against tradition. So were we, but less consciously so. You resent the older assumption that life is a solemn affair, and that there is nothing in the world but work. You say that we made a bugaboo god of work, and that it is high time that the young generation pulled the false halo off that deity's head."

One hears eager young men referring to money as dirt. I don't think modern youth realizes how useful that dirt is and how difficult it is to acquire enough of it to make a mud pie.

The young man deplores his father's work-obsession, but at the same time he rather expects to stand at 20 where his father stands at 50. He asks to play like a boy and to receive the pay of the veteran. Well, to my mind that is one of modern youth's illusions.

It asks for the fast car and thinks it illogical that the only person who can afford to possess such a car is the old fellow who may appear too old to drive.

But life isn't all fast cars. The long years spent in the gradual evolving of such a product may contain more creative fascination than the mere driving of it. All the youth that matters makes that discovery. Modern youth will make it.

I would say to the young man and girl: "Let the old fellow be plattitudinous for a moment. Possibly you won't believe me, but we, too, were young once, and even at 50 one is not quite senile. We may have felt as you do, but the years of our toiling taught us that life is more than a racing track or a playing field."

"We found that we did not get all that we desired, or all that seemed due to us. We had to sit at our desks for so many hours a day. And partly we had to do this because we had brought you into the world."

"Play hard, but you may have to work for those others of the next generation who will cry to you: 'I want to play. I shall only be young once.'"



The noted author of this frank appraisal of modern youth has had a varied and colorful life. He started off at the Merchant Taylor's school, went from there to Trinity college, Cambridge. Medicine was his early ambition, but after a year of study at the Middlesex hospital he abandoned this career for literary work. During the war he was on active service in Gallipoli, Egypt and France. Many works are to his credit, among them such outstanding novels as "Sorrell and Son," "Kitty," and "Old Pybus." Intensely fond of outdoor life, he numbers tennis, golf, motoring, gardening and carpentering among his recreations.



WARWICK DEEPIING

We are convinced that we were inspired by an admirable sense of duty. We appreciated the inevitableness of work. We were made of sterner stuff than these young moderns. We were different.

Only by brutal, yet sympathetic, study of ourselves can we understand others.

I can recall a particular incident of my own early twenties. I was particularly full of myself and of the swagger and joy of life. I was sure that beyond 40 there could be nothing but a platitudinous senility. I was walking with a dignity of the church, who, beneath an air of stout composure, concealed a beautiful sense of humor. He was an arch-deacon, and in those Victorian days an arch-deacon was not expected to advertise a sense of humor.

He said to me: "Well, young man, what are your ideals?"

Now, I had plenty of ideals, but my revered friend challenged youth's rebellious irreverence. Why should I be catechized?

I answered: "Ideals. Oh, yes. My ideal is to do as little as possible for as much as I can get."

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I confess that there have been occasions when I have joined myself to these Jeremiahs. We, who suffer from the illusion of our own importance, are apt to suffer from other illusions, and, surveying ourselves from a distance of 50 years, we are the victims of the old enchantment.

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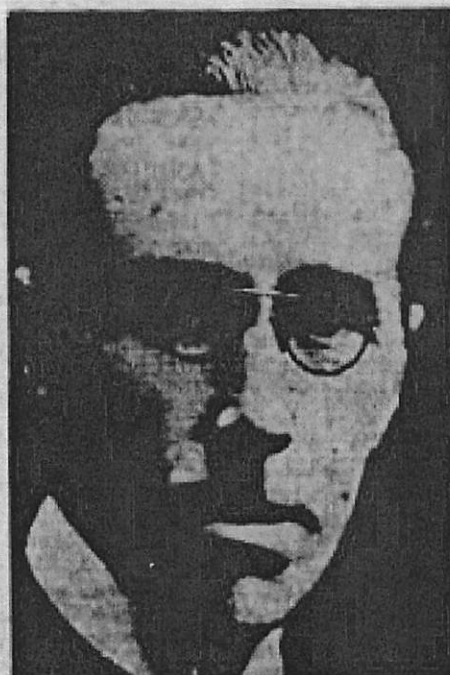
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Well, isn't it rather natural? Modern life may appear so rapid and restless that modern youth sees it slipping away too quickly. In our day the rhythm was slower. We did not take our youth out of its nice new case and look at it anxiously to see if it had grown smaller in the night. We rather thought that we should be young forever.

But let us indulge in a few objective details, the positive results of progress, or what appears to be progress.

I would say that the modern young man of 20 is much older for his age than we were 30 years ago. You can assert either that he is more sophisticated or that his eyes are more widely open. He is more in touch with the realities, less docile in the presence of tradition.

In the mass the younger generation is cleaner and better mannered.

The improvement in dress and in the aesthetics of the person has been extraordinary—so far as the women are concerned. On the other hand, I have often been surprised by the slovenliness of the young men. They appear to be very casual about their clothes. They have been outdistanced by their sisters.

I find that you can talk more intelligently and intimately upon the problem of life to modern youth than our fathers could talk to us. Probably we are less sententious and autocratic than our fathers. In fact, the gap between the generations has been narrowed by a mutual feeling of sincerity.

YOUTH asks us not to talk like a father, but to talk like a man. There is a difference, and it matters. We may think that we are wiser than our sons, but modern youth is not minded to let us assume it. It questions our wisdom, waits for us to prove it.

"What about that disgraceful old war of yours, and your rather paltry politics?"

If the man of 50 years has remained a fool instead of becoming a physician, he cannot expect modern youth to drink down any little mess of colored water that he hands to it.

It is supposed to be the age of the machine. Thirty years ago we pedalled along on pushbikes, but now youth asks for the plane or the car or the motorboat. There is more movement, and just because we all rush out in crowds—there is less space. The cry becomes: "Get up in the air. The roads are jammed."

We all ask for self-expression, and in youth this passion for self-expression can be a fever, and perhaps—an illusion. This hunger for life, and the thing we crudely call sensationalism should make those who have experienced it and survived it kinder and more tolerant in our attitude to the youngsters.

There is no question of youth's courage. Try handling a fast car on the English roads, or piloting a super-plane. It takes plenty of nerve—and modern youth has it.

Modern youth can stick it, in spite of the Jeremiahs. Go to Henley and see a racing eight row itself blind.

And not all modern youth is like a spoilt child in a hurry. It can walk and carry a pack, and make for the green and quiet places, and lie on its back and dream.

TO say that all modern youth is spoilt and peevish and undisciplined and merely pleasure-loving is sheer nonsense. Possibly in some respects it is more honest in its attitude to life than we were. I think it is less obsessed by sex, because its attitude to sex is more natural.

My one criticism of modern youth perhaps amounts to this. I would say: "You young things are in revolt against tradition. So were we, but less consciously so. You resent the older assumption that life is a solemn affair, and that there is nothing in the world but work. You say that we made a bugaboo god of work, and that it is high time that the young generation pulled the false halo off that deity's head."

It seems to me that the youth of the day is so full of its reaction against routine and the daily task that it is carrying that reaction too far.

One hears eager young men referring to money as dirt. I don't think modern youth realizes how useful that dirt is and how difficult it is to acquire enough of it to make a mud pie.

The young man deplores his father's work-obsession, but at the same time he rather expects to stand at 20 where his father stands at 50. He asks to play like a boy and to receive the pay of the veteran. Well, to my mind that is one of modern youth's illusions.

IT asks for the fast car and thinks it illogical that the only person who can afford to possess such a car is the old fellow who may appear too old to drive it.

But life isn't all fast car. The long years spent in the gradual evolving of such a product may contain more creative fascination than the mere driving of it. All the youth that matters makes that discovery. Modern youth will make it.

I would say to the young man and girl: "Let the old fellow be platitudinous for a moment. Possibly you won't believe me, but we, too, were young once, and even at 50 one is not quite senile. We may have felt as you do, but the years of our toiling taught us that life is more than a racing track or a playing field.

"We found that we did not get all that we desired, or all that seemed due to us. We had to sit at our desks for so many hours a day. And partly we had to do this because we had brought you into the world.

"Play hard, but you may have to work for those others of the next generation who will cry to you: 'I want to play. I shall only be young once.'"

What is the Key to Making

(46)



thought swollen and pushing itself up above the welter of mere physical activity. To-day it is the fashion to ignore the cross and revere the forehead. We may be equally shallow in forgetting the foundations that grip deep below the pavements and the roadway, those unseen, basal things upon which we build the fabric of our lives.

Man began as in instinct or a nexus of instincts, the great primal impulses that are associated with

his physical make-up, the urge to feed and to breed and to herd. In his primitive state he lived more in the foundations of his elemental self, and less in the dome, but all through the ages the dome has been enlarging, and its interior becoming more complex. The body of man's life is dominated by the forehead, but deep in him lie the foundations, often sunk in the subconscious, and their upward thrusts sublimated into the crafts of his civilisation.

Man has found his adventure in the gradual controlling of his environment, but this environment includes man himself. Even in the domesticating of wild animals man had to include the domestication of self. If the bison and auroch were replaced by the ox, the feral man became social man. He had to tame himself and his fellows. He had to order and control those very instincts that are in themselves the very essence of his urge to live. The wilderness became a farm or a garden, a thing both of artifice and of reality.

One may say that man's social consciousness became more and more

By WARWICK DEEPING

Photo: Campbells

WERE one to stop a stranger in Fleet Street and ask him abruptly to define St. Paul's Cathedral, most probably he would reply—if he replied at all—"St. Paul's Cathedral? Oh, St. Paul's Cathedral is just St. Paul's Cathedral."

He would not describe it as a noble sanctuary or as a symbol of London's civic splendour, or even as a complex structure of stone dominated by its dome and cross. As a pedestrian person, sedulously engaged in chasing an income, the plain man accepts the presence of St. Paul's just as he accepts the reality of this thing we call life. It is there, a little remote and vast and smoke stained, and perhaps a little less obvious—despite its bulk—than the buses, and the hawkers of Fleet Street sensations, and the little strutting maidens so full of their new, undomestic pragmatism.

But at the cost of appearing tedious let us amuse ourselves by pursuing the symbolism of this great building. Looking at it from a distance and from some vantage point one may visualise it as a great blue-grey brow looming over London, a forehead, a bubble of



Probel

the Best of Life?

To live life successfully in the truest sense, postulates a philosophy of physical, mental, and spiritual endeavour. The straightforward, unaffected creed of this celebrated writer, founded on an analogy between the symbolism of St. Paul's Cathedral and the basal things upon which we build the fabric of our lives, supplies a master-key to the whole tremendous problem.

dome dominating the great structure beneath. It controlled and co-ordinated. It was a brooding forehead. While remaining a copyist it became creative.

To make the best of life man must create, though his creations may range from a pyramid to a hen-house in the back garden.

In becoming a tool-using animal man somehow ordained his own destiny, though the tool be a scalpel, a paint brush or a pen.

The psychologists tell us that the energy of man's basal instincts—and especially that of the sex instinct—spills over into play, and that his playfulness expresses itself in the arts and crafts, in games and in the dance, and in all the adventure of movement. Well and good, but to possess this spirit of playfulness we must remember that these great instincts are the fundamental forces, as necessary as the thing we call electricity is to our light and power. A crooked body may mean a crooked urge. A distorted instinct may produce distorted function. If we bless our parents, we should begin by blessing them for healthy and normal bodies. If their curses descend upon us, we—in our new enlightenment—may have the right to curse our parents for passing on to us their curses. Many of the tragedies of life are due to these distortions, these physical inadequacies.

Were I to ask my Laughing Philosopher to

tell me how to begin to make the best of life I think he would reply:

"Begin with my body. Let it be strong and comely, but let not my face be too comely. In mere prettiness there is a sort of palsy, the Narcissus cult. Let me run and leap and dance. Do not bore me too early with too many books. Let me learn to turn the pages of my own book.

"Let me laugh, and fall in love and write love-songs. But when I fall in love—be it as woman or man—may I love with my brain as well as with my body. Let me see the other, inward self, not a mere leg or a bust. And (Continued on page 122)



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PERMANENT WAVES

Making the Best of Life?

(Continued from page 19)

let me not be ashamed of loving too often, until I find the lamp that is not quenched."

I think he would go on to say:

"I must have my plan. I must build my dome above the welter of things. I must be able to command an horizon, for if I see nothing but other heads and chimney-pots I shall be nothing but a pin-headed creature in a packet of pins."

A plan, a broad conception of life, a philosophy, a sense of life's values. These have to be up in the dome. Without them man is but a welter of wants and of urges, a worm crawling in the darkness of his own foundations. He is a creature without full consciousness, the slave of his physical whims and fancies, puzzled, dismayed, driven, tantalised. He fails to become individual. He has no dome. He is a chimney-pot trailing smoke.

How few people evolve a conscious plan, and yet in the conscious and exquisite cunning of a plan lies the whole secret of life. To some the conceiving of this plan comes quite early. Almost one would agree with the Theosophists and hail these Old Souls. I have seen mere boys map out their plan and work to it. I have watched old men muddling and fumbling to the end of their days.

For life is an adventure. There is something in the old knightly idea. The younger warrior was taught to respect his body, use his arms, swear to certain loyalties. He knew that he was to ride out upon adventure, and that life might surprise him. There might be ambushes, giants, dragons. But life was to be neither a guzzle nor a debauch, nor a sort of haphazard tilting at trees. He had his strength and his courage and his arms, and above all—his purpose. And without courage he would be no more than a brawling lout mounted upon an ass.

Purpose. To begin to get the best out of life one must begin with some sort of purpose. We must begin by wanting something that is worth while, and by setting ourselves passionately and stoutly to possess it. And what are the things that are worth while? They are so few, and so simple in seeming complex, and also so complex in being simple.

Health, yes, if possible, thanks to our parents, and thanks to our own clean sense. Also, that we may be as wise as animals, and keep our body unpoisoned, for if the conduit is fouled and clogged there can be no joy in life. Your Laughing Philosopher will be a light eater, and will drink but little wine, save on certain festive, human occasions. It is better to be a little hungry than over-fed. An empty stomach is an inquisitive, questioning organ.

Our philosopher would cultivate moderation in all things, even a slight asceticism. The perfume of life is a delicate aroma, and if we spill scent by the gallon upon our senses we shall lose our delight in perfumes. "Yes," as our philosopher says, "it is so platitudinous, as platitudinous as a perfect September morning with the dew at your feet, and your body fresh from the bath of sleep."

Let youth and middle age cherish its body, and old age will look after itself. A nice carefulness in physical things, a certain proud fastidiousness, a clean edge to the blade. But in the passion of the creative purpose there should be less carefulness, but sometimes a frenzy of effort and of striving. Who cares for the careful lover? Or, does a man paint a picture as though he were paring his finger-nails? To get the best out of one's craft, to feel that stormy joy in it, one must give of one's best.

Sometimes one sees much languor in

outh. If it has a purpose, that purpose is weak in the stem. It sways here and it sways there. Poised on the edge of the pool of self it gazes with vague complacency at its own image. It desires to be happy, fortunate, beautiful, beloved, and it does little to attain to these felicities. The best is for those who strive, and who begin to strive with a clear purpose in the force of their years. They are interesting to watch—these young men and women—the few who have girded up their loins and set out to conquer. They have a plan. They have had a vision of something to be built, and in the building, the strong delight of accomplishment is theirs.

A witty and very successful captain of industry said to me: "I think I have succeeded—not because I was particularly clever, but because the other fellows were such slack fools."

Yet even the most strenuous life must have its periods of intelligent loafing. Life comes to you when you sit on a seat and watch, or lie on your back and look at the clouds. Mere perpetual motion is no ideal.

An old gardener of seventy-six who could do a good day's work and enjoy it, was told that he was a wonderful man for his years, and was asked to confess his secret. He said, "I've worked hard, and I've lived hard and simple." This old fellow could enjoy life almost like a boy, and crack his joke, and chuckle. "I've lived hard and simple."

Quoting the case of this old gardener to a shrewd doctor—the Laughing Philosopher gathered other wisdom.

"The best of life? Oh, well, don't eat too much. Begin by getting the job that enthalls you, and work at it like the devil."

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If it happens to be a job that helps or gives pleasure to other people, so much the better for you."

Work hard and rest hard, and remember to play—but not all the time.

If you can find a comrade to share life with you, cherish that comradeship as the most blessed thing life can give.

Don't worry. Worry may be a form of cowardice.

Never pity yourself, but have compassion for others.

Don't envy the other fellow, and flare into a futile rage because he seems a little more successful than you are. In the so-called successful world there can be too much throwing of vitriol. If you happen to be a literary man, remember that it is more important to be a man than to be literary. With all humility, may I pass on this suggestion to certain eminent authors?

Have courage. Try to be magnanimous, both as a fighter and a lover. If you treat people meanly—you will find them mean, or rather—you will find your mean self in them. You get out of life what you put into it.

Above all, one must have faith, not the brass-bound faith of any particular creed, but that inward conviction that behind all the mystery and the beauty and the strangeness of this world, behind the fascinating decipherings of Science, there is the creative cunning of the Unknown Artist.

If the very clever people laugh at you and call you a Mystic, laugh gently in your secret soul. Do not fret if they christen you the child of an illusion. You may get more out of life as Peter Pan than as a pretentious and perhaps purblind prig.

The X-ray's picture of health



He is well past the dangerous age of forty, yet the X-ray's searching eye shows his teeth and gums to be in perfect health.

All through his life he has cared well for his teeth, and health is his reward.

Four people out of five, at this man's age, are afflicted with Pyorrhoea. Thousands younger also suffer from this disease.

Pyorrhoea is a disease which attacks the gums and loosens the teeth until they drop out or must be extracted.

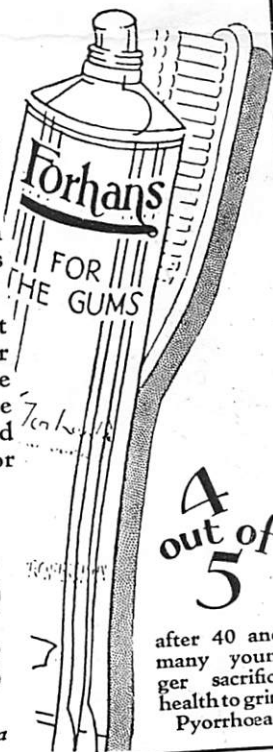
Tender gums that bleed easily when brushed are the first sign of its coming.

Heed the signal. Go to your dentist for thorough inspection of your teeth and gums. Then buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums and use it regularly. Used consistently and in time, it will prevent Pyorrhoea or check its course.

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FOR THE GUMS

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How to use Forhan's For the Gums

Use it twice daily. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down, with a rolling motion. Brush the grinding and back surfaces. Massage your gums with the paste-coated brush. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger. If gum shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's For the Gums according to directions and consult a dentist immediately.

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